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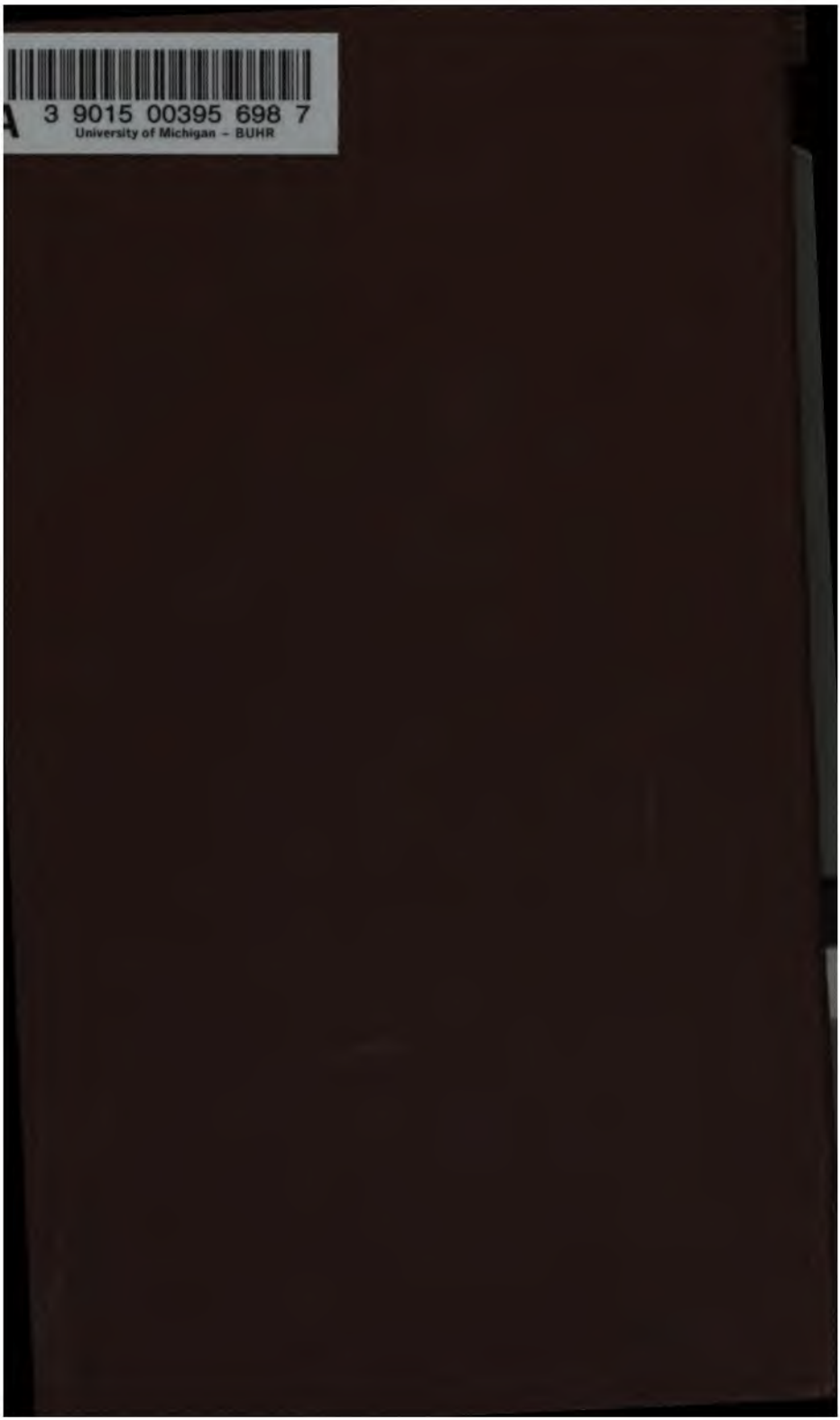
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A MATCH AT MIDNIGHT.

EDITION.

A Match at Mid-night. A Pleasant Comœdie: As it hath beene Acted by the Children of the Revells. Written by W. R. London: Printed by Aug. Mathewes, for William Sheares, and are to be sold at his Shop, in Brittaines Bursse. 1633. 4°.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR MARMADUKE MANY-MINDS.
SIR JANUS AMBEXTER.
CAPTAIN CARVEGUT.
LIEUTENANT BOTTOM.
ANCIENT YOUNG.
BLOODHOUND, *a usurer.*
ALEXANDER BLOODHOUND, } *his two sons.*
TIM BLOODHOUND, }
RANDALL, *a Welshman.*
EAR-LACK, *a scrivener.*
SIM, *the clown.*
JOHN, *servant to the Widow.*
JARVIS, *the Widow's husband, disguised like her servant.*
A Smith.
BUSY, *a Constable.*
Watch.

[WOMEN.]

WIDOW WAG.
MOLL, *Bloodhound's daughter.*
WIDOW'S MAID.
MISTRESS COOTE, *a bawd.*
SUE SHORTHEELS, *a whore.*

A MATCH AT MIDNIGHT.

ACT I., SCENE 1.

Enter, as making themselves ready, TIM BLOOD-HOUND, *and* SIM *the man.*

SIM. Good morrow, Master Tim.

TIM. Morrow, Sim; my father stirring, Sim?

SIM. Not yet, I think; he heard some ill-news of your brother Alexander last night, that will make him lie an hour extraordinary.

TIM. Hum: I'm sorry the old man should lie by the hour; but, O, these wicked elder brothers, that swear refuse them,[1] and drink nothing but wicked sack; when we swear nothing but niggers-noggers, make a meal of a bloat herring, water it

[1] *Refuse me,* or *God refuse me,* appears to have been among the fashionable modes of swearing in our author's time. So in "The White Devil," act i. sc. 1, Flamineo says, *God refuse me.* Again, in "A Dogge of Warre," by Taylor the Water-poet, Works, 1630, p. 229—

> "Some like Dominicall Letters goe,
> In scarlet from the top to toe,
> Whose valours talke and smoake all;
> Who make (God sink 'em) their discourse
> *Refuse,* Renounce, or Dam that's worse:
> I wish a halter choake all."

Again, in "The Gamester," by Shirley, Wilding says, "*Refuse me,* if I did."

with four-shillings' beer, and then swear we have dined as well as my lord mayor.

SIM. Here was goody Fin, the fishwoman, fetched home her ring last night.

TIM. You should have put her money by itself, for fear of wronging of the whole heap.

SIM. So I did, sir, and washed it first in two waters.

TIM. All these petty pawns, sirrah, my father commits to my managing, to instruct me in this craft that, when he dies, the commonwealth may not[1] want a good member.

Enter MISTRESS MARY.

SIM. Nay, you are cursed as much as he already.

MIS. MARY. O brother, 'tis well you are up.

TIM. Why, why?

MIS. MARY. Now you shall see the dainty widow, the sweet widow, the delicate widow, that to-morrow morning must be our mother-in-law.

TIM. What, the widow Wag?

SIM. Yes, yes; she that dwells in Blackfriars, next to the sign of the Fool laughing at a feather.[2]

MIS. MARY. She, she; good brother, make yourself handsome, for my father will bring her hither presently.

TIM. Niggers-noggers, I thought he had been sick, and had not been up, Sim.

SIM. Why, so did I too; but it seems the widow took him at a better hand, and raised him so much the sooner.

TIM. While I tie my band, prythee stroke up my foretop a little: niggers, an' I had but dreamed

---

[1] *Not* is omitted in the 4°.—*Collier.*

[2] See [Randolph's Works, by Hazlitt, p. 179.]

of this an hour before I waked, I would have put on my Sunday clothes. 'Snails, my shoes are pale as the cheek of a stewed pander; a clout, a clout, Sim.

SIM. More haste the worse speed; here's ne'er a clout now.

TIM. What's that lies by the hooks?

SIM. This? 'tis a sumner's coat.[1]

TIM. Prythee, lend's a sleeve of that; he had a noble on't last night, and never paid me my bill-money.

Enter OLD BLOODHOUND, *the* WIDOW, *her* MAID, *and* MAN.[2]

BLOOD. Look, look, up[3] and ready; all is ready, widow. He is in some deep discourse with Sim, concerning moneys out to one or another.

WID. Has he said his prayers, sir?

BLOOD. Prayer before providence! When did ye know any thrive and swell that uses it? He's a chip o' th' old block; I exercise him in the trade of thrift, by turning him to all the petty pawns. If they come to me, I tell them I have given over brokering, moiling for muck and trash, and that I mean to live a life monastic, a praying life: pull out the tale of Crœsus from my pocket, and swear 'tis called "Charity's Looking-Glass, or an exhortation to forsake the world."

MAID. Dainty hypocrite! [*Aside.*

WID. Peace!

BLOOD. But let a fine fool that's well-feathered come, and withal good meat, I have a friend, it

[1] See note to "The Heir," [vol. xi. 535.]

[2] Standing unseen for the present.—*Collier.*

[3] The 4° reads *Look, look upon, and ready*, &c.—*Collier.*

may be, that may compassionate his wants. I'll tell you an old saw[1] for't over my chimney yonder—

A poor man seem to him that's poor,
And prays thee for to lend;
But tell the prodigal (not quite spent)
Thou wilt procure a friend.

WID. Trust me, a thrifty saw.

BLOOD. Many will have virtuous admonitions on their walls, but not a piece in their coffers: give me these witty politic saws; and indeed my house is furnished with no other.

WID. How happy shall I be to wed such wisdom!

BLOOD. Shalt bed it, shalt bed it, wench; shalt ha't by infusion. Look, look!

Enter a SMITH.

SMITH. Save ye, Master Tim.

TIM. Who's this? goodman File, the blacksmith! I thought it had been our old collier. Did you go to bed with that dirty face, goodman File?

SMITH. And rise with it too, sir.

TIM. What have you bumming out there, goodman File?

SMITH. A vice, sir, that I would fain be furnished with a little money upon.

TIM. Why, how will you do to work then, goodman File?

SMITH. This is my spare vice, not that I live by.

---

[1] A proverb or wise saying. So in "The Wife of Bath's Prologue," l. 6240—

"But all for nought, I sette not an hawe
Of his Proverbes, ne of his *olde sawe*."

TIM. Hum! you did not buy this spare vice of a lean courtier, did ye?

SMITH. No, sir, of a fat cook, that 'strained [1] of a smith for's rent.

SIM. O hard-hearted man of grease!

TIM. Nay, nay, Sim, we must do't sometimes.

BLOOD. Ha, thrifty whoreson!

TIM. And what would serve your turn, goodman File?

SMITH. A noble, sir.

TIM. What! upon a spare vice to lend a noble?

SIM. Why, sir, for ten groats you may make yourself drunk, and so buy a vice outright for half the money.

TIM. That is a noble vice, I assure you.

SIM. How long would you have it?

SMITH. But a fortnight; 'tis to buy stuff, I protest, sir.

TIM. Look you, being a neighbour, and born one for another——

BLOOD. Ha, villain, shalt have all!

TIM. There is five shillings upon't, which, at the fortnight's end, goodman File, you must make five shillings sixpence.

SMITH. How, sir?

TIM. Nay, an' it were not to do you a courtesy——

BLOOD. Ha, boy!

TIM. And then I had forgot threepence for my bill; so there is four shillings and ninepence,[2] which you are to tender back five shillings sixpence, goodman File, at the end of the fortnight.

---

[1] Distrained. So in "Thomas, Lord Cromwell," 1602—

"His furniture fully worth half so much,
Which being all *strain'd* for the king,
He frankly gave it to the Antwerp merchants."

[2] The 4° reads *four pence and ninepence*. This play, in the former editions, is very incorrectly printed.

SMITH. Well, an' it were not for earnest necessity——Ha, boys! I come, I come, you black rascals, let the cans go round. [*Exit* SMITH.

TIM. Sim, because the man's an honest man, I pray lay up his vice, as safe as it were our own.

SIM. And if he miss his day, and forfeit, it shall be yours and your heirs for ever.

BLOOD. What, disbursing money, boy? Here is thy mother-in-law.

SIM. Your nose drops: 'twill spoil her ruff.

TIM. Pray, forsooth, what's a clock?

MAID. O, fie upon him, mistress, I thought he had begun to ask you blessing.

WID. Peace, we'll have more on't.

[*Walks towards him.*

TIM. I wonnot kiss, indeed.

SIM. An' he wonnot, here are those that will, forsooth.

BLOOD. Get you in, you rogue. [*Exit* SIM.

WID. I hope you will, sir: I was bred in Ireland, where the women begin the salutation.

TIM. I wonnot kiss truly.

WID. Indeed you must.

TIM. Would my girdle may break if I do.[1]

WID. I have a mind.

TIM. Niggers-noggers, I wonnot.

---

[1] So in Massinger's "Maid of Honour," act iv. sc. 5, Sylli says, "The King . . . *break girdle, break!*" Again, Falstaff says, in the "First Part of King Henry IV."—

"Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father?
Nay, an' if I do, let *my girdle break.*"

To explain the phrase "*may my girdle break,*" it should be remembered that the purse was anciently worn hanging at the girdle. Hence the propriety of Trincalo's complaint, that while Ronca embraced him his "purse shook dangerously." See "Albumazar," act iii. sc. 7 [xi. 368].

BLOOD. Nay, nay, now his great oath's pass'd, there's no talk on't.
I like him ne'er the worse; there's an old saw for't—

A kiss first, next the feeling sense,
Crack say the purse-strings, out fly the pence.

But he can talk, though: whose boy are you, Tim?

TIM. Your boy, forsooth, father.

BLOOD. Can you turn and wind a penny, Tim?

TIM. Better than yourself, forsooth, father.

BLOOD. You have looked in the church-book of late; how old are you, Tim?

TIM. Two and twenty years, three months, three days, and three quarters of an hour, forsooth, father.

WID. He has arithmetic.

BLOOD. And grammar too: what's Latin for your head, Tim?

TIM. *Caput.*

WID. But what for the head of a block?

TIM. *Caput* blockhead.

BLOOD. Do you hear; your ear?

TIM. *Aura.*

BLOOD. Your eye?

TIM. *Oculus.*

BLOOD. That's for one eye; what's Latin for two?

TIM. *Oculus-Oculus.*[1]

WIDOW. An admirable accidental grammarian, I protest, sir.

BLOOD. This boy shall have all: I have an elder rogue that sucks and draws me; a tavern academian; one that protests to whores, and shares with highway lawyers; an arrant unclarified rogue, that drinks nothing but wicked sack.

Enter SIM *and* ALEXANDER *drunk.*

SIM. Here's a gentleman would speak with you.

[1] The 4° reads *Oculies, Oculies.—Collier.*

BLOOD. Look, look; now he's come for more money.

WID. A very hopeful house to match into, wench; the father a knave, one son a drunkard, and t'other a fool. [*Aside.*

TIM. O monster, father! Look if he be not drunk; the very sight of him makes me long for a cup of six.[1]

ALEX. Pray, father, pray to God to bless me. [*To* TIM.

BLOOD. Look, look! takes his brother for his father!

SIM. Alas, sir! when the drink's in, the wit's out? and none but wise children know their own fathers.

TIM. Why, I am none of your father, brother; I am Tim; do you know Tim?

ALEX. Yes, umph—for a coxcomb.

WID. How wild he looks! Good sir, we'll take our leaves.

BLOOD. Shalt not go, faith, widow: you cheater, rogue; must I have my friends frighted out of my house by you? Look he[2] steal nothing to feast his bawds. Get you out, sirrah! there are constables, beadles, whips, and the college of extravagants, yclept Bridewell, you rogue; you rogue, there is, there is, mark that.

ALEX. Can you lend me a mark upon this ring, sir? and there set it down in your book, and, umph—mark that.

BLOOD. I'll have no stolen rings picked out of pockets, or taken upon the way,[3] not I.

ALEX. I'll give you an old saw for't.

---

[1] [Six-shilling beer, a stronger kind than that previously described as four-shilling.]

[2] *Look, he'll steal nothing to feast his bawds,* is the reading of the old copy.—*Collier.*

[3] Highway.

BLOOD. There's a rogue mocks his father: sirrah, get you gone. Sim, go let loose the mastiff.

SIM. Alas, sir! he'll tear and pull out your son's throat.

BLOOD. Better pull't out than halter stretch it. Away, out of my doors! rogue, I defy thee.

ALEX. Must you be my mother-in-law?

WID. So your father says, sir.

ALEX. You see the worst of your eldest son; I abuse nobody.

BLOOD. The rogue will fall upon her.

ALEX. I will tell you an old saw.

WID. Pray let's hear it.

ALEX. *An old man is a bedful of bones,*
And who can it deny?
By whom (umph) [1] *a young wench lies and groans*
For better company.

BLOOD. Did you ever hear such a rascal? Come, come, let's leave him: I'll go buy thy wedding-ring presently. You're best be gone, sirrah: I am going for the constable—ay, and one of the churchwardens; and, now I think on't, he shall pay five shillings to the poor for being drunk: twelve pence shall go into the box, and t'other four my partner and I will share betwixt us. There's a new path to thrift, wench; we must live, we must live, girl.

WID. And at last die for all together.

[*Exeunt* BLOODHOUND, WIDOW, MAID, *and* MAN.

SIM. 'Tis a diamond.[2] [*Aside.*

---

[1] These interjections probably mean to express that Alexander hiccups in the course of what he says.—*Collier.*

[2] [In allusion to Alexander.]

TIM. You'll be at the Fountain [1] after dinner?

ALEX. While 'twill run, boy.

TIM. Here's a noble now, and I'll bring you t'other as I come by to the tavern; but I'll make you swear I shall drink nothing but small beer.

ALEX. Niggers-noggers, thou shalt not; there's thine own oath for thee: thou shalt eat nothing, an' thou wilt, but a poached spider, and drive it down with syrup of toads. [*Exit.*

TIM. Ah! prythee, Sim, bid the maid eat my breakfast herself. [*Exit.*

SIM. H' has turned his stomach, for all the world like a Puritan's at the sight of a surplice.[2] But your breakfast shall be devoured by a stomach of a stronger constitution, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Enter CAPTAIN CARVEGUT *and* LIEUTENANT BOTTOM.[3]

CAPT. No game abroad this morning? This Coxcomb park,[4] I think, be past the best: I have known the time the bottom 'twixt those hills has been better fledged.

LIEUT. Look out, Captain, there's matter of employment at foot o' th' hill.

CAPT. A business?

LIEUT. Yes, and hopeful. There's a morning bird, his flight, it seems, for London: he halloos and sings sweetly: prythee, let's go and put him out of tune.

---

[1] [A tavern so called.]

[2] The aversion of the *Puritans* to a *surplice* is alluded to in many of the old comedies. See several instances in Mr Steevens's note to "All's Well that Ends Well," act i. sc. 3.

[3] [Two footpads, who seem to have frequented the purlieus of Coomb Park. Sham military men were as common at that time as now.]

[4] The park belonging to Coomb House.

CAPT. Thee and I have crotchets in our pates; and thou knowest two crotchets make one quaver;[1] he shall shake for't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter RANDALL.

RAN. *Did hur not see hur true loves,*
As hur came from London?
O, if hur saw not hur fine prave loves,
Randall is quite undone.

Well, was never mortal man in Wales could have waged praver, finers, and nimblers, than Randalls have done, to get service in Londons: whoope, where was hur now? just upon a pridge of stone, between the legs of a couple of pretty hills, but no more near mountains in Wales, than Clim of the Clough's bow to hur cozen David's harp. And now hur prattle of Davie, I think yonder come prancing down the hills from Kingston a couple of hur t'other cozens, Saint Nicholas' clerks;[2] the morning was so red as an egg, and the place fery full of dangers, perils, and bloody businesses by reports: augh! her swords was trawn; Cod pless us! and hur cozen Hercules was not stand against

[1] But two quavers make one crotchet: this seems to be false wit, having no foundation in truth.—*Pegge.*

[2] Highwaymen or robbers were formerly called *Saint Nicholas' clerks.* See notes by Bishop Warburton and Mr Steevens on the "First Part of King Henry IV.," act ii. sc. 1.

So in Dekker's "Belman of London," 1616: "The theefe that commits the robery, and is chiefe *clarke to Saint Nicholas*, is called the high lawyer."

And in "Looke on me London," 1613, sig. C: "Here closely lie *Saint Nicholas Clearkes*, that, with a good northerne gelding, will gaine more by a halter, than an honest yeoman with a teame of good horses."

two. Which shall hur take? If they take Randalls, will rip Randalls cuts out; and then Randalls shall see Paul's steeples no more; therefore hur shall go directly under the pridge, here was but standing to knees in little fine cool fair waters; and by cat, if hur have Randalls out, hur shall come and fetch Randalls, and hur will, were hur nineteen Nicholas' clerks. [*Exit.*

Enter CAPTAIN *and* LIEUTENANT.

LIEUT. Which way took he?

CAPT. On straight, I think.

LIEUT. Then we should see him, man; he was just in mine eye when we were at foot o' th' hill, and, to my thinking, stood here looking towards us upon the bridge.

CAPT. So thought I; but with the cloud of dust we raised about us, with the speed our horses made, it seems we lost him. Now I could stamp, and bite my horse's ears off.

LIEUT. Let's spur towards Coomb House:[1] he struck that way; sure, he's not upon the road.

CAPT. 'Sfoot, if we miss him, how shall we keep our word with Saunder Bloodhound in Fleet Street, after dinner, at the Fountain? he's out of cash; and thou know'st, by Cutter's law,[2] we are bound to relieve one another.

LIEUT. Let's scour towards Coomb House; but if we miss him?

---

[1] This ancient fabric, which is now destroyed, was the seat of the Nevils, Earls of Warwick. It stood about a mile from Kingston-upon-Thames, near Wolsey's Aqueducts, which convey water to Hampton Court.—*Steevens.*

[2] A cutter was, about the beginning of the last century, a cant word for a swaggering fellow. This appears in the old

CAPT. No matter ; dost see yonder barn o' th' left hand ?

LIEUT. What of that ?

CAPT. At the west end I tore a piece of board out,
And stuff'd in close amongst the straw a bag
Of a hundred pound at least, all in round shillings,
Which I made my last night's purchase from a lawyer.

LIEUT. Dost know the place to fetch it again ?

CAPT. The torn board is my landmark ; if we miss this,
We make for that ; and, whilst that lasts, O London,
Thou labyrinth that puzzlest strictest search,
Convenient inns-of-court for highway-lawyers,
How with rich wine, tobacco, and sweet wenches,
We'll canvas thy dark case !

LIEUT. Away, let's spur. [*Exeunt.*

Enter RANDALL.

RAN. Spur did hur call hur ? have made Randalls stand without poots in fery pitiful pickles ; but hur will run as nimbles to Londons as crey-hound after rabbits. And yet, now hur remember what hur cozens talkt, was some wiser and some, too, Randalls heard talk of parn upon left hand, and a prave bag with hundred pounds in round shillings, Cod pless us ! And yonder was parns, and upon left hands too : now here was questions and demands to be made, why Randalls should not rob them would rob Randalls ? hur will go to

---

black-letter play entitled "The Faire Maid of Bristow," sig. A iij., where Sir Godfrey says of Challener—

"He was a *cutter* and a swaggerer."

He is elsewhere (sig. A 4) called a swaggering fellow.—*MS. note in Oldys's Langbaine.*

parns, pluck away pords, pull out pags, and show hur cozen a round pair of heels, with all hur round shillings; mark hur now. [*Exit.*

Enter CAPTAIN *and* LIEUTENANT.

LIEUT. The rogue rose [1] right, and has outstripped us. This was staying in Kingston with our unlucky hostess, that must be dandled, and made drunk next her heart; she made us slip the very cream o' th' morning: if anything stand awkward, a woman's at one end on't.

CAPT. Come, we've a hundred pieces good yet in the barn; they shall last us and Sander [2] a month's mirth at least.

LIEUT. O these sweet hundred pieces! how I will kiss you and hug you with the zeal a usurer does his bastard money when he comes from church. Were't not for them, where were our hopes? But come, they shall be sure to thunder in the taverns. I but now, just now, see pottle-pots thrown down the stairs, just like serjeants and yeomen, one i' th' neck of another.

CAPT. Delicate vision! [*Exeunt.*

Enter RANDALL.

RAN. Hur have got hur pag and all by the hand, and hur had ferily thought in conscience, had not been so many round sillings in whole worlds, but in Wales: 'twas time to supply hur store, hur had but thirteenpence halfpenny in all the worlds, and that hur have left in hur little white purse, with a rope hur found py the parn, just in the place hur had this. Randalls will be no servingmans now;

[1] [Old copy, *rise*. The meaning seems to be that Randall had got up betimes.]

[2] *i.e.*, Alexander Bloodhound.—*Pegge.*

hur will buy her prave parels, prave swords, prave taggers, and prave feathers, and go a-wooing to prave, comely, pretty maids. Rob Randalls, becat! and hur were ten dozen of cousins, Randalls rob hur; mark hur now. [*Exit.*

Enter CAPTAIN *and* LIEUTENANT.

LIEUT. A plague of Friday mornings! the most unfortunate day in the whole week.

CAPT. Was ever the like fate? 'sfoot, when I put it in, I was so wary, though it were midnight, that I watched till a cloud had masked the moon, for fear she should have seen't.

LIEUT. O luck!

CAPT. A gale of wind did but creep o'er the bottom, and, because I heard things stir, I stayed; 'twas twelve score past me.

LIEUT. The pottle-pots will sleep in peace to-night.

CAPT. And the sweet clinks.

LIEUT. The clattering of pipes.

CAPT. The Spanish fumes.

LIEUT. The *More wine, boy,* the nimble *Anon, anon, sir.*[1]

CAPT. All to-night will be nothing; come, we must shift. 'Sfoot, what a witty rogue 'twas to leave this fair thirteenpence halfpenny and this old halter; intimating aptly,

Had the hangman met us there, by these presages,
Here had been his work, and here his wages.[2]

LIEUT. Come, come, we must make friends.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] *i.e.*, The reply of drawers when they are called.

[2] [See "Popular Antiquities of Great Britain," ii. 247-8.]

Enter BLOODHOUND, TIM, *and* SIM.

BLOOD. There, sirrah, there's his bond: run into the Strand, 'tis six weeks since the tallow-chandler fetched my hundred marks I lent him to set him up, and to buy grease; this is his day, I'll have his bones for't else, so pray tell him.

TIM. But are a chandler's bones worth so much, father?

BLOOD. Out, coxcomb!

SIM. Worth so much! I know my master will make dice of them; then 'tis but letting Master Alexander carry them next Christmas to the Temple,[1] he'll make a hundred marks a night of them.

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[1] It was formerly usual to celebrate Christmas, at the several inns of court, with extraordinary festivity. Sometimes plays or masques were performed; and when these were omitted, a greater degree of licence appears to have been allowed to the students than at other times. In societies where so many young men, possessed of high spirits, and abounding with superfluous sums of money, were assembled, it will not seem wonderful to find the liberty granted at this season should be productive of many irregularities. Among others, gaming, in the reign of James I., when this play was probably written, had been carried to such an extravagant height as to demand the interposition of the heads of some of the societies to prevent the evil consequences attending it. In the 12th of James I. orders for reformation and better government of the inns of court and Chancery were made by the readers and benchers of the four houses of court; among which is the following:—"For that disorders in the *Christmas*-time, may both infect the minds, and prejudice the estates and fortunes, of the young gentlemen in the same societies: it is therefore ordered, that there shall be commons of the house kept, in every house of court, during the *Christmas*; and that none shall play in their several halls at the dice, except he be a gentleman of the same society, and in commons; and the benefits of the boxes to go to the butlers of every house respectively."—Dugdale's "Orig. Jurid.," p.

TIM. Mass, that's true.
BLOOD. And run to Master Ear-lack's the in-

318. In the 4th of Car. I. (Nov. 17) the society of Gray's Inn direct, "that all playing at dice, cards, or otherwise, in the hall, buttry, or butler's chamber, should be thenceforth barred and forbidden, at all times of the year, the twenty days in *Christmas* only excepted."—*Ibid.* p. 286. And in the 7th of Car. I. (7th Nov.) the society of the *Inner Temple* made several regulations for keeping good rule in *Christmas-time*, two of which will show how much gaming had been practised there before that time. "8. That there shall not be any knocking with boxes, or calling aloud for gamesters. 9. That no play be continued within the house upon any Saturday night, or upon Christmas-eve at night, after twelve of the clock."

Sir Simon D'Ewes also, in the MS. life of himself in the British Museum, takes notice of the Christmas irregularities about this period (p. 52, Dec. 1620)—"At the saied Temple was a lieutenant chosen, and much gaming, and other excesses increased during these festivall dayes, by his residing and keeping a standing table ther; and, when sometimes I turned in thither to behold ther sportes, and saw the many oaths, execrations, and quarrels, that accompanied ther dicing, I began seriously to loath it, though at the time I conceived the sporte of itselfe to bee lawfull."—["Life of D'Ewes," edit. 1845, i. 161.] "The first day of Januarie [*i.e.*, 1622-23] at night, I came into commons at the Temple, wheere ther was a lieftenant choosen, and all manner of gaming and vanitie practiced, as if the church had not at all groaned under those heavie desolations which it did. Wherefore I was verie gladd, when, on the Tuesday following, being the seventh day of the same moneth, the howse broake upp ther Christmas, and added an end to those excesses."—[Life, *ut supr.*, i. 223.]

To what excess gaming was carried on in the inns-of-court at this period may be judged from the following circumstance, that in taking up the floor of one of the Temple halls about 1764, near one hundred pair of dice were found, which had dropt at times through the chinks or joints of the boards. They were very small, scarce more than two-thirds as large as our modern ones. The hall was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. [See on this subject "Popular Antiquities of Great Britain," i., where copious collections will be found upon this subject.]

former, in Thieving Lane, and ask him what he has done in my business. He gets abundance: and if he carry my cause with one false oath, he shall have Moll; he will take her with a little. Are you gone, sir?

TIM. No, forsooth.

BLOOD. As you come by Temple Bar, make a step to th' Devil.

TIM. To the Devil, father?

SIM. My master means the sign of the Devil:[1] and he cannot hurt you, fool; there's a saint holds him by the nose.

TIM. Sniggers! what does the devil and a saint both in a sign?

SIM. What a question's that! what does my master and his prayer-book o' Sunday both in a pew?

BLOOD.[2] Well, well, ye gipsy, what do we both in a pew?

SIM. Why, make a fair show; and the devil and the saint does no more.

BLOOD. You're witty, you're witty. Call to the man o' th' house, bid him send in the bottles of wine to-night; they will be at hand i' th' morning. Will you run, sir?

TIM. To the devil, as fast as I can, sir; the world shall know whose son I am. [*Exit.*

BLOOD. Let me see now for a poesy for the ring: never an end of an old saw! 'Tis a quick widow, Sim, and would have a witty poesy.

SIM. If she be quick, she's with child; whosoever got it, you must father it: so that

---

[1] This tavern, with the same sign as above described, existed till 1757. See Gifford's Ben Jonson, 1816, ix. 84–5.]

[2] This question is improperly given to Sim in the 4°.—*Collier.*

You come o' th' nick,
For the widow's quick.

There's a witty poesy for your quick widow.

BLOOD. No, no; I'll have one shall savour of a saw.

SIM. Why then, 'twill smell of the painted cloth.[1]

BLOOD. Let me see, *a widow witty*——

SIM. *Is pastime pretty*:—put in that for the sport's sake.

BLOOD. No, no, I can make the sport. Then, *an old man*——.

SIM. Then will she answer, *If you cannot, a younger can.*[2] And look, look, sir, now I talk of the younger, yonder's Ancient Young come over again, that mortgaged sixty pound *per annum* before he went; I'm deceived if he come not a day after the fair.

BLOOD. Mine almanac!

SIM. A prayer-book, sir?

BLOOD. A prayer-book; for devout beggars I hate; look, I beseech thee. Fortune, now befriend me, and I will call the plaguy whore in. Let me see, six months.

Enter ANCIENT YOUNG.

ANC. Yes, 'tis he, certain: this is a business must not be slackened, sir.

SIM. Look, I beseech thee; we shall have oatmeal in our pottage six weeks after.

BLOOD. Four days too late, Sim; four days too late, Sim.

SIM. Plumbs in our pudding a Sunday, plumbs in our pudding.

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[1] [See Dyce's Middleton, iii. 97, and v. 208.]

[2] [A line of an old song altered.]

ANC. Master Bloodhound, as I take it.

BLOOD. You're a stranger, sir. [*Aside.*] You shall be witness, I shall be railed at else, they will call me devil. I pray you, how many months from the first of May to the sixth of November following?

ANC. Six months and four days, just.

BLOOD. I ask, because the first of May last, a noble gentleman, one Ancient Young——

ANC. I am the man, sir.

BLOOD. My spectacles, Sim: look, Sim, is this Ancient Young?

SIM. 'Twas Ancient Young, sir.

BLOOD. And is't not Ancient Young?

SIM. No, sir, you have made him a young ancient.

BLOOD. O Sim, a chair. I know him now, but I shall not live to tell him.

ANC. How fare you, sir?

SIM. The better for you; he thanks you, sir.

BLOOD. Sick, sick, exceeding sick.

ANC. O' th' sudden? Strange!

SIM. A qualm of threescore years come over his stomach, nothing else.[1] [*Aside.*

BLOOD. That you, beloved you, who, of all men i' th' world, my poor heart doated on, whom I loved better than father, mother, brother, sister, uncles, aunts—what would you have? that you should stay four days too late!

ANC. I have your money ready;
And, sir, I hope your old love to my father——

---

[1] This is the reading of the quarto, but Mr Reed, without necessity or notice, changed it thus—

"A qualm of threescore *pounds a year* came over his stomach."

Sim refers to the age and infirmity of Bloodhound.—*Collier.*

BLOOD. Nay, nay, I am noble, fellow, very noble, a very rock of friendship; but—but I had a house and barn burnt down to the ground since you were here.

ANC. How?

BLOOD. How? burned—ask Sim.

SIM. By fire, sir, by fire.

BLOOD. To build up which, for I am a poor man—a poor man, I was forced by course of law to enter upon your land, and so, for less money than you had of me, I was fain to sell it to another. That, by four days' stay, a man should lose his blood! our livings! our blood! O my heart! O my head!

ANC. Pray, take it not so heinous, we'll go to him: I'll buy it again of him, he won't be too cruel.

BLOOD. A dog, a very dog; there's more mercy in a pair of unbribed bailiffs. To shun all such solicitings, he's rid to York. A very cut-throat rogue! But I'll send to him.

ANC. An honest old man, how it moves him! [*Aside.*] This was my negligence. Good Sim, convey him into some warmer room; and I pray, however Fortune—she that gives ever with the dexterity she takes—shall please to fashion out my sufferings, yet for his sake, my deceased father, the long friend of your heart, in your health keep me happy.

BLOOD. O right honest young man! Sim.

SIM. Sir.

BLOOD. Have I done't well?

SIM. The devil himself could not have done't better.

BLOOD. I tell thee an old saw, sirrah—

He that dissembles in wealth shall not want;
They say doomsday's coming, but think you not on't.

This will make the pot seethe, Sim.

ANC.[1] Good sir, talk no more, my mouth runs over. [*Exeunt* BLOODHOUND *and* SIM.] Sleep, wake, worthy beggar, worthy indeed to be one, and am one worthily. How fine it is to wanton without affliction! I must look out for fortunes over again: no, I have money here, and 'tis the curse of merit not to work when she has money. There wa sa handsome widow, whose wild-mad-jealous husband died at sea; let me see, I am near Blackfriars, I'll have one start at her, or else——

Enter BLOODHOUND'S *daughter* MOLL, *with a bowl of beer.*

MOLL. By my troth, 'tis he! Captain Young's son. I have loved him even with languishings, ever since I was a girl; but should he know it, I should run mad, sure. What handsome gentlemen travel and manners make! my father begun to you, sir, in a cup of small beer.

ANC. How does he, pray?

MOLL. Pretty well now, sir.

ANC. Mass, 'tis small indeed. [*Aside.*] You'll pledge me?

MOLL. Yes, sir.

ANC. Pray, will you tell me one thing?

MOLL. What is't?

ANC. Which is smaller, this beer or your maidenhead?

MOLL. The beer a great deal, sir.

ANC. Ay, in quality.

MOLL. But not in quantity?

---

[1] All that follows, to the entrance of Moll, in the 4° is made a continuation of what is said by Bloodhound.—*Collier.*

ANC. No.

MOLL. Why?

ANC. Let me try, and I'll tell you.

MOLL. Will you tell me one thing before you try?

ANC. Yes.

MOLL. Which is smaller, this beer or your wit?

ANC. O the beer, the beer.

MOLL. In quality?

ANC. Yes, and in the quantity.

MOLL. Why, then, I pray, keep the quantity of your wit from the quality of my maidenhead, and you shall find my maidenhead more than your wit.

ANC. A witty maidenhead, by this hand.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II., SCENE 1.

A table set out. Enter two servants, JARVIS *and* JOHN, *as to cover it for dinner.*

JOHN. Is my mistress ready for dinner?

JAR. Yes, if dinner be ready for my mistress.

JOHN. Half an hour ago, man.

JAR. But, prythee, sir, is't for certain? for yet it cannot sink into my head that she is to be married to-morrow.

JOHN. Troth, she makes little preparation; but it may be, she would be wedded, as she would be bedded, privately.

JAR. Bedded, call you it? and she be bedded no better than he'll bed her, she may lie tantalised, and eat wishes.

JOHN. Pox on him! they say he's the arrantest miser: we shall never live a good day with him.

JAR. Well, and she be snipped by threescore and ten, may she live six score and eleven, and repent twelve times a day—that's once an hour.

[*Exit.*

Enter WIDOW.

WID. Set meat o' th' board.

JOHN. Yes.

WID. Why does your fellow grumble so?

JOHN. I do not know. They say you're to marry one that will feed us with horse-plums instead of beef and cabbage.

WID. And are you grieved at that?

JOHN. No, but my friends are.

WID. What friends are grieved?

JOHN. My guts.

WID. So, it seems, you begun clown——

JOHN. Yes, and shall conclude coxcomb, and I be fed with herring-bones. 'Sfoot, I say no more; but if we do want as much bread of our daily allowance as would dine a sparrow, or as much drink as would fox a fly,[1] I know what I know.

WID. And what do you know, sir?

JOHN. Why, that there goes but a pair of shears[2] between a promoter and a knave; if you know more, take your choice of either.

WID. 'Tis well; set on dinner.

Enter JARVIS *with a rabbit in one hand and a dish of eggs in another, and the* MAID.

JAR. O mistress, yonder's the mad gallant, Master Alexander Bloodhound, entered into the hall.

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[1] *i.e.*, Intoxicate a fly.

[2] The 4° reads a *pair of sheets*, but evidently wrong. See Marston's "Malcontent," iv. 5.

WID. You should have kept him out.

MAID. Alas! ne'er a wench in town could do't, he's so nimble: I had no sooner opened the door, but he thrust in ere I was aware.

Enter ALEXANDER.

ALEX. And how does my little, handsome, dainty, delicate, well-favoured, straight and comely, delicious, bewitching widow?

JAR. 'Sfoot, here's one runs division before the fiddlers.

WID. Sir, this is no seasonable time of visit.

ALEX. 'Tis pudding-time, wench, pudding-time; and a dainty time, dinner-time, my nimble-eyed, witty one. Woot be married to-morrow, sirrah?

[*Sits to table.*

JAR. She'll be mad to-morrow, sirrah.

ALEX. What, art thou a fortune-teller?

JAR. A chip of the same block—a fool, sir.

ALEX. Good fool, give me a cup of cool beer.

JAR. Fill your master a cup of cool beer.

ALEX. Pish! I spoke to the fool.

JAR. I thought you'd brought the fool with you, sir.

ALEX. Fool, 'tis my man: shalt sit, i' faith, wench.

WID. For once I'll be as merry as you are mad, and learn fashions. I am set, you see, sir; but you must pardon, sir, our rudeness—Friday's fare for myself, a dish of eggs and a rabbit; I looked for no strange faces.

ALEX. Strange: mine's a good face, i' faith; prythee, buss.

JAR. Why, here's one comes to the business now.

ALEX. Sirrah, woot have the old fellow?

WID. Your father? Yes.

ALEX. I tell thee thou shalt not; no, no; I have such [a rare one][1]—this rabbit's raw too.

JAR. There's but one raw bit, sir.

ALEX. Thy jester, sure, shall have a coat.[2]

WID. Let it be of your own cut, sir.

ALEX. Nay, nay, nay; two to one is extremity—but, as I was telling thee, I have such a husband for thee: so knowing, so discreet, so sprightly—fill a cup of claret—so admirable in desires, so excellently deserving, that an old man—fie, fie, prythee. Here's to thee.

WID. The man's mad, sure.

JAR. Mad! by this hand, a witty gallant.

JOHN. Prythee, peace, shalt hear a song.

Enter ANCIENT YOUNG.

WID. What cope's-mate's[3] this, trow? who let him in?

JAR. By this light, a fellow of an excellent breeding.
He came unbidden, and brought his stool with him.

JOHN. Look, mistress, how they stare one at another.

---

[1] [These words seem to have dropped out of the old copy, as Alexander immediately after puns on the word *rare* (pronounced sometimes like *raw*).]

[2] *i.e.*, A fool's coat, such as the jesters or fools anciently wore. See notes to "Tempest," act iii. sc. 2, by Dr Johnson and Mr Steevens.

[3] *Copesmate* Dr Johnson conjectures to be the same as *copsmate*, a companion in drinking, or one that dwells under the same *cope*, or house. I find the word used in "The Curtain-Drawer of the World," 1612, p. 31, but not according to either of the above explanations. "Hee that trusts a tradesman on his word, a usurer with his bond, a phisitian with his body, and the divell with his soule, needes not care

JAR. Yes, and swell like a couple of gibbed cats [1] met both by chance i' th' dark in an old garret.

WID. Look, look; now there's no fear of the wild beasts: they have forgot their spleens, and look prettily; they fall to their pasture. I thought they had been angry, and they are hungry.

JAR. Are they none of Duke Humphrey's [2] furies? Do you think that they devised this plot in Paul's to get a dinner?

WID. Time may produce as strange a truth. Let's note them.

Enter RANDALL.

RAN. Hur loved hur once: hur loved hur no more,
Saint Tavie, so well as hur loved hur then.

WID. Another burr! this is the cookmaid's leaving ope the door; and this is the daintiest dish she has sent in—a widgeon in Welsh sauce! Pray, let's make a merry day on't.

---

who he trusts afterwards, nor what *copesmate* encounters him next."

Copesmate, I believe, means only *companion*, a word which was used both in a bad and good sense by our ancestors. To *cope* is to meet with, to encounter. Thus Hamlet—

"As e'er my conversation *cop'd* withall."

—*Steevens.*

Again, in Wither's "Abuses Stript and Whipt," 1613, bk. ii. s. 1—

"Nay be advised (quoth his *copesmate*) harke,
Lets stay all night, for it grows pest'lence darke."

[1] See note to "Gammer Gurton's Needle," [iii. 178], and also the notes of Dr Percy, Mr Steevens, and Mr Tollet, to the "First Part of King Henry IV.," act i. sc. 2.

[2] [A constant allusion in our old plays.]

RAN. What! do hur keep open house? Had heard hur was widows that dwelt here: are you widows, good womans?

WID. I want a husband, sir.[1]

RAN. Augh, Randalls comes in very good times: you keep ordinaries, hur think. What, have you set a cat before gallants there?

JAR. They will eat him for the second course. [*Aside.*] These are suitors to my mistress sure—things that she slights. Set your feet boldly in; widows are not caught as maids kiss—faintly, but as mastiffs fight—valiantly.

RAN. Is hur so: I pray pid hur mistress observe Randalls for valours and prave adventures?

ANC. Some beer.

WID. Let them want nothing.

ANC. Here, widow.

WID. I thank you, sir.

ALEX. Some wine.

JAR. Here is wine for you, sir.

RAN. Randalls will not be outpraved, I warrant hur.

ALEX. Here, widow.

WID. I thank you too, sir.

RAN. Sounds, some metheglins here.

WID. What does he call for?

JAR. Here are some eggs for you, sir.

RAN. Eggs, man! some metheglins, the wine of Wales.

JAR. Troth, sir, here's none i' th' house: pray, make a virtue of necessity, and drink to her in this glass of claret.

RAN. Well, because hur will make a great deals

[1] This reply, and the preceding question of Randall, were omitted by Dodsley and Reed.

of necessities of virtues, mark, with what a grace Randalls will drink to hur mistress.

MAID. He makes at you, forsooth.

WID. Let him come, I have ever an English virtue to put by a Welsh.

RAN. O noble widows, hur heart was full of woes.

ALEX. No, noble Welshman, hur heart was in hur hose. [*Takes away his cup.*

RAN. Sounds, was that hur manners, to take away Randall's cups?

ANC. No, it showed scurvy.

ALEX. Take't you at worst, then.

ANC. Whelp of the devil, thou shalt see thy sire[1] for't.

JOHN, JAR. Gentlemen, what mean you?

RAN. Let hur come, let hur come; Randalls will redeem reputations, hur warrant hur.

WID. Redeem your wit, sir. First for you, sir, you are a stranger; but you—fie, Master Bloodhound!

ANC. Ha! Bloodhound! good sir, let me speak with you.

RAN. Sounds, what does Randalls amongst ploodhounds? Good widows, lend hur an ear.

ALEX. Ancient Young! how false our memories have played through long discontinuance![2] But why met here, man? Is Mars so bad a paymaster that our ancients fight under Cupid's banner?

ANC. Faith, this was but a sudden start, begotten from distraction of some fortunes: I pursue this widow but for want of wiser work.

---

[1] [It is still a common expression, that a person will "see his *grandmother*" after taking so and so.]

[2] Mr Reed allowed it to stand *continuance* instead of *discontinuance*, which made nonsense of the passage.—*Collier.*

JAR. The Welshman labours at it. [*Aside.*]

RAN. A pair of a hundred of seeps, thirty prave cows, and twelve dozen of runts.

WID. Twelve dozen of goose!

RAN. Give hur but another hark!

ALEX. He has the mortgage still, and I have a handsome sister: do but meet at the Fountain in Fleet Street after dinner; O, I will read thee a history of happiness, and thou shalt thank me.

ANC. Ay, read, all's well or weapons.

ALEX. A word, Jarvis. [*Whispers him.*]

RAN. O prave widows, hur will meet hur there, hur knows hur times and hur seasons, hur warrant hur. Randalls will make these prave gallants hang hurselfs in those garters of willow-garlands apout hur pates; mark hur now, and remember. [*Exit.*

ANC. Adieu, sweet widow; for my ordinary——

[*Kisses her.*

WID. 'Twas not so much worth, sir.

ANC. You mean, 'twas worth more then; and that's another handsomely begged.

[*Kisses her again.*]

WID. You conclude women cunning beggars, then.

ANC. Yes, and men good benefactors. My best wishes wait on so sweet a mistress. Will you walk? [*Exit* ANCIENT.]

ALEX. I'll follow you. Woot think on't soon at night, or not at all? [*Aside to* JARVIS.]

JAR. I would not have my wishes wronged; if I should bring it about handsomely, you can be honest. [*Aside.*]

ALEX. Can [I]? dost conclude me a satin cheat? [*Aside.*]

JAR. No, a smooth gallant, sir. Do not you fail to be here soon at nine, still provided you will

be honest: if I convey you not under her bed, throw me a top o' th' tester, and lay me out o' th' way like a rusty bilbo. [*Aside.*]

ALEX. Enough; drink that. [*Aside, giving him money.*] Farewell, widow; Fate, the Destinies, and the three ill-favoured Sisters have concluded the means, and when I am thy husband——

WID. I shall be your wife.

ALEX. Do but remember these cross capers then, ye bitter-sweet one.[1] [*Exit.*

WID. Till then adieu, you bitter-sweet one. [*Exit.*

JAR. This dinner would have showed better in bed-lane; and she at the other side holdeth her whole nest of suitors [at] play. What art decks the dark labyrinth of a woman's heart! [*Exit.*

Enter MARY BLOODHOUND *and* SIM.

MOLL. Marry old Ear-lack! is my father mad?

SIM. They're both a-concluding on't yonder; to-morrow's the day; one wedding-dinner must serve both marriages.

MOLL. O Sim! the Ancient, the delicate Ancient; there's a man, and thou talk'st of a man; a good face, a sparkling eye, a straight body, a delicate hand, a clean leg and foot. Ah, sweet Sim! there's a man worth a maidenhead.

Enter BLOODHOUND *and* EAR-LACK.

SIM. But I say, Master Ear-lack, the old man! a foot like a bear, a leg like a bed-staff, a hand

[1] See note to "Romeo and Juliet," act ii. sc. 3, vol. x. edit. 1778.—*Steevens.*

like a hatchet, an eye like a pig, and a face like a winter peony ;[1] there's a man for a maidenhead.

MOLL. O look, look! O, alas! what shall I do with him?

SIM. What? why, what shall fifteen do with sixty and twelve? make a screen of him; stand next the fire, whilst you sit behind him and keep a friend's lips warm. Many a wench would be glad of such a fortune.

BLOOD. Your oath struck it dead then, o' my side?

EAR. Five hundred deep of your side, i' faith, father.

BLOOD. Moll, come hither, Moll; I hope Sim has discovered the project.

EAR. And to-morrow must be the day, Moll; both of a day: one dinner shall serve. We may have store of little ones; we must save for our family.

MOLL. Good sir, what rashness was parent to this madness? marry an old man—Ear-lack the informer!

BLOOD. Madness! You're a whore.

EAR. Is she a whore, Sim?

SIM. She must be your wife, I tell——

BLOOD. An arrant whore, to refuse Master Innocent Ear-lack of Rogue-land!—that for his dwelling: next, that he doth inform now and then against enormities, and hath been blanketed—it may be, pumped in's time; yet the world knows he does it not out of need: he's of mighty means, but takes delight now and then to trot up and down to avoid idleness, you whore.

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[1] [Old copy and former editions, *pigme*. The peony is very apt to be nipped by the frost, and so to be pinched up; hence Sim's similitude.]

SIM. Good sir!

EAR. Pray, father!

MOLL. This wound wants oil. Good sir, in all my paths
I will make you my guide; I was only startled
With the suddenness of the marriage,
In that I knew that this deserving gentleman
And I had never so much conference,
Whereby this coal of Paphos—by the rhetoric
Of his love-stealing, heart-captivating language—
Might be blown into a flame.

EAR. Does she take tobacco, father?

BLOOD. No, no, man; these are out of ballads; she has all the Garland of Good-will[1] by heart.

EAR. Snails, she may sing me asleep o' nights then, Sim.

SIM. Why, right, sir; and then 'tis but tickling you o' th' forehead with her heels, you are awake again, and ne'er the worse man.

MOLL. Is he but five years older than yourself, sir?

EAR. Nay, I want a week and three days of that too.

BLOOD. I'll tell thee an old saw for't, girl—
Old say he be, old blades are best,
Young hearts are never old.

EAR. Ha, ha!

BLOOD. *Gold is great glee, gold begets rest,*
What fault is found in gold?

SIM. I will answer presently, sir, with another saw.

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[1] One of the miscellaneous collections of songs and poems, formerly published, called "Garlands." The names of a great number of these, and, amongst the rest, "The Garland of Good-will," by T. D., [1604,] are enumerated in [Hazlitt's "Handbook," 1867, art. Garlands, Deloney, &c.]

BLOOD. Let's ha't, let's ha't.

EAR. Mark, Moll.

SIM. *Young? say she be young, young mutton's sweet,*
Content is above gold;
If, like an old cock, he with young mutton meet,
He feeds like a cuckold.

BLOOD. A very pretty pithy one, I protest; look, an' Moll do not laugh: shalt have a pair of gloves for that. What leather dost love?

SIM. Calf, sir; sheep's too simple for me.

BLOOD. Nay, 'tis a witty notable knave; he should never serve me else.

Enter JOHN *with a letter.*

JOHN. My mistress remembers her love, and requests you would inure her so much to your patience as to read that.

BLOOD. Love-letters, love-lies: dost mark, Sim; these women are violent, Sim. Whilst I read the lie,[1] do you rail to him upon the brewer: swear he has deceived us, and save a cup of beer by't.

SIM. I will not save you a cup at that rate, sir.

EAR. I can make thee a hundred a year jointure, wench. At the first, indeed, I began with petty businesses, wench; and here I picked, and there I picked; but now I run through none but things of value.

MOLL. Sir, many thoughts trouble me; and your words carry such weight, that I will choose a time, when I have nothing else to do, to think on 'em.

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[1] [A play on the similarity between *lye* and *lie*, the former being the dregs or lees of beer.]

EAR. By my troth, she talks the wittiliest, an' I would understand her.

BLOOD. O nimble, nimble widow! I am sorry we have no better friends; [*To* JOHN] but pray, commend me, though in a blunt, dry commendation; at the time and place appointed I wonnot fail. I know she has a nest of suitors, and would carry it close, because she fears surprisal.

[*Exit* JOHN.]

EAR. What news, father?

BLOOD. Shalt lie there all night, son.

EAR. Was that the first news I heard on't?

BLOOD. I must meet a friend i' th' dark soon: let me see, we lovers are all a little mad; do you and Moll take a turn or two i' th' garden, whilst Sim and I go up into the garret and devise till the guests come. [*Exit.*

SIM. He's a little mad. I had best hang him upon the cross-beam in the garret. [*Exit.*

EAR. Come, Moll, come, Malkin:[1] we'll even to the camomile bed, and talk of household stuff; and be sure thou rememberest a trade.

MOLL. Please you go before, sir.

EAR. Nay, an old ape has an old eye; I shall go before, an' thou woot show me a love-trick, and lock me into the garden. I will come discreetly behind, Moll.

MOLL. Out upon him, what a suitor have I got! I am sorry you're so bad an archer, sir.

EAR. Why, bird, why, bird?

MOLL. Why, to shoot at butts, when you should use prick-shafts: short shooting will lose you the game, I assure you, sir.

---

[1] [*Moll* and *Malkin* are the same, of course. Ear-lack, just after, plays on the meanings of the words *bed* and *stuff*.]

EAR. Her mind runs, sure, upon a fletcher[1] or a bowyer: howsoever, I'll inform against both; the fletcher, for taking whole money for pierced arrows: the bowyer, for horning the headmen of his parish, and taking money for his pains.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter in the tavern, ALEXANDER, *the* CAPTAIN, LIEUTENANT, SUE SHORTHEELS, *and* MISTRESS COOTE, *a bawd.*

ALEX. Some rich canary, boy.

DRAWER. Anon, anon, sir.

ALEX. [Is't] possible? Thus cheated of a hundred
Pieces? A handsome halter, and the hangman's
Wages popp'd in the place! What an acute wit
We have in wickedness!

CAPT. 'Tis done, and handsomely.

Enter DRAWER.

DRAWER. Here's a pottle of rich canary and a quart of neat claret, gentlemen; and there's a gentleman below, he says he is your brother, Master Bloodhound: he appointed to meet you here.

CAPT. The expected thing, that bought the Bristow stone.

ALEX. Send him up, prythee. Remember how it must be carried.

MIS. COOTE. I am her grandmother; forget not that, by any means.

ALEX. And pray remember that you do not mump, as if you were chewing bacon, and spoil all.

MIS. COOTE. I warrant you.

---

[1] *Flechier*, Fr., a maker of arrows. We have still the Fletchers' Company in the city of London.

Enter ANCIENT YOUNG.

ALEX. And hark.

DRAWER. Are these the company, sir?

ANC. Yes, but those I like not; these are not they: I'll stay i' th' next room till my company come.

DRAWER. Where you please, sir; pray follow me. [*Exeunt.*

CAPT. I hear him coming up gingerly.

ALEX. O, he tramples upon the bosom of a tavern with that dexterity, as your lawyers' clerks do to Westminster Hall upon a dirty day with a pair of white silk stockings.

Enter TIM.

Brother Tim, why, now you're a man of your word, I see.

TIM. Nay, I love to be as good as my say. See, brother, look, there's the rest of your money upon the ring. I cannot spend a penny, for I have ne'er a penny left. What are these? what are these?

ALEX. Gallants of note and quality; he that sits taking tobacco is a captain, Captain Carvegut.

TIM. He will not make a capon of me, will he?

ALEX. Are you not my brother? He that pours out the sparkling sprightly claret is a lieutenant under him, Lieutenant Bottom. He was a serjeant first.

TIM. Of the Poultry or of Wood Street?

ALEX. Of the Poultry?[1] of a woodcock!
A serjeant in the field, a man of blood.

TIM. I'll take my leave, brother, I am in great haste.

[1] [The Poultry in Wood Street is meant.]

ALEX. That delicate, sweet young gentlewoman——.

TIM. Foh! this tobacco!

ALEX. That bears the blush of morning on her cheeks,
Whose eyes are like a pair of talking twins.

TIM. She looks just upon me.

ALEX. I think you are in haste.

TIM. No, no, no, pray.

ALEX. Whose lips are beds of roses, betwixt which
There steals a breath sweeter than Indian spices.

TIM. Sweeter than ginger!

ALEX. But then to touch those lips you stay too long, sure?

TIM. Pish, I tell you I do not; I know my time. Pray, what's her name?

ALEX. But 'tis descended from the ancient stem,
[O'] the great Trebatio,[1] Lindabride's her name;
That ancient matron is her reverend grannum.

TIM. Niggers, I have read of her in the Mirror of Knighthood.[2]

ALEX. Come, they shall know you.

TIM. Nay, brother.

---

[1] [Former edits., *Tributie.*]

[2] [The "Mirror of Knighthood," better known as the "Knight of the Sun," a romance in nine parts, translated into English by Margaret Tyler and others, between 1579 and 1601. Complete sets are of the greatest rarity. The bibliography of the work may be seen in Hazlitt *v.* Knight of the Sun.]

It appears that Thomas Este, the printer, [originally] undertook the publication of this work, which is executed by different translators, and dedicated to different patrons. Margaret Tyler (*thine to use*, as she says at the conclusion of her address to the reader) having no concern with any part but the first.—*Steevens.*

ALEX. I say they shall.

TIM. Let me go down and wash my face first.

ALEX. Your face is a fine face. My brother, gentlemen.

CAPT. Sir, you're victoriously welcome.

TIM. That word has e'en conquered me.

LIEUT. I desire to kiss your hand, sir.

TIM. Indeed, but you shall not, sir: I went out early, and forgot to wash them.

MIS. COOTE. Precious dotterel! [*Aside.*

CAPT. Sir, I shall call it a courtesy if you shall please to vouchsafe to pledge me.

TIM. What is't, brother? Four or six?[1]

CAPT. Four or six! 'tis rich Canary: it came from beyond the seas.

TIM. I will do no courtesy at this time, sir; yet for one cup I care not, because it comes from beyond the seas. I think 'tis outlandish wine.

SUE. Look how it glides!

MIS. COOTE. Now, truly, the gentleman drinks as like one Master Widgeon, a kinsman of mine——

LIEUT. Pox on you! heildom![2]

TIM. I ha' heard of that Widgeon, I ha' been taken for him; and now I think on't, a cup of this is better than our four-shilling beer at home.

LIEUT. You must drink another, sir: you drank to nobody.

TIM. Is it the law that, if a man drinks to nobody, he must drink again?

---

[1] Tim means to ask, is it *four* or *six shilling beer*, supposing that such was the beverage, to which the Captain replies scornfully, *Four or six! 'Tis rich Canary*, &c. This was omitted by Mr Reed.—*Collier.*

[2] [Former edits., *Pox on you heilding. Heildom* is a *health*, and the lieutenant means to say that Tim should propose one.]

OMNES. Ay, ay, ay. Fill his glass.

TIM. Why, then, I will drink to nobody once more, because I will drink again.

ALEX. Did not I tell you? More wine there, drawer.

SUE. This pageant's worth the seeing, by this hand.

TIM. Methinks this glass was better that t'other, gentlemen.

CAPT. O sir, the deeper the sweeter ever.

TIM. Do you think so?

LIEUT. Ever that when ye drink to nobody.

TIM. Why, then, I pray give me t'other cup, that I may drink to somebody.

MIS. COOTE. I have not drunk yet, sir.

ALEX. Again, ye witch! Drink to the young gentlewoman.

TIM. Mistress Lindabrides.

SUE. Thanks, most ingenious sir.

TIM. She's a little shame-faced. The deeper the sweeter, forsooth.

ALEX. Pox on you for a coxcomb!

Enter ANCIENT YOUNG [*standing aside*].

ANC. I' th' next room I have seen and heard all. O noble soldiers!

TIM. Here, boys, give us some more wine. There's a hundred marks, gallants; 'tis your own, an' do but let me bear an office amongst ye. I know as great a matter has been done for as small a sum. Pray let me follow the fashion.

CAPT. Well, for once take up the money. Give me a cup of sack, and give me your hand, sir; and, because our Flemish corporal was lately choked at Delft with a flap-dragon,[1] bear you his name and

[1] [See Dyce's Middleton, i. 66.]

place, and be henceforth called Corporal Cods-head. Let the health go round!

TIM. Round! An' this go not round!—Some wine there, tapster. Is there ne'er a tapster i' th' house?

[ANCIENT *shows himself.*

ALEX. My worthy friend, thou'rt master of thy word. Gentlemen, 'tis Ancient Young; you're soldiers; come, come, save cap: compliment in cup. Prythee, sit down.

ANC. Are you a captain, sir?

CAPT. Yes.

ANC. And you a lieutenant?

LIEUT. Yes.

ANC. I pray, where served you last?

CAPT. Why, at the battle of Prague.[1]

ANC. Under what colonel? In what regiment?

CAPT. Why, let me see—but come, in company? Let's sit, sir. True soldiers scorn unnecessary discourse, especially in taverns.

ANC. 'Tis true, true soldiers do: but you are tavern-rats.

CAPT. How?

ALEX. Prythee!

ANC. Foul food, that lies all day undigested
Upon the queasy stomach of some tavern,
And are spew'd out at midnight.

TIM. Corporal Cods-head's health, sir.

ANC. In thy face, fool. [TIM *retires.*

ALEX. This is cruel, Ancient.

ANC. You are but
The worms of worth, the sons of shame and baseness,
That in a tavern dare outsit the sun,

[1] This battle was fought at Weisenberg, near Prague, 18th November 1620, and was fatally decisive against the Elector Palatine who, in consequence of it, not only lost his new kingdom of Bohemia, but also was deprived by the Emperor of his hereditary dominions.

And, rather than a whore shall part unpledg'd,
You'll pawn your souls for a superfluous cup,
Though ye cast it into the reckoning.
The true soldier, who is all o'er, a history of man,
Noble and valiant; wisdom is the mould
In which he casts his actions. Such a discreet temperance
Doth daily deck his doings, that by his modesty
He's guess'd the son of merit, and by his mildness
Is believed valiant. Go, and build no more
These airy castles of hatched fame, which fools
Only admire and fear you for: the wise man
Derides and jeers you as puffs. [Be] really of[1]
Virtue and valour, those fair twins,
That are born, breathe, and die together: then
You'll no more be called butterflies, but men:
Think on't, and pay your reckoning. [*Exit.*

CAPT. Shall we suffer this, Saunder?

ALEX. I must go after him.

SUE. Kill him, an' there be no more men in Christendom.

ALEX. I know my sister loves him, and he swears he loves her; and, by this hand, it shall go hard if he have her not, smock and all. Brave, excellent man! With what a strength of zeal we admire that goodness in another which we cannot call our own! [*Exit.*

LIEUT. He's a dead man, I warrant him.

CAPT. But where's our corporal? Corporal, corporal!

TIM. Well, here's your corporal, an' you can be quiet. [*Looks out.*[2]

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[1] [In the former edits. this passage stands, "*jeers ye puffs really of.*"]

[2] Tim, who has hidden or *ensconced* himself, looks out, and not the Captain, as Mr Reed made it, by misplacing the stage direction.—*Collier.*

SUE. Look, an' he have not ensconced[1] himself in a wooden castle.

TIM. Is he gone that called us butterflies?

MIS. COOTE. Yes, yes; h' has taken wing; and your brother's gone after him, to fight with him.

TIM. That's well; he cannot in conscience but do us the courtesy to kill him for us. Come, gallants, what shall we do? I'll never go home to go to bed with my guts full of four-shillings beer, when I may replenish them with sack. Ha! now am I as lusty! Methinks we two have blue beards. Is there ne'er a wench to be had? Drawer, bring us up impossibilities, an honest whore and a conscionable reckoning.

LIEUT. Why, here's all fire-wit, whe'r[2] he will or no.

SUE. A whore! O tempting, handsome sir! think of a rich wife rather.

TIM. Tempting, handsome sir! She's not married, is she, gentlemen?

CAPT. A woodcock springed! Let us but keep him in this bacchanalian mist till morning, and 'tis done. [*Aside.*

TIM. Tempting, handsome sir! I've known a woman of handsome, tempting fortunes throw herself away upon a handsome, tempting sir.

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[1] A *sconce* is a petty fortification. The verb *to ensconce* occurs more than once in Shakespeare. See note on "The Merry Wives of Windsor," act ii. sc. 2.—*Steevens.* [This note amounts to nothing, as the word *ensconce* is very common, and all that is here intended is that Tim, frightened at the Ancient, had hidden himself behind a chest of drawers (a very petty fortification!) or some other article of furniture.]

[2] *i.e.*, Whether. It is frequently so [spelled] in ancient writers. See Ben Jonson's "New Inn," act v. sc. 2., and Mr Whalley's note, [Gifford's edit., v. 423.]

LIEUT. Hark you, sir: if she had, and could be tempted to't, have you a mind to marry? Would you marry her?

TIM. O, and a man were so worthy, tempting sir.

LIEUT. Give me but a piece from you.

TIM. And when will you give it me again?

LIEUT. Pray, give me but a piece from you. I'll pay this reckoning into the bargain; and if I have not a trick to make it your own, I'll give you ten for't—here's my witness.

TIM. There 'tis, send thee good luck with't, and go drunk to bed.

LIEUT. Do not you be too rash, for she observes you, and is infinitely affected to good breeding.

TIM. I wonnot speak, I tell you, till you hold up your finger or fall a-whistling.

CAPT. Come, we'll pay at bar, and to the Mitre in Bread Street;[1] we'll make a mad night on't. Please you, sweet ladies, but to walk into Bread Street; this gentleman has [had] a foolish slight supper, and he most ingeniously professes it would appear to him the meridian altitude of his desired happiness but to have the table decked with a pair of perfections so exquisitely refulgent.

TIM. He talks all sack, and he will drink no small beer.

MIS. COOTE. Pray lead, and we[2] shall follow.

SUE. Bless mine eyes! my heart is full of changes. [*Exit.*

TIM. O, is it so? I have heard there may be

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[1] From a passage in "Ram Alley," [x. 313], it has already appeared there were two taverns at this time with the same sign.

[2] [Former edits., *he.*]

more changes in a woman's heart in an hour than can be rung upon six bells in seven days. Well, go thy ways: little dost thou think how thou shalt be betrayed. Within this four-and-twenty hours thou shalt be mine own wife, flesh and blood, by father and mother, O tempting, handsome sir!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III., SCENE 1.

Enter JOHN *and the* MAID.

JOHN. But, sirrah, canst tell what my mistress means to do with her suitors?

MAID. Nay, nay, I know not; but there is one of them, I am sure, worth looking after.

JOHN. Which is he, I prythee?

MAID. O John, Master Randall, John.

JOHN. The Welshman?

MAID. The witty man, the pretty man, the singing-man. He has the daintiest ditty, so full of pith, so full of spirit, as they say.

JOHN. Ditties! they are the old ends of ballads.[1]

MAID. Old ends! I am sure they are new beginnings with me.

JOHN. Here comes my mistress.

Enter WIDOW *and* JARVIS.

WID. Who was that knocked at the gate?

JAR. Why, your Welsh wooer.

MAID. Alas! the sight on's eyes is enough to singe my little maidenhead. I shall never be able to endure him. [*Exit* MAID.

[1] [Old copy, *ends of old ballets.*]

Enter RANDALL.

RAN. *When high King Henry rul'd this land,*[1]
The couple of her name,
Besides hur queen was tearly lov'd,
A fair and princely—widows.

Hark you, widows; Randalls was disturbed in cogitations about lands, ploughs, and cheese-presses in Wales; and, by cat, hur have forgot where hur and hur meet soon at pright dark evenings.

WID. Why, on the 'Change, in the Dutch walks.

RAN. O haw, have hur? but Randalls was talk no Dutch; pray meet her in the Welsh walk. Was no Welsh walk there?

WID. Fie, no! There are no Welsh merchants there?

RAN. Mass, was fery true, was all shentlemen in Wales. Hur never saw hur shambermaid: pray, where was her shambermaid?

JAR. Taken up i' th' kitchen, sir.

RAN. Can hur make wedding-ped pravely for Randalls and widows?

WID. Pray tell him, Jarvis, whe'r[2] she can or no.

JAR. Sir, not to delay, but to debilitate the strength of your active apprehension of my mistress's favour——

RAN. Was fery good words.

JAR. Hark in your ear: she will have her nest feathered with no British breed.

RAN. Sounds, was not British so good as English?

---

[1] A stanza, with some alterations, of the old ballad of "Fair Rosamond," [printed in Deloney's "Garland of Good-Will."] See Percy's "Reliques," vol. ii.

[2] See note on p. 47.

JAR. Yes, where there's wisdom, wit, and valour; but, as amongst our English, we may have one fool, a knave, a coxcomb, and a coward, she bid me tell you, she has seen such wonders come out of Wales. In one word,[1] you're an ass, and she'll have none of you.

RAN. Augh, Saint Tavie, Owen, Morgan, and all hur cousins! was widow herself say so?

WID. Good sir, let every circumstance make up one answer, take it with you.

JAR. And the Roman answer is, the English goose, sir.[2]

RAN. Sounds! hur was kill now! Gog and Gogmagog! a whole dozen of shiants. Make fool of Randalls! Randalls was wisht to as prave match as widows; was know one Mary Blood-hound, was ha' all, when her father kick up heels; and, by cat, though hur never saw hur, hur will send hur love-letters presently, get hur good-wills, and go to shurch and marry, and hur were eight-and-thirty, two hundred and nine and fifty widows. Mark hur now. [*Exit* RANDALL.

JAR. He pelts as he goes pitifully.

WID. Where's Mary?

JOHN. Mary!

Enter MAID.

WID. Pray go to Aldgate, to my sempstress, for my ruff; I must use it, say, to-morrow. Did ye bid her hollow it just in the French fashion cut?

MAID. Yes, forsooth.

WID. 'Twas well; we have no other proof in use that we are English, if we do not zany them. Let John go with you.

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[1] The 4° reads *in one shirt.—Collier.*

[2] A pun on the Latin word *anser*, which signifies a *goose.*

MAID. Yes, forsooth. [*Exit.*

JAR. But pray, forsooth, how do you mean to dispose of your suitors?

WID. Shall I tell thee? For this, thou hast given him his cure, and he is past care; for old Bloodhound the sawmonger, I writ to him to meet me soon, at ten in the dark, upon the 'Change; and if I come not by ten, he should stay till twelve: intimating something mystically that, to avoid surprisals of other rivals, I mean to go from thence with him to lie at his house all night, and go to church with him i' th' morning; when my meaning is only knavery, to make myself merry, and let him cool his heels [1] there till morning.

JAR. And now have I a whimsy, newly jumped into the coll of ingenious apprehension, to sauce him daintily; that for that. What think you of the gentleman that brought a stool with him out of the hall, and sat down at dinner with you in the parlour?

WID. They say he's an ancient, but I affect not his colours.

JAR. But what say you to the mad, victorious Alexander?

WID. A wild, mad roarer, a trouble not worth minding.

JAR. He will mind you ere morning, troth, mistress. [*Aside.*] There waits a gentleman i' th' next room that hath a long time loved you, and has watched for such an hour, when all was out of doors, to tell you so; and, none being within but you and I, he desires you would hear him speak, and there's an end on't.

---

[1] To *cool his heels* is a very common expression, which for some reason, or perhaps no reason, was altered in the edition of 1780, to *cool himself.—Collier.*

WID. What is he?

JAR. An honest man.

WID. How know you?

JAR. Why, he told me so.

WID. And why were you such a fool to take his own word.

JAR. Because all the wit I had could get nobody's else.

WID. A knave will ever tell you he's an honest man.

JAR. But an honest man will never tell you he's a knave.

WID. Well, sir, your mistress dares look upon the honest man.

JAR. And the honest man dares look upon my mistress. [*Exit.*

WID. 'Tis the roughest, bluntest fellow. Yet, when I take young Bloodhound to a retired collection of scattered judgment, which often lies disjointed with the confused distraction of so many, methinks he dwells in my opinion a right ingenious [1] spirit, veiled merely with the vanity of youth and wildness. He looks, methinks, like one that could retract himself from his mad starts, and, when he pleased, turn tame. His handsome wildness, methinks, becomes him, could he keep it bounded in thrift and temperance. But down, these thoughts; my resolve rests here in private.

---

[1] *Ingenious* and *ingenuous* were formerly used indiscriminately for each other. [The truth seems to be that *ingenuous* was merely understood formerly in the sense in which we use it now, and that *ingenious*, on the contrary, had a larger meaning, standing generally for the gifts of the mind or intellect. Old-fashioned people only would say of such an one, "He's an ingenious man," meaning a person of intellectual culture.]

But from a fool, a miser, and a man too jealous
for a little sweetness [in] love, Cupid defend me!

Enter JARVIS *like a gentleman, very brave, with his former clothes in his hand.*[1]

JAR. And to a widow wise, nobly liberal and discreetly credulous, Cupid hath sent me.

WID. Pray prove you, as you appear, a gentleman.
Why, Jarvis?

JAR. Look you, here's Jarvis hangs by geometry [*Hangs up his livery*]; and here's the gentleman—for less I am not—that afar off, taken with the fainted praises of your wealthy beauty, your person, wisdom, modesty, and all that can make woman gracious, in this habit sought and obtained your service.

WID. For heaven's sake what's your intent?

JAR. I love you.

WID. Pray, keep off.

JAR. I would keep from you. Had my desires bodies,
How I could beat them into better fashion,
And teach them temperance. For I rid to find you;
And, at a meeting amongst many dames,
I saw you first. O, how your talking eyes,
Those active, sparkling sweet, discoursing[2] twins,
In their strong captivating motion told me
The story of your heart! A thousand Cupids,

[1] The stage direction in the old copy is not very intelligible: *Enter like a gentleman very brave, with Jarvis cloaths in's hand.—Collier.*

[2] The 4° reads *sweet discovered twins.—Collier.*

Methought, sat playing on that pair of crystals,[1]
Carrying, to the swiftness of covetous fancy, .
The very letters we spell love with.

WID. Fie, fie!

JAR. I have struck her to the heart, though my face
Apparelled with this shield of gravity, [bear][2]
The neglected roughness of a soldier's dart.
These diamond-pointed eyes but hither throw,
And you will see a young spring on't; but question
Time's fair ones, they'll confess, though with a blush.
They have often found good wine at an old bush.
My blood is young, and full of amorous heats,
Which but branch'd out into these lusty veins,
Would play and dally, and in wanton turnings
Would teach you strange constructions, [madam.]
Let time and place then, with love's old friend,
Opportunity, instruct you to be wise.

WID. Alas, sir!
Where learned you to catch occasions thus?

JAR. Of a lawyer's clerk, wench, that, with six such catches, leaped in five years from his desk to his coach, drawn with four horses.

WID. Do you mean marriage?

JAR. Marriage is a cloying meat; marry who thou woot to make a show to shroud thee from the

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[1] A common expression to signify the eyes. See several instances in Mr Steevens's note on "King Henry V.," act ii. sc. 3.

[2] [The text has been changed here, with what degree of success the reader has to determine. In the former editions it stood thus—

"Through my face
Apparelled with this field of gravity,
The neglected roughness of a soldier's dart."

Perhaps this passage was intended as an *aside*.]

storms round-headed opinion, that sways all the world, may let fall on thee. Me cousin thou shalt call. Once in a month or so, I'll read false letters from a far-distant uncle, insert his commendations to thee, hug thy believing husband into a pair of handsome horns; look upon him with one eye, and wink upon thee with the other. Wouldst have any more?

WID. The return of servants, or some friendly visit, will intercept us now: re-assume your habit, and be but Jarvis till to-morrow morning, and, by the potent truth of friendship, I will give you plenty of cause to confess I love you truly and strongly.

JAR. You're in earnest?

WID. On my life, serious; let this kiss seal it.

JAR. The softest wax ever sealed bawdy business! Now for old Bloodhound: I'll meet you upon the 'Change, sir, with a blind bargain, and then help your son to a good pennyworth: this night shall be all mirth, a mistress of delight.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter BLOODHOUND,[1] SIM, *and* MOLL.

BLOOD. Nay, nay, nay, mark what follows; I must bring her home i' th' dark, turn her up to bed, and here she goes to church. My cloak, sirrah.

SIM. 'Tis a very dark night, sir; you'll not have a cloak for the rain.[2]

BLOOD. I'm going to steal the widow from I know not how many.

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[1] The 4° has *Enter Bloodhound, Ear-lack with letters, Sim, and Moll.* But as there is no business nor speech for Ear-lack during the whole scene, I have expunged his name.

[2] [An allusion to the proverb, "He has a cloak for every rain"—*i.e.*, an expedient for every turn of fortune.]

SIM. Nay, then I'll let your cloak for the rain alone, and fetch you a cloak for your knavery.

BLOOD. To bed, to bed, good Sim. What, Moll, I say!

MOLL. Sir.

BLOOD. I charge you, let not one be up i' th' house but yourself after the clock strikes ten, nor a light be stirring. Moll, trick up the green bed-chamber very daintily.

MOLL. I shall, sir.

BLOOD. And—well-remembered, Moll—the keys of my compting-house are in the left pocket of my hose [1] above i' th' wicker chair; look to them, and have a care of the black box there I have often told thee of: look to that as to thy maidenhead.

MOLL. I shall, sir.

BLOOD. Pray for me, all; pray for me, all.

SIM. Have you left out anything for supper?

BLOOD. Out, rogue! shall not I be at infinite expense to-morrow? fast to-night, and pray for me.

SIM. An old devil in a greasy satin doublet keep you company! [*Aside.*

BLOOD. Ha, what's that?

SIM. I say, the satin doublet you will wear to-morrow will be the best in the company, sir.

BLOOD. That's true, that's true. I come, widow, I come, wench. [*Exit* BLOODHOUND.

MOLL. O sweet Sim, what shall I do to-morrow? To-morrow must be the day, the doleful day, the dismal day! Alas, Sim! what dost thou think in thy conscience I shall do with an old man?

SIM. Nay, you're well enough served; you know how your brother, not an hour ago, lay at you to

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[1] Mr Reed altered *hose* to *coat* without any warrant whatever.—*Collier.*

have the Ancient, one that your teeth e'en water at; and yet you cry, I cannot love him, I wonnot have him.

MOLL. I could willingly marry him, if I might do nothing but look on him all day, where he might not see me; but to lie with him—alas! I shall be undone the first night.

SIM. That's true: how will you go to bed else? But, remember, he is a man of war, an ancient, you are his colours: now, when he has nimbly displayed you, and handsomely folded you up against the next fight, then we shall have you cry, O sweet Sim, I had been undone, if I had not been undone.[1]

MOLL. Nay, and then the old fellow would mumble me to bed.

SIM. Abed! a bawd with two teeth would not mumble bacon so: then he is so sparing, you shall wear nothing but from the broker's at second-hand; when, being an ancient's wife, you shall be sure to flourish.

MOLL. Prythee, go in and busy the old man with a piece of Reynard the Fox,[2] that he may not disturb us; for at this hour I expect Ancient Young and my brother.

SIM. Well, I leave you to the managing of Ancient Young, while I go in and flap the old man i' th' mouth with a fox-tail. [*Exit.*

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[1] A parody of that Latin saying, *Perissem nisi periissem.* —*Pegge.*

[2] *i.e.*, The story-book with that name, [first printed in 1481. The abridged and modernised version was probably the one with which Moll was familiar. The earliest edition of this yet discovered is dated 1620.]—*Steevens.*

Enter ALEXANDER *and* ANCIENT.

MOLL. Look, look, an' he have not brought him just upon the minute. O sweet, silken Ancient, my mind gives me thee and I shall dance the shaking of the sheets[1] together.

ALEX. Now, you Mistress Figtail, is the wind come about yet? I ha' brought the gentleman: do not you tell him now, you had rather have his room than his company, and so show your breeding.

MOLL. Now, fie upon you; by this light you're the wickedest fellow! My brother but abuses you: pray, sir, go over again, you've a handsome spying wit, you may send more truth over in one of your well-penned pamphlets, than all the weekly news we buy for our penny.

ANC. Pox on't! I'll stay no longer.

ALEX. 'Sfoot, thou shalt stay longer; we'll stay her heart—her guts out.

MOLL. Ha, ha! how will you do for a sister then?

ALEX. Prythee, Moll, do but look upon him.

MOLL. Yes, when I ha' no better object.

ALEX. What canst thou see in him, thou unhandsome hideous thing, that merits not above thee?

MOLL. What would I give to kiss him! [*Aside.*

ALEX. Has he not a handsome body, straight legs,[2] a good face?

MOLL. Yes, but his lips look as if they were as hard as his heart.

ANC. 'Sfoot, shalt try that presently.

MOLL. You're basely, sir, conditioned. Pah!

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[1] [A play on the name of] a dance, [which is constantly mentioned in old plays.]

[2] [Old copy, *legg'd.*]

ALEX. Why do you spit?

MOLL. You may go. By this light, he kisses sweetly. [*Aside.*

ALEX. Do but stay a little, Moll: prythee, Moll, thou knowest my father has wronged him; make him amends, and marry him.

MOLL. Sweet Master Spendall, spare your busy breath; I must have a wise man, or else none.

ALEX. And is not he a wise man?

MOLL. No.

ALEX. Why?

MOLL. Because he keeps a fool company.

ALEX. Why, you are now in's company.

MOLL. But birds of a feather will fly together; and you and he are seldom asunder.

ALEX. Why, you young witch, call your elder brother fool! But go thy ways, and keep thy maidenhead till it grow more deservedly despised than are the old base boots of a half-stewed pander: lead a Welsh morris with the apes in hell amongst the little devils; or, when thou shalt lie sighing by the side of some rich fool, remember, thou thing of thread and needles, not worth threepence halfpenny.

MOLL. Too late, I fear; I ha' been too coy. [*Aside.*] You are to be married then, sir?

ANC. I am indeed, sweet mistress, to a maid
Of excellent parentage, breeding, and beauty.

ALEX. I ha' thought of such musicians for thee!

ANC. But let it not be any way distasteful unto you, that thus I tried you; for your brother persuaded me to pretend to love you, that he might perceive how your mind stood to marriage, in that, as I guess, he has a husband kept in store for you.

ALEX. Ay, I have provided a husband for thee, Moll.

MOLL. But I'll have no husband of your provid-

ing; for, alas! now I shall have the old man, whether I will or no.

ALEX. I have such a stripling for thee, he wants one eye, and is crooked-legged; but that was broke at football.

ANC. Alas! we cannot mould men, you know.

ALEX. He's rich, he's rich, Moll.

MOLL. I hate him and his riches. Good sir, are you to be married in earnest?

ALEX. In earnest! Why, do you think men marry, as fencers sometimes fight, in jest? Shall I show her Mistress Elizabeth's letter I snatched from thee? [*To* ANCIENT.]

ANC. Not, and thou lovest me.

MOLL. Good brother, let me see it; sweet brother, dainty brother, honey brother.

ALEX. No indeed, you shall not see it, sweet sister, dainty sister, honey sister.

MOLL. O good sir, since so long time I have loved you, let me not die for your sake.

ALEX. The tide turns. [*Aside.*]

ANC. Long time loved me!

MOLL. Long ere you went to sea, I did.
I have lov'd you very long with all my heart.

ALEX. Think of Bess, think of Bess; 'tis the better match.

MOLL. You wicked brother! Indeed I love you better than all the Besses in the world; and if to-night I shift not into better fortunes, to-morrow I am made the miserablest wife marriage and misery can produce.

ALEX. Is't possible?

MOLL. Alas, sir! I am to marry an old man—a very old man, trust me. I was strange[1] in the

[1] *i.e.*, Shy, coy. See note to "Cymbeline," act i. sc. 7, edit. 1778.—*Steevens.*

nice timorous temper of a maid: I know 'tis against our sex to say we love; but rather than match with sixty and ten, threescore and ten times I would tell you so, and tell them ten times over, too. Truth loves not virtue with more of virtuous truth than I do you; and wonnot you love me then? [*Weeps.*

ANC. And lie with thee too, by this hand, wench. Come, let us have fair weather; thou art mine, and I am thine; there's an end o' th' business. This was but a trick, there's the projector.

MOLL. O, you're a sweet brother!

ALEX. And now thou'rt my sweet sister. I know the old man's gone to meet with an old wench that will meet with him,[1] or Jarvis has no juice in his brains; and while I, i' th' meantime, set another wheel agoing at the widow's, do thou soon—about ten, for 'tis to be very conveniently dark—meet this gentleman at the Nag's Head corner, just against Leadenhall. We lie in Lime Street; thither he shall carry thee, accommodate thee daintily all night with Mistress Dorothy, and marry i' th' morning very methodically.

MOLL. But I have the charge of my father's keys, where all his writings lie.

ANC. How all things jump in a just equivaleney,
To keep thee from the thing of threescore and ten!
Didst thou not see my mortgage lately there?

MOLL. Stay, stay.

ALEX. A white devil with a red fox-tail in a black box. [*Aside.*]

MOLL. But yesterday my father showed it me,

[1] *i.e.*, Be even with him. The phrase occurs in Shakespeare's "Much Ado about Nothing," act i. sc. 1. See note thereon.—*Steevens.*

and swears, if I pleased him well, it should serve to jump[1] out my portion.

ANC. Prove thine old dad a prophet; bring it with thee, wench.

MOLL. But now, at's parting, he charged me to have a care to that as to my maidenhead.

ALEX. Why, if he have thy maidenhead and that into the bargain, thy charge is performed. Away, get thee in, forget not the hour; and you had better fight under Ancient Young's colours than the old man's standard of sixty and ten.

ANC.[2] Remember this, mad-brain! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

Enter SUE, TIM, CAPTAIN, *and* MISTRESS COOTE.

TIM. Ha, ha, ha, grandmother! I'll tell thee the best jest.

SUE. Prythee, chick.

MIS. COOTE. Jest, quotha'! Here will be jesting of all sides, I think, if Jarvis keep his word.

TIM. Sirrah, whilst thou wert sent for into the next room, up came our second course; amongst others, in a dish of blackbirds, there lay one that I swore was a woodcock: you were at table, captain?

CAPT. That I was, and our brave mad crew, which for my sake you are pleased to make welcome.

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[1] *Jump* is the word in the 4°, though altered in the edit. of 1780 without notice to *eke*. Moll only repeats the term used by the Ancient just before—

"How all things jump in a just equivalency."

—*Collier.*

[2] [Old copy gives this speech to Moll.]

TIM. Pish, we'll have as many more to-morrow night; but still I swore 'twas a woodcock: she swore 'twas a blackbird; now who shall we be tried by but Serjeant Sliceman, Captain Carvegut's cousin here? a trifling wager, a matter of the reckoning was laid; the serjeant swore 'twas a blackbird. I presently paid the reckoning, and she clapped o' the breast presently, and swore 'twas a woodcock, as if any other would pass after the reckoning was paid.

MIS. COOTE. This was a pretty one, I protest.

TIM. Made sure before such a mad crew of witnesses, sirrah. Grannum, all's agreed, Sue's——

SUE. Ay, you may see how you men can betray poor maids.

Enter LIEUTENANT.

LIEUT. Do you hear, corporal? yonder's Serjeant Sliceman, and the brave crew that supped with us, have called for three or four gallons of wine, and are offering money.

TIM. How! prythee, grannum, look to Dab: do you two but hold them in talk, whilst I steal down and pay the reckoning.

LIEUT. Do't daintily: they'll stay all night.

TIM. That's it I would have, man: we'll make them all drunk; they'll never leave us else, and still as it comes to a crown, I'll steal down and pay it in spite of their teeth. Remember, therefore, that ye make them 'all drunk; but be sure you keep me sober to pay the reckonings.

OMNES. Agreed, agreed.

MIS. COOTE. O Jarvis, Jarvis, how I long till I see thee! [*Exeunt.*

Enter MOLL BLOODHOUND, *and* SIM *with a letter.*

MOLL. There we must meet soon, and be married to-morrow morning, Sim: is't not a mad brother?

SIM. Yes, and I can tell you news of a mad lover.

MOLL. What is he, in the name of Cupid?

SIM. Why, one Master Randalls, a Welshman: I have had such a fit with him; he says he was wished [1] to a very wealthy widow; but of you he has heard such histories, that he will marry you, though he never saw you; and that the parboiled Ætna of his bosom might be quenched by the consequent pastime in the Prittish flames of his Prittish plood, he salutes you with that love-letter.

MOLL. This is a mad lover, indeed; prythee, read it.

SIM. Mass, h' has writ it in the Welsh-English; we had been spoiled else for want of an interpreter. But thus he begins:—*Mistress Maries*—

MOLL. He makes two Maries serve one mistress.

SIM. Ever while you live, 'tis your first rule in Welsh grammars—[2]

That hur forsake widows, and take maids, was no great wonder, for sentlemen ever love the first cut.

MOLL. But not o' th' coxcomb; he should have put in that.

SIM. The coxcomb follows by consequence, mark else.

I Randall Crack, of Carmarden, do love thee Mary Ploodhounds, of Houndsditch, dwelling near Aldgate, and Pishop's-gate, just as between hawk and buzzard.

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[1] *i.e.*, Recommended.

[2] *Ever while you live, 'tis your first rule in Welsh grammars*, which is clearly a reply to Moll's remark, has been hitherto very absurdly made a part of Randall's letter, which begins only at *That hur forsake*, &c.

MOLL. He makes an indifferent wooing.

SIM. *And that hur loves Maries so monstrous, yet never saw her, was because hur hear hur in all societies so fery fillanously commended, but specially before one Master Pusy, constables of hur parish, who made hurself half foxed by swearing by the wines, that Maries would be monstrous good marriages for Randalls.*

MOLL. Master Busy, it seems, was not idle.

SIM. *If Maries can love a Pritain of the plood of Cadwallader, which Cadwallader was Prut's great grandfather, Randalls was come in proper persons, pring round sillings in hur pockets, get father's good-will, and go to shurch a Sunday with a whole dozen of Welsh harps before hur. So hur rest hur constant lovers,*

Randall William ap Thomas, ap Tavy, ap Robert, ap Rice, ap Sheffery, Crack.

MOLL. Fie! what shall I do with all them?

SIM. Why, he said these all rest your constant lovers, whereof, for manners'-sake, he puts himself in the first place. He will call here presently; will you answer him by letter or word of mouth?

MOLL. Troth, neither of either, so let him understand.

SIM. Will ye not answer the love-sick gentleman?

MOLL. If he be sick with the love of me, prythee, tell him I cannot endure him: let him make a virtue of necessity, and apply my hate for's health. [*Exit.*

SIM. Ay, but I'll have more care of the gentleman, I warrant you: if I do not make myself merry, and startle your midnight meeting, say Sim has no more wit than his godfathers, and they were both head-men of his parish.

Enter RANDALL.

RAN. *Farewell widows prave, her sall no Randalls have.*
Widows was very full of wiles;
Mary Ploodhounds now, Randalls make a vow,
Was run for Moll a couple of miles.
Honest Simkins, what said Maries to Randall's letters?

SIM. You're a madman.

RAN. Augh, hur was very glad hur was mad.

SIM. The old man has money enough for her; and if you marry her, as, if her project take, you may, she'll make you more than a man.

RAN. More than mans! what's that?

SIM. Troth, cannot you tell that? this is the truth on't; she would be married to-morrow to one Ancient Young, a fellow she cannot endure: now, she says, if you could meet her privately to-night, between ten and eleven, just at the great cross-way by the Nag's Head tavern at Leadenhall.

RAN. Was high-high pump, there, as her turn in Graces Street?

SIM. There's the very place. Now, because you come the welcomest man in the world to hinder the match against her mind with the Ancient, there she will meet you, go with you to your lodging, lie there all night, and be married to you i' th' morning at the Tower, as soon as you shall please.

RAN. By cat, hur will go and prepare priests presently. Look you, Simkins, there is a great deal of round sillings for hur, hur was very lucky sillings, for came to Randalls shust for all the world as fortune was come to fool: tell Maries hur

will meet hur, hur warrant hur; make many puppy fools of Ancients, and love her very monstrously.

[*Exit.*

SIM. Ha, ha, ha! so, so; this midnight match shall be mine; she told me she was to meet the Ancient there. I'll be sure the Ancient shall meet him there; so I shall lie abed and laugh, to think, if he meet her there, how she will be startled; and if the Ancient meet him there, how he will be cudgelled. Beware your ribs, Master Randall. [*Exit.*

Enter OLD BLOODHOUND.

BLOOD. I wonder where this young rogue spends the day. I hear he has received my hundred marks and my advantage with it; and, it may be, he went home since I went out. Jarvis was with me but even now, and bid me watch, and narrowly, for fear of some of my rival spies, for I know she has many wealthy suitors. All love money. This Jarvis is most neat in a love business, and, when we are married (because many mouths, much meat), I will requite his courtesy, and turn him away: the widow's all I look for. Nay, let her fling to see I have her possessions; there's a saw for't—

There's thriving in wiving: for when we bury
Wives by half-dozens, the money makes merry.

O money, money, money! I will build thee
An altar on my heart, and offer thee
My morning longings and my evening wishes,
And, hadst thou life, kill thee with covetous kisses.

Enter JOHN *and* JARVIS.

JOHN. But now, and she speak, she spoils all; or if he call her by my mistress's name, hast thou

not tricks to enjoin them both to silence, till they come sure?

JAR. Phaw! that's a stale one: she shall speak to him in her own accent; he shall call her by her own name, leaving out the bawd, yet she shall violently believe he loves her, and he shall confidently believe the same which he requires, and she but presents. Fall off; she comes.

Enter MISTRESS COOTE.

MIS. COOTE. Jarvis!

JAR. Here I have discovered him; 'tis he, by his coughs. Remember your instructions, and use few words; say, though till night you knew it not, you will be married early in the morning, to prevent a vintner's widow that lays claim to him.

BLOOD. Jarvis!

JAR. Good old man, I know him by his tongue.

BLOOD. Is she come? Is she come, Jarvis?

JAR. Ask her if she would live, sir. She walks aloof yonder.

BLOOD. We shall cosen all her wooers.

JAR. Nay, amongst all of you, we'll cosen one great one, that had laid a pernicious plot this night, with a cluster of his roaring friends, to surprise her, carry her down to the waterside, pop her in at Puddle-dock,[1] and carry her to Gravesend in a pair of oars.

BLOOD. What, what is his name, I prythee?

JAR. He's a knight abounding in deeds of charity; his name Sir Nicholas Nemo.

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[1] On the banks of the river Thames, formerly used for a laystall for the soil of the streets, and much frequented by barges and lighters for taking the same away; also for landing corn and other goods.—"Stowe's Survey," bk. iii., p. 229, vol. i. edit. 1720.

BLOOD. And would he pop her in at Puddle-dock?

JAR. And he could but get her down there.

BLOOD. By my troth, we shall pop him fairly. Where is she? where is she?

JAR. Ha! do you not perceive a fellow walk up and down muffled yonder?

BLOOD. There is something walks.

JAR. That fellow has dogged us all the way, and I fear all is frustrate.

BLOOD. Not, I hope, man.

MIS. COOTE. This it is to be in love; if I do not dwindle——

JAR. I know him now.

BLOOD. 'Tis none of Sir Nicholas' spies, is't?

JAR. He serves him.

BLOOD. He wonnot murder me, will he?

JAR. He shall not touch you: only, I remember, this afternoon this fellow, by what he had gathered by eavesdropping, or by frequent observation, asked me privately if there were no meeting betwixt you and my mistress to-night in this place, for a widow, he said, he knew you were to meet.

BLOOD. Good.

JAR. Now I handsomely threw dust in's eyes, and yet kept the plot swift afoot too. I told him you were here to meet a widow too, whom you long loved, but would not let her know't till this afternoon, naming to him one of my aunts,[1] a widow by Fleet-ditch. Her name is Mistress Gray, and keeps divers gentlewomen lodgers.

BLOOD. Good again.

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[1] [The cant meaning of aunt at that time was *procuress*. See Dyce's Middleton, i. 444. The word in this acceptation is not unusual.]

JAR. To turn the scent then, and to cheat inquisition the more ingeniously——

BLOOD. And to bob Sir Nicholas most neatly.

JAR. Be sure, all this night, in the hearing of any that you shall but suspect to be within hearing, to call her nothing but Mistress Coote.

BLOOD. Or Widow Coote.

JAR. Yes, you may put her in so; but be sure you cohere in every particle with the precedent fallacy, as that you have loved her long, though till this day—and so as I did demonstrate.

BLOOD. But how an' she should say she is not Widow Coote, and that she knows no such woman, and so spoil all?

JAR. Trust that with her wit and my instructions. We suspected a spy, and therefore she will change her voice.

BLOOD. Thou hast a delicate mistress of her.

JAR. One thing more, and you meet presently. Mine aunt has had nine husbands; tell her you'll hazard a limb, and make the tenth.

BLOOD. Prythee, let me alone; and Sir Nicholas were here himself, he should swear 'twere thine aunt.

JAR. [*To* MISTRESS COOTE.] Go forwards towards him; be not too full of prattle, but make use of your instructions.

BLOOD. Who's there? Widow Coote?

MIS. COOTE. Master Bloodhound, as I take it.

BLOOD. She changes her voice bravely. I must tell thee, true widow, I have loved thee a long time (look how the rogue looks!), but had never the wit to let thee know it till to-day.

MIS. COOTE. So I was given to understand, sir.

JAR. Is't not a fool finely? [*Aside.*

JOHN. Handsome, by this hand.

BLOOD. I like thy dwelling well upon the Fleet-ditch.

MIS. COOTE. A pretty wholesome air, sir, in the summer-time.

BLOOD. Who would think 'twere she, Jarvis? [*Aside.*]

JAR. I told ye she was tutored. [*Aside.*]

BLOOD. I'll home with her presently; some stays up in the dark.

JAR. Fool! and he have any private discourse with her, they discover themselves one to another, and so spoil the plot. No trick! no, by no means, sir, hazard your person with her; the bold rogue may come up close, so discover her to be my mistress, and recover her with much danger to you.

BLOOD. He has got a dagger.

JAR. And a sword six foot in length. I'll carry her home for you, therefore [let] not a light be stirring. For I know your rivals will watch your house. Sim shall show us the chamber, we'll conduct her up i' th' dark, shut the door to her above, and presently come down and let you in below.

BLOOD. There was never such a Jarvis heard of. Bid Sim to be careful; by the same token, I told him he should feed to-morrow for all the week after. Good night, Widow Coote; my man stayeth up; we will bob Sir Nicholas bravely. Good night, sweet Widow Coote; I do but seem to part; we'll meet at home, wench. [*Exit.*

MIS. COOTE. Adieu, my sweet dear heart.

JAR. Go you with me. So, so, I'll cage this cuckoo,
And then for my young madcap; if all hit right,
This morning's mirth shall crown the craft o' th' night.
Follow me warily.

MIS. COOTE. I warrant thee, Jarvis, let me alone

to right myself into the garb of a lady. O, strange! to see how dreams fall by contraries; I shall be coached to-morrow, and yet last night dreamed I was carted. Prythee, keep a little state; go, Jarvis. [*Exeunt.*

Enter RANDALL. [*Midnight.*]

RAN. Was fery exceeding dark, but here is high pumps, sure, here is two couple of cross-ways, and there was the street where Grace dwells. One hundred pound in mornings in round shillings, and wife worth one thousand, ere hur go to bed. Randall's fortunes comes tumbling in like lawyers' fees, huddle upon huddle.

Enter MOLL.

MOLL. O sweet Ancient, keep thy word and win my heart. They say a moonshine night is good to run away with another man's wife; but I am sure a dark night is best to steal away my father's daughter.

RAN. Mary.

MOLL. O, are you come, sir? there's a box of land and livings, I know not what you call it.

RAN. Lands and livings?

MOLL. Nay, nay; and we talk, we are undone. Do you not see the watch coming up Gracious Street yonder? This cross-way was the worst place we could have met at; but that is yours, and I am yours; but, good sir, do not blame me, that I so suddenly yielded to your love; alas! you know what a match on't I should have to-morrow else.

RAN. Hur means the scurvy Ancient. [*Aside.*

MOLL. I' th' morning we shall be man and wife, and then— Alas, I am undone! the watch are

hard upon us: go you back through Cornhill, I'll run round about the 'Change by the Church Corner, down Cateaton Street, and meet you at Bartholomew Lane end. [*Exit.*

RAN. Cat's Street was call hur? sure, Randalls was wrapped in['s] [1] mother's smock.

Enter CONSTABLE *and* WATCH.

CON. Keep straight towards Bishopsgate: I'm deceived if I heard not somebody run that way.

Enter MAID *with a bandbox.*[2]

WATCH. Stay, sir; her's somebody come from Aldgate Ward?

MAID. Alas! I shall be hanged for staying so long for this cuff.

WATCH. Come before the constable here.

MAID. Let the constable come before me, and he please.

CON. How now! where ha' you been, pray, dame, ha!

MAID. For my mistress's ruff at her sempstress', sir; she must needs use it to-morrow, and that made me stay till it was done.

CON. Pray, who's your mistress? where dwell you?

MAID. With one Mistress Wag, in Blackfriars, next to the sign of the Feathers and the Fool, sir.

CON. O, I know her very well; make haste

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[1] [See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 149. *To be wrapped in his mother's smock* is a synonym for good fortune.]

[2] In the 4° it runs *Enter Chambermaid, Hugh with a bandbox:* probably Hugh, though he says nothing, carried the box for the maid. Mr Reed made the change.—*Collier.*

home; 'tis late. Come, come, let's back to Grace-church; all's well, all's well. [*Exeunt.*

Enter severally, ANCIENT *and* MOLL.

ANC. I 'scaped the watch at Bishopsgate with ease: there is somebody turning down the church corner towards the Exchange; it may be Mistress Mary.

MOLL. Ancient!

ANC. Yes.

MOLL. Are you here again? you have nimbly followed me: what said the watch to you?

ANC. I passed them easily; the gates are but now shut in.

MOLL. As we go, I'll tell thee such a tale of a Welsh wooer and a lamentable love-letter.

ANC. Yes, Sim told me of such a rat, and where he lodges: I thought I should have met him here.

MOLL. Here? out upon him! But the watches walk their station, and in few words is safety. I hope you will play fair, and lodge me with the maid you told me of.

ANC. She stays up for us, wench: in the word of a gentleman, all shall be fair and civil.

MOLL. I believe you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter at several doors, RANDALL *and* MAID.

RAN. Sounds, was another fire-drake[1] walk in shange, we'll run pack; was Maries have saved her labours, and was come after Randalls. Maries, was Randall, that loves hur mightily Maries.

MAID. Master Randall.

[1] See note to "The Miseries of Enforced Marriage," [ix. 572.]

RAN. How did watch let her go to Grace's Street?

MAID. They knew me, and let me pass.

RAN. Well now hur understands Maries loves Randalls so mighty deal.

MAID. If John have not told him, I'll be hanged. [*Aside.*]

RAN. Maries shall go with Randalls to lodgings, and that hur father work no divorcements, he will lie with her all to-night, and marry her betimes next morning: meantime, hur will make lands and livings fast.

MAID. How? father! this is a mistake sure; and, to fashion it fit for mine own following, I will both question and answer in ambiguities that if he snap me one way, I may make myself good i' th' other; and as he shall discover himself, I'll pursue the conceit accordingly. [*Aside.*] But will ye not deceive me? maids[1] are many men's almanacs; the dates of your desires out, we serve for nothing but to light tobacco.

RAN. *If Randall false to Maries prove,*
Then let not Maries Randalls love:
For Randalls was so true as Jove,
And Maries was hur joy.
If Randalls was not Pritain born,
Let Maries Randalls prow adorn,
And let her give a foul great horn
To Randalls.

Hur will love hur creat deal of much, hur warrant hur.

MAID. And 'tis but venturing a maidenhead; if the worst come to the worst, it may come back with advantage. [*Exeunt.*

[1] [Old copy, *many minds.*]

Enter in her night-clothes, as going to bed, WIDOW *and* MAID.

WID. Is not Mary come home yet?

MAID. No, forsooth.

WID. 'Tis a fine time of night, I shall thank her for't: 'tis past eleven, I am sure. Fetch the prayer-book lies within upon my bed.

MAID. Yes, forsooth. [*Exit.*

WID. I wonder what this gentleman should be that catched me so like Jarvis: he said he has fitted old Bloodhound according to his quality; but I must not let him dally too long upon my daily company: lust is a hand-wolf, who with daily feeding, one time or other, takes a sudden start upon his benefactor.

Enter MAID.

MAID. O mistress, mistress!

WID. What's the matter, wench?

MAID. A man, a man under your bed, mistress.

WID. A man! what man?

MAID. A neat man, a proper man, a well-favoured man, a handsome man.

WID. Call up John: where's Jarvis?

MAID. Alas! I had no power to speak; his very looks are able to make a woman stand as still as a miller's horse, when he's loading. O, he comes, he comes! [*Exit.*

Enter ALEXANDER.

WID. How came you hither, sir? how got you in?

ALEX. As citizens' wives do into masques, whether I would or no. Nay, nay, do not doubt

the discretion of my constitution: I have brought ne'er a groat in my bosom; and, by this hand, I lay under thy bed with a heart as honest and a blood as cold as had my sister lain at top. Will you have me yet?

WID. You're a very rude, uncivil fellow.

ALEX. Uncivil! and lay so tame while you set up your foot upon the bed to untie your shoe! such another word, I will uncivilise that injured civility which you so scurvily slander, and reward you with an undecency proportionable to your understandings. Will you have me? will you marry me?

WID. You! why, to-morrow morning I am to be married to your father.

ALEX. What, to sixty and I know not how many? that will lie by your side, and divide the hours with coughs, as cocks do the night by instinct of nature.

WID. And provide for his family all day.

ALEX. And only wish well to a fair wife all night.

WID. And keep's credit all day in all companies.

ALEX. And discredit himself all night in your company.

WID. Fie, fie! pray quit my house, sir.

ALEX. Yours? 'tis my house.

WID. Your house! since when?

ALEX. Even since I was begotten; I was born to't. I must have thee, and I will have thee; and this house is mine, and none of thine.

Enter JARVIS.

JAR. O mistress, the saddest accident i' th' street yonder.

WID. What accident, prythee?

JAR. You must pardon my boldness in coming into your bed-chamber: there is a gentleman slain in a fray at the door yonder, and the people won't be persuaded but that he that did it took this house. There is a constable, churchwardens, and all the head-men of the parish be now searching; and they say they will come up hither to your bed-chamber, but they'll find him. I'll keep them down as long as I can; I can do no more than I can. [*Exit.*

WID. Are not you the murderer, sir?

ALEX. I ha' been under thy bed, by this hand, this three hours.

WID. Pray, get you down then: they will all come up, and find you here and all, and what will the parish think then? Pray get you down.

ALEX. No, no, no; I will not go down, now I think on't. [*Makes himself unready.*[1]

WID. Why, what do you mean; you will not be so uncivil to unbrace you here?

ALEX. By these buckles, I will, and what will they think on't——

WID. Alas! you will undo me.

ALEX. No, no, I will undo myself, look ye.

WID. Good sir.

ALEX. I will off with my doublet to my very shirt.

WID. Pray, sir, have more care of a woman's reputation.

ALEX. Have a care on't thyself, woman, and marry me then.[2]

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[1] To make one's-self *unready* was the common term for undressing. See several instances in Mr Steevens's note on the "First Part of King Henry VI.," act ii. sc. 1.

[2] In the old copy, the dialogue is here confused, what is said by Alexander being given to the widow, and what is said by the widow to Jarvis.—*Collier.*

WID. Should they come up and see this, what could they think, but that some foul, uncivil act of shame had this night stained my house? and as good marry him as my name lost for ever. [*Aside.*]

ALEX. Will you have me, afore t'other sleeve goes off?

WID. Do, hang yourself; I will not have you—look, look, if he have not pulled it off quite: why, you wonnot pull off your boots too, will you?

ALEX. Breeches and all, by this flesh.

WID. What, and stand naked in a widow's chamber?

ALEX. As naked as Grantham steeple or the Strand May-pole, by this spur: and what your grave parishioners will think on't?

JAR. Gentlemen, pray keep down.

WID. Alas! they are at the stairs' foot; for heaven's sake, sir!

ALEX. Will you have me?

WID. What shall I do? no.

ALEX. This is the last time of asking; they come up, and down go my breeches. Will you have me?

WID. Ay, ay, ay, alas! and your breeches go down, I am undone for ever.

ALEX. Why, then, kiss me upon't. And yet there's no cracking your credit: Jarvis, come in, Jarvis.

Enter JARVIS.

JAR. I have kept my promise, sir; you've catched the old one.

WID. How, catched? is there nobody below, then?

JAR. Nobody but John, forsooth, recovering a tobacco snuff, that departed before supper.

WID. And did you promise this, sir?

JAR. A woman cannot have a handsomer cloud than a hair-brained husband: I will be your coz, he shall be my cuckold. [*Aside.*

WID. I love you for your art. [*Aside.*

JAR. Come, come, put on, sir; I've acquainted you both with your father's intended marriage. I' th' morning you shall certify him very early by letter the quality of your fortunes, and return to your obedience; and that you and your wife, still concealing the parties, will attend him to church. John and I'll be there early, as commanded by my mistress, to discharge our attendance: about goes the plot, out comes the project, and there's a wedding-dinner dressed to your hands.

ALEX. As pat as a fat heir to a lean shark; we shall hunger for't: honest Jarvis, I am thy bed-fellow to-night, and to-morrow thy master.

WID. You're a fine man to use a woman thus.

ALEX. Pish! come, come.

Fine men must use fine women thus, 'tis fit.
Plain truth takes maids, widows are won with wit.

JAR. You shall wear horns with wisdom; that is in your pocket. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V., SCENE 1.

Enter SIM *and* JOHN, *passing over with a basin of rosemary*[1] *and a great flayon with wine.*

SIM. Come, John, carry your hand steadily; the

[1] "Rosemary," as Mr Steevens observes (note to "Hamlet," act iv. sc. 5), "was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory; and was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings." See the several instances there quoted. Again, in Dekker's "Wonderful Yeare," 1603: "Heere is a strange alteration; for the *rosemary* that was washt in

guests drop in apace, do not let your wine drop out.[1]

JOHN. 'Tis as I told thee; Master Alexander, thy mistress' eldest son will be here.

SIM. Rose, I pray burn some pitch i' th' parlour, 'tis good against ill airs; Master Alexander will be here. [*Exeunt.*

Enter OLD BLOODHOUND *and* JARVIS.

BLOOD. I am up before you, son Ear-lack. Will Ancient Young be here with a rich wife too? Thy mistress is not stirring yet, sirrah. I'll hold my life the baggage slipped to thy mistress; there they have e'en locked the door to them, and are

---

sweet water to set out the bridall, is now wet in teares to furnish her buriall."

Again, in "The Old Law," act iv. sc. 1: "Besides, there will be charges saved, too; the same *rosemary* that serves for the funeral will serve for the wedding."

And in "The Fair Quarrell," act v. sc. 1—

> "PHIS. Your Maister is to bee married to-day.
> TRIM. Else all this *rosemaries* lost."

It appears also to have been customary to drink wine at church, immediately after the marriage ceremony was performed. So in Dekker's "Satiro-mastix:" "And, Peter, when we are at church, bring *wine* and cakes." At the marriage of the Elector Palatine with the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James the First, it is said, "In conclusion, a joy pronounced by the king and queen, and seconded with congratulations of the lords there present, which crowned with draughts of *Ippocras*, out of a great golden bowle, as a health to the prosperitie of the marriage (began by the Prince Palatine, and answered by the Princess), after which were served up by six or seaven barons, so many bowles filled with wafers, so much of that worke we consummate."—Finett's "Philoxenis," 1656, fol. 11.

[1] [Old copy, *on't.*]

tricking up one another: O these women! But this rogue Tim, he lay out to-night too; he received my hundred mark, and (I fear) is murdered. Truss, truss, good Jarvis.

JAR. He has been a-wooing, sir, and has fetched over the delicatest young virgin! Her father died but a week since, and left her to her marriage five thousand pound in money and a parcel of land worth three hundred per annum.

BLOOD. Nay, nay, 'tis like; the boy had ever a captivating tongue to take a woman. O excellent money, excellent money, mistress of my devotions! My widow's estate is little less too; and then Sander—he has got a moneyed woman too; there will be a bulk of money. Tim is puling, I may tell thee, one that by nature's course cannot live long: t'other a midnight surfeit cuts off: then have I a trick to cosen both their widows, and make all mine. O Jarvis, what a moneyed generation shall I then get upon thy mistress?

JAR. A very virtuous brood.

BLOOD. Hast done?

JAR. I have done, sir.

BLOOD. I'll in and get some music for thy mistress, to quicken her this morning; and then to church in earnest. When 'tis done, where is Sir Nicholas Nemo and his wards.[1]

That watch so for her? Ha, ha, ha! all's mixed with honey:
I have mirth, a sweet young widow, and her money.
O that sweet saint, call'd Money! [*Exeunt.*

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1 The old copy reads *Sir Nicholas Nemo and his words*, but the sense seems to require that it should be *Sir Nicholas Nemo and his wards*, or watchmen or spies.—*Collier.*

Enter ALEXANDER, WIDOW, ANCIENT, MOLL, *and* SIM.

ANC. Joy! ay, and a hundred pound a year in a black box to the bargain, given away i' th' dark last night to we know not who, and to be heard of, we know not when. 'Sfoot, an' this be joy, would we had a handsome slice of sorrow to season it.

ALEX. By this light, 'twas strange.

MOLL. Believe me, sir, I thought I had given it you: he that took it called me by my name.

SIM. Did he speak Welsh or English?

MOLL. Alas! I know not; I enjoined him silence, seeing the watch coming, who parted us.

SIM. If this were not Master Randalls of Randall Hall, that I told you of, I'll be flayed.

ALEX. Be masked, and withdraw awhile; here comes our dad. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BLOODHOUND, SIR MARMADUKE MANY-MINDS, SIR JANUS AMBIDEXTER, *and* MASTER BUSY.

BLOOD. Why, Master Busy, asleep as thou stand'st, man?

SIM. Some horse taught him that; 'tis worth god-a-mercy.[1]

CON. I watch all night, I protest, sir; the compters pray for me: I send all in, cut and long tail.[2]

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[1] [See "Old English Jest-Books," ii. 217–18.]

[2] [Equivalent to our modern phrase, tag, rag, and bob-tail. The original signification seems to have been descriptive of the different kinds of horses, cuts, curtails, and long-tails, and hence it came to mean generally *all sorts and kinds*, like the modern term. Compare Dyce's "Shake-

SIR MAR. What, what?

CON. I sent twelve gentlewomen, our own neighbours, last night, for being so late but at a woman's labour.

BLOOD. Alas, sir! a woman in that kind, you know, must have help.

CON. What's that to me? I am to take no notice of that: they might have let her alone till morning, or she might have cried out some other time.

SIR MAR. Nay, nay, Master Busy knows his place, I warrant you.

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speare Glossary," 1868, in *v.*] This phrase occurs in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," act iii. sc. 4. Steevens says the origin of it was from Forest Laws, by which the dog of a man who had no right to the privilege of chase, was obliged to be cut or lawed; and amongst other modes of disabling him, one was by depriving him of his tail. *Cut and long tail* therefore signified the dog of a clown and the dog of a gentleman. [Reed (more correctly) remarks:] "*Cut* and *long tail*, I apprehend referred originally to horses, when their tails were either docked, or left to grow their full length; and this distinction might formerly be made according to their qualities and values. A horse therefore used for drudgery might have his tail cut, while the tails of those which served for pomp or show, might be allowed their utmost growth. A *cut* appears to have been the term used for a bad horse in many contemporary writers, and from thence to call a person *cut* became a common opprobrious word employed by the vulgar, when they abused each other. See note to 'Gammer Gurton's Needle' [iii. 211.] In confirmation of this idea, it may be added, that Sim says in the text, *Some horse taught him that*, which naturally introduces the phrase *cut and long tail* into the Constable's answer. The words *cut and long tail* occur also in 'The Return from Parnassus,' act iv. sc. 1: 'As long as it lasts, come *cut and long tail*, we'll spend it as liberally for his sake.' There seems no doubt that *cut and long tail* has reference to horses. Sir J. Vanbrugh, in his 'Æsop,' so employs the phrase: the groom says, 'Your worship has six coach horses, *cut and long tail*, two runners, half a dozen hunters,' &c."—*Collier.*

Enter ALEXANDER, ANCIENT YOUNG, WIDOW, *and* MOLL.[1]

BLOOD. Son Alexander, welcome; and Ancient Young too: I have heard all.

ALEX. You must pardon the rudeness of the gentlewomen, sir, in not unmasking; they entreated me to inform you, there are some i' th' house to whom they would by no means be laid open.

BLOOD. They are witty, they are witty.

ALEX. But, for myself, I am now your most obedient, virtuous Alexander.

BLOOD. Obedience! hang Virtue, let her starve. Has she money? has she money?

ALEX. Two chests of silver and two Utopian trunks[2] full of gold and jewels.

BLOOD. They are all Alexander's women, do you mark?

SIM. Alexander was the conqueror, sir?

BLOOD. Come, come, we'll to church presently. Prythee, Jarvis, whilst the music plays just upon the delicious close, usher in the brides, the widow, and my Moll. [*Exit* JARVIS.

SIM. I tell you true, gallants, I have seen neither of them to-day. Shall I give him the lie?

BLOOD. They are both locked up, i' faith, trimming of one another. O these women, they are so secret in their business, they will make very coxcombs of us men, and do 't at pleasure too. 'Tis well said, friends; play, play. Where's Sim?

ANC. How he bestirs him!

ALEX. Yes, he will sweat by and by.

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[1] Their entrance is not mentioned in the 4°.—*Collier.*

[2] *i.e.*, Ideal ones, like the *Utopian* schemes of government.—*Stevens.*

SIM. Here is the sign of Sim, sir.

BLOOD. Have the guests rosemary without?

SIM. They have *Rose* the cookmaid without; but they say you have Mistress *Mary* within.

ALEX. Well said, rascal.

BLOOD. Mary's above, goodman blockhead. Call my son, Ear-lack, bid him for shame make haste.

SIM. He shall make haste for shame. [*Exit.*

BLOOD. I am so busied; you must bear with me, gentlemen: they leave it all to me here.

CON. But I will go charge some of the inferior guests, in the king's name, to fill some wine.

BLOOD. No, no, good Master Busy; we will first usher the brides.

Enter SIM.

SIM. O gentlemen, where are you? Where are you? Where are you, gentlemen?

OMNES. What's the matter?

BLOOD. Where's Moll, Sim? the widow, Sim, the dainty widow?

SIM. There's no Moll; there is no dainty young widow; but a damnable bawd we found abed, with a face like an apple half-roasted.

OMNES. How's this?

BLOOD. Why, gentlemen!

ANC. Now it works.

BLOOD. Jarvis, you're a rogue: a cutpurse, Jarvis. Run, Sim, call my son Ear-lack: he shall put her into the spiritual court for this.

SIM. Nay, he has put her in there already, for we found him abed with her.

OMNES. Possible!

BLOOD. Ha, boys! the informer and the bawd, the bawd and the informer have got a devil betwixt them, gentlemen.

SIM. Nay, sir, the jest was, that they should fall asleep together, and forget themselves; for very lovingly we found them together, like the Gemini, or the two winter mornings met together. Look, look, look, where they come, sir, and Jarvis between 'em—just like the picture of knavery betwixt fraud and lechery.

Enter JARVIS, EAR-LACK, *and* MISTRESS COOTE.

JAR. *Tim is a puling sirrah, I may tell it thee: a midnight surfeit too may cut off Sander; I'll cosen their wives, make all mine own; and then, O Jarvis, what a moneyed generation shall I get upon this Widow Coote that hath two teeth!*

BLOOD. Did we bring you to music, with a mischief? Ear-lack, thou'rt a goat; thou hast abused the best bed in my house; I'll set a sumner[1] upon thee.

EAR. Bloodhound, thou art a usurer, and takest forty in the hundred; I'll inform against thee.

BLOOD. Are you a bawd, huswife, ha?

MIS. COOTE. Alas, sir! I was merely conied, betrayed by Jarvis; but as I have been bawd to the flesh, you have been bawd to your money; so set the hare-pie against the goose-giblets, and you and I are as daintily matched as can be, sir.

BLOOD. Sim, run to the Widow Wag's; tell her we are both abused; this Jarvis is a juggler, say.

ANC. I can save Sim that labour, sir. I assure you the widow is married to your son Alexander, and, as a confirmation, she is come herself to witness it. [*Discovers.*

[1] See note to "The Heir," [xi. 535.]

ALEX. Your fair young daughter is wife to this Ancient, who is come likewise to witness it.

WID. The plain truth is, Master Bloodhound, I would entreat you to keep the kennel: the younger dog, being of the better scent, has borne the game before you.

ALEX. We have clapped hands on't, sir; and the priest that should have married you to her is to marry her to me: so, sister, talk for yourself.

BLOOD. Ha, brave tricks and conceits! Can you dance, Master Ear-lack?

EAR. Ha, ha! the old man's a little mad. But thou art not married, Moll?

MOLL. Yes, indeed, sir, and will lie with this gentleman soon at night. Do you think I would chew ram-mutton when I might swallow venison? That's none of Venus's documents, Monsieur Dotterel.

EAR. Pox of that Venus! she's a whore, I warrant her.

BLOOD. And were not you the other juggler with Jarvis in this, hey? pass and repass!

ALEX. Good sir, be satisfied; the widow and my sister sung both one song, and what was't, but *Crabbed age and youth cannot live together.*[1] Now we persuaded them, and they could not live together, they would never endure to lie together: this consequently descended, there was the antecedent: we clapped hands, sealed lips, and so fell unto the relative.

SIM. This was your bargain upon the exchange, sir, and because you have ever been addicted to

[1] This elegant song was the production of our great poet Shakespeare. It is printed in his collection of sonnets, entitled "The Passionate Pilgrim." The reader may likewise see it in "Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry," vol. i. p. 259.

old proverbs and pithy saws, pray let me seal up the mistake with one that will appear very seasonably.

BLOOD. And I pray let's hear it, sir.

SIM. You, a new-fangled fowler, came to show your art i' th' dark; but take this truth, you catched in truth a cuckoo for't.

Enter TIM *and* SUE.

BLOOD. Heyday, we are cheated by the rule, i' faith. Now, sirrah, they say you are to be married too.

TIM. Yes, indeed, father, I am going to the business; and, gentlemen all, I am come, whether you will or no, to invite you all to my marriage to this gentlewoman who, though a good face needs no mask, she's masked, to make a man think she has a scurvy face, when I know she has a good face. This is sack to them, and out of their element.

BLOOD. But, sirrah, setting aside marriages, where's my hundred marks you went to receive?

TIM. Hum!—upon such a match of mine, talk of a hundred marks! this is to drink ignoble four-shillings beer. A hundred marks! why your lawyer there can clear such a trifle in a term, and his clients ne'er the better.

BLOOD. Such a match! I pray discover her; what is she?

TIM. What is she! here's my brother knows what she is well enough. Come hither, Dab, and be it known unto you, her name is Lindabrides, descended from the Emperor Trebatio of Greece, and half-niece, some six-and-fifty descents, to the most unvanquished Clarindiana.

ALEX. Who's this? Pox on't! what makes that bawd yonder? [*Unmasks her.*

CON. I am very much deceived if I did not send this gentlewoman very drunk t'other night to the Compter.

TIM. I tell thee, prattling constable, 'tis a lie: Lindabrides a drunkard!

ALEX. Harkee, brother, where lies her living?

TIM. Where? why, in Greece.

ALEX. In grease.

SIM. She looks as if she had sold kitchen-stuff.

ALEX. This is a common whore, and you a cheated coxcomb. Come hither, you rotten hospital, hung round with greasy satin; do not you know this vermin?

MIS. COOTE. I winked at you, Sue, and you could have seen me: there's one Jarvis, a rope on him, h' has juggled me into the suds too.

CON. Now I know her name too: do not you pass under the name of Sue Shortheels, minion?

SUE. Go look, Master Littlewit. Will not any woman thrust herself upon a good fortune when it is offered her?

BLOOD. Sir Marmaduke, you are a justice of peace; I charge you in the king's name, you and Master Ambidexter, to assist me with the whore and the bawd to Bridewell.

SIR. MAR. By my troth, we will, and we shall have an excellent stomach by that time dinner's ready.

AMB. Ay, ay, away with them, away with them!

MIS. COOTE. O this rogue Jarvis!

[*Exeunt* COOTE *and* SHORTHEELS.

BLOOD. Now, now, you look like a melancholy dog, that had lost his dinner; where's my hundred marks now, you coxcomb?

TIM. Truly, father, I have paid some sixteen

reckonings since I saw you: I was never sober since you sent me to the devil yesterday; and for the rest of your money, I sent it to one Captain Carvegut. He swore to me his father was my Lord Mayor's cook, and that by Easter next you should have the principal and eggs for the use, indeed, sir.

BLOOD. O rogue, rogue! I shall have eggs for my money:[1] I must hang myself.

SIM. Not before dinner, pray, sir; the pies are almost baked.

Enter RANDALL.

RAN. *And Maries now was won,*
And all her pusiness done,
And Randalls now was run;
Hur have made all sure, I warrant hur.

ALEX. Look, look, yonder's the conceit the mistake happened upon last night.

ANC. And the very box at's girdle.

RAN. Cot pless hur father Ploothounds, Randalls have robbed Ancients, hur warrant hur.

ANC. Sir, 'tis known how you came by that box.

RAN. Augh! was hur so?
Will you hear a noble Pritain,
How her gull an English Flag?[2]

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[1] The same phrase occurs in Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," act i. sc. 2, where Leontes says to Mamillius—

"Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?"

Dr Johnson says that it seems to be a proverbial expression used when a man sees himself wronged and makes no resistance; and Mr Smith is of opinion that it means *Will you put up affronts?* In the present instance it seems intended to express the speaker's fears that he shall receive nothing in return for his money.

[2] These lines seem intended as a parody on the beginning of the old song called "The Spanish Lady's Love." See

ANC. And you ought to cry.

RAN. O noble Randalls, as hur meet by Nag's-head, with Maries plood, prave.

BLOOD. Here's another madman.

ANC. Harkee in your ear, you must deliver that box to me.

RAN. Harkee in hur t'other ear, hur will not deliver hur, and hur were nine-and-forty Ancients, and five-and-fourscore Flags.

ANC. Let my foe write mine epitaph if I tear not my birthright from thy bosom? [*Draws.*]

SIM. Gentlemen, there's Aligant[1] i' th' house, pray set no more abroach.

RAN. Nay, let hur come with hur pack of needles, Randalls can pox and bob as well as hur, hur warrant hur.

BLOOD. What box is that? I should know that box.

ALEX. I will resolve you, sir; keep them asunder.

ANC. You will restore that box?

RAN. Hur will not restore hur: 'twas Mary Ploodhounds gave hur the box; Randalls have married Mary Ploodhounds, and gulled Ancient, mark hur now.

WID. Mark him, good sir; methinks he says he has married Mary Bloodhound.

ANC. Hang him, he's mad!

RAN. Souns, make tog of Randalls? come out here, Maries. Look, here was Mary Ploodhounds.

Percy's "Reliques," vol. ii. p. 233. An English Flag means the *Ancient;* a name which was formerly used as synonymous to *Ensign.*

[1] *i.e.,* Wine of Alicant. [But Sim means to dissuade them from bloodshed, as there is red wine already in the house.]

Enter MAID *and* HUGH.

Now I pray tumble down of hur marrow-pones, and ask hur father plessing?

ALEX. This! why this is your maid, widow.

EAR. This is Mary the widow's maid, man.

ALEX. And here is Mary Bloodhound, my choleric shred of Cadwallader, married to this gentleman, who has a hundred a year dangling at your girdle there.

WID. I pray, mistress, are you married to this gentleman?

MAID. By six i' th' morning, forsooth: he took me for Mary Bloodhound, having, it seems, never seen either of us before, and I being something amorously affected, as they say, to his Welsh ditties, answered to her name, lay with him all night, and married him this morning; so that as he took me for her, I took him as he was, forsooth.

SIM. She means for a fool; I'm fain to answer you.

BLOOD. Ha, ha, ha! Cupid, this twenty-four hours, has done nothing but cut cross-capers.

ALEX. Do ye hear, Sir Bartholomew Bayard,[1] that leap before you look? it will handsomely become you to restore the box to that gentleman, and the magnitude of your desires upon this dainty, that is so amorously taken with your ditties.

RAN. *Hur wail*[2] *in woe, her plunge in pain.*

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[1] [See Nares, edit. 1859, in *v.* Bayard meant originally *a bay horse*, and afterward any kind or colour.]

[2] This tune is mentioned in "Eastward Hoe," 1605. In Gascoigne's works, 1587, fol. 278, is the following line—

"I wept for *woe*, I pin'd for deadly *paine*."

And yet, by cat, her do not neither. Randalls will prove hurself Pritains born, and because hur understands Ancients was prave fellows and great travellers, there is hur box for hur.

ANC. I thank you.

RAN. And because was no remedies, before hur all, here will Randalls embrace Maries, and take a puss. [*Kisses.*

Enter JARVIS *brave.*

JAR. Save you, gallants, do you want any guest? Call me thy coz, and carry it handsomely.

[*To the* WIDOW.

BLOOD. Who have we here, trow?

ALEX. Dost thou know the gentleman that whispered to thee?

WID. O, wondrous well! He bid me call him coz, and carry it handsomely.

JAR. Widow, would I were off again.

WID. Know, all: this gentleman has, to obtain his lust and loose desires, served me this seven months under the shape and name of Jarvis.

OMNES. Possible!

WID. Look well; do you not know him?

BLOOD. The very face of Jarvis.

TIM. Ay truly, father, and he were anything like him, I would swear 'twere he.

JAR. I must cast my skin, and am catch'd. Why, coz.

WID. Come, you're cosen'd,
And with a noble craft. He tempted me
In mine own house, and I bid him keep's disguise
But till this morning, and he should perceive
I loved him truly; intending here before you
To let him know't, especially i' th' presence
Of you, sir, that intend me for your wife.

ANC. What should this mean?

ALEX. Some witty trick, I warrant thee: pry-thee, despatch him presently, that we were at church!

WID. First, then, know you for truth, sir, I mean never to marry.

BLOOD. How, woman?

SIM. She has despatched you, sir!

WID. And for a truth, sir, know you, I never mean to be your whore.

BLOOD. This is strange.[1]

WID. But true, as she, whose chaste, immaculate soul
Retains the noble stamp of her integrity
With an undefac'd perfection—perchance as these.
Nay, common fame hath scattered, you conceive me,
Because pale Jealousy (Cupid's angry fool)
Was frequent lodger at that sign of Folly—
My husband's soon suspicious heart—that I,
In a close-clouded looseness, should expose him
To that desperate distraction of his fortunes
That sent him to the sea, to nourish her
With your vain hope, that the fame of frequent suitors
Was but a mask of loose 'scapes: like men at lot-teries,
You thought to put in for one, sir; but, believe me,
You have drawn a blank.

RAN. By cat, hur look fery blank indeed.

WID. O my beloved husband!
However in thy life thy jealousy
Sent thee so far to find death, I will be
Married to nothing but thy memory!

---

[1] Mr Reed transferred this exclamation to Alexander, but it is just as probably what old Bloodhound says, and the old copy gives it to him.—*Collier.*

ALEX. But shall the pies be spoiled then?

JAR. Let her alone, if her husband do not know this——

OMNES. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

BLOOD. Her husband, I told you, was a madman.

ANC. Why, her husband's dead, sir.

JAR. He is not dead, sir; he had it spread o' purpose; he is in England, and in your house; and look, do you not see him?

WID. Where, where?

JAR. Here, here he is that hath found rash jealousy,
Love's joys, and a wife whose discreet carriage
Can intimate to all men a fair freedom,
And to one be faithful. Such a wife I prove,
Her husband's glory, worth a wealthy love.

WID. You're welcome to my soul, sir.

BLOOD. By my troth, Master Wag, this was a wag's trick indeed; but I knew I knew you; I remembered you a month ago, but that I had forgotten where I saw you.

SIM. I knew you were a crafty merchant;[1] you helped my master to such bargains upon the Exchange last night: here has been the merriest morning after it.

ALEX. My pitcher's broke just at the well-head; but give me leave to tell you, sir, that you have a noble wife, and indeed such a one as would worthily feast the very discretion of a wise man's desire. Her wit ingeniously waits upon her virtue, and her virtue advisedly gives freedom to her wit; but because my marriage shall seriously proceed, I wed myself, sir, to obedience and filial regularity, and vow to redeem, in the duty of a son, the affection of a father.

[1] [This word has been already explained more than once.]

RAN. By cat, was as well spoke as Randall hurself could talk.

BLOOD. All's forgotten now, my best son Alexander;
And that thy wedding want no good company,
I invite you all.

JAR. Come, my deserving wife,
Wisdom this day re-marries us. And, gentlemen,
From all our errors we'll extract this truth:
Who vicious ends propose,[1] they stand on wheels,
And the least turn of chance throws up their heels;
But virtuous lovers ever green do last,
Like laurel, which no lightening can blast.

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[1] The 4° has it, *Where vicious ends prepose*, and in the next line but one virtuous lovers are called *virtue's* lovers. The last may be right.— *Collier.*

THE CITY NIGHTCAP.

EDITION.

The City Night-Cap: Or, Crede quod habes, & habes. A Tragi-Comedy. By Robert Davenport. As it was Acted with great Applause, by Her Majesties Servants, at the Phœnix in Drury-Lane. London: Printed by Ja: Cottrel, for Samuel Speed, at the Signe of the Printing-Press, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1661. 4°.

PREFACE.

ROBERT DAVENPORT is a writer (remarks Reed) of whom scarce any particulars are known. It appears, from the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, that Davenport had licence for the "History of Henry the First" on the 10th April, 1624; and this is the earliest memorandum relating to him with which we have met. His dramatic productions are—

1. "The History of Henry the First," not printed.
2. "A Pleasant and Witty Comedy, called a New Trick to Cheat the Devil," 1639, 4°.
3. "King John and Matilda," 1655, 4.[1]
4. "The Pirate," not printed.[2]
5. "The Woman's Mistaken," not printed.
6. "The Fatal Brothers," not printed.
7. "The Politic Queen," not printed.
8. "The City Nightcap," 1661, 4°. Licensed Oct. 24, 1624.

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[1] It was published by Andrew Pennycuicke, one of the performers, who says that he was the last who played the character of Matilda. See it criticised in the *Retrosp. Review*, iv. 87–100.

[2] In S. Sheppard's "Poems," 8°, 1651, is one "To Mr Davenport, on his play called 'The Pirate.'"—*Collier.*

He has also been credited with a piece called "The Pedlar," licensed to Robert Allot, April 8, 1630; but this production, under the title of "The Conceited Pedlar," is printed at the end of Allot's edition of Randolph's "Aristippus," 4°, 1630. It is, of course, included in Hazlitt's edition of Randolph, 12°, 1875.

Davenport, besides his plays, was the author of a considerable collection of poems, the greater part of which were not published. In 1639, however, appeared a thin 4° volume, entitled "A Crowne for a Conqueror; and Too late to call backe yesterday. Two Poems, the one Divine, the other Morall. By R. D." In the Bodleian Catalogue this little book is misdated 1623.[1] The latter piece is dedicated to his noble friends, as he calls them, Mr Richard Robinson[2] and Mr Michael Bowyer; and in his address to them he styles both the poems some of the expense of his time at sea. From the address prefixed to the play of "King John and Matilda," signed R. D., he appears to have been alive in the year 1655, when that piece was first published.

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[1] [For a notice of Davenport's unprinted poems, see Hazlitt's "Handbook," 1867, in *v.*]

[2] Both Robinson and Bowyer were players. The former is in the list of the performers in Shakespeare's plays, and acted in the "Roman Actor." The name of the latter is to be found amongst the performers in "The Bondman," by Massinger, "King John and Matilda," &c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VERONA.
DUKE OF VENICE, *brother to Abstemia.*
DUKE OF MILAN.
ANTONIO, *the duke's son.*
LORENZO, *husband to Abstemia.*
PHILIPPO, *his friend.*
LODOVICO, *husband to Dorothea.*
LORDS OF VERONA.
SENATORS OF VENICE.
SANCHIO, SEBASTIANO, } *lords of Milan.*
PANDULPHO.
SPINOSO.
JASPRO.
JOVANI.
FRANCISCO, *servant to Lodovico.*
PAMBO, *a clown.*
MORBO, *a pander.*
A Turk, slave to Antonio.
Two slaves to Lorenzo.
Officers and servants.

WOMEN ACTORS.[1]

ABSTEMIA, *Lorenzo's wife, and sister to the Duke of Venice.*
DOROTHEA, *Lodovico's wanton lady.*
TIMPANINA, *a bawd.*
Ladies.

---

[1] *i.e.*, Actors of women's parts ; though *women actors* were brought upon the stage about the date when this play was printed, but not when it was first performed.

THE CITY NIGHTCAP.[1]

ACT I.[2]

Enter LORENZO *and* PHILIPPO.

LOR. Thou shalt try her once more.
PHIL. Fie, fie!
LOR. Thou shalt do't.
If thou be'st my friend, thou'lt do't.
PHIL. Try your fair wife?
You know 'tis an old point, and wondrous frequent
In most of our Italian comedies.
LOR. What do I care for that? let him seek new ones,
Cannot make old ones better; and this new point
(Young sir) may produce new smooth passages,
Transcending those precedent. Pray, will ye do't?

---

[1] The plot of this play is taken partly from "Philomela, the Lady Fitzwater's Nightingale," by Robert Greene, 1592, 4°, which resembles the novel of the "Curious Impertinent" in "Don Quixote," and partly from Boccaccio's "Decameron," Gior. 7, Novella 7.—*Reed.*

[2] This play, in the old copy, is divided into acts, but not into scenes. It was therefore useless to mark "Scene I." at the beginning of each act, as Mr Reed allowed it to stand, without the noting of any of the other scenes.—*Collier.*

PHIL. Pray, fool yourself no farther: twice you have sway'd me;
Twice have I tried her; and 'tis not yet, ye know,
Ten days since our reconciliation.
How will it show in you, so near a kinsman
To the duke? nay, having woven yourself into
The close-wrought mystery of opinion,
Where you remain a soldier, a man
Of brain and quality, to put your friend
Again on such a business, and to expose
Your fair wife to the tempest of temptation?
And, by the white, unspotted cheek of truth,
She is——

LOR. A woman.

PHIL. A good woman.

LOR. Pish!

PHIL. As far from your distrust, as bad ones are from truth.
She is in love with virtue: would not boast it,
But that her whole life is a well-writ story.
Where each word stands so well-plac'd, that it passes
Inquisitive detraction to correct.
She's modest, but not sullen, and loves silence;
Not that she wants apt words, for, when she speaks,
She inflames love with wonder; but because
She calls wise silence the soul's harmony.
She's truly chaste; yet such a foe to coyness,
The poorest call her courteous; and which is excellent,
Though fair and young, she shuns t' expose herself
To the opinion of strange eyes. She either seldom
Or never walks abroad but in your company;
And then with such sweet bashfulness, as if

She were venturing on crack'd ice; and takes delight
To step into the print your foot hath made,
And will follow you whole fields: so she will drive
Tediousness out of time with her sweet character.
And therefore, good my friend, forbear to try
The gold has pass'd the fire.
LOR. Thou foolish friend,
Beauty, like the herb larix, is cool i' th' water,
But hot i' th' stomach. Women are smooth flatterers,
But cunning injurers.
PHIL. Thou wondrous yellow friend.
Temper an antidote with antimony,
And 'tis infectious: mix jealousy with marriage,
It poisons virtue: let the child feel the sting,
He'll fly the honeycomb. Has she one action
That can expose you to distrust?
LOR. O, when the Alexanders-leaf looks most green,
The sap is then most bitter. An approv'd appearance
Is no authentic instance: she that is lip-holy
Is many times heart-hollow. Here she comes,

Enter ABSTEMIA.

A prayer-book in her hand! O hypocrisy!
How fell'st thou first in love with woman? wilt try again,
But this one time?
PHIL. Condition'd you will stand
Ear-witness to our conference; that you may take
In at your ear a virtue that will teach
Your erring soul to wonder.
LOR. He would wittol me

With a consent to my own horns. I will.
I'll give thee a new occasion : there lurks
In woman's blood a vindicating spirit.
ABS. I came, sir, to give you notice,
Count Lodovico, Stroimo, Spinoso, and Pandulpho,
With the rest of the consilliadory, certify
They are setting forth to meet the duke your kinsman,
Returning from Venice.
LOR. O, there he has seen the duke your brother.
ABS. Yes, sir, and they stay but for your company.
LOR. And you're cloy'd with't——
[*Kicks her, and retires to conceal himself. She weeps.*]
PHIL. And will you still be us'd thus? O madam,
I do confess twice I have batter'd at
The fort I fain would vanquish, and I know
Ye hold out more, 'cause you would seem a soldier,
Than in hate to the assailant. I am again
Inflam'd with those sweet fountains, from whence flow
Such a pair of streams. O strong force of desire!
The quality should quench hath set on fire :
I love you in your sorrows.
ABS. And I sorrow
In nothing but your love. Twice, Philippo,
Have I not beat back the impetuous storm
Of thy incessant rudeness? Wilt thou again
Darken fair honour with dishonesty?
Thou know'st my lord hath long and truly lov'd thee
In the wisdom of a friend; in a fair cause :
He wears his good sword for thee, lays his heart

A lodger in thy bosom, proclaims thee partner
In all he hath but me: O, be not counterfeit!
We all conclude, a diamond with clouds
The goldsmith casts into his dust: and a gentleman
So blemish'd in his honour, blots his name
Out of the herald's book, stands a lost man
In goodness and opinion. O Philippo,
Make me once more so happy to believe
'Tis but a painted passion.
LOR. Most acute witch![1]
PHIL. Come, learn of your city wagtail: with one eye
Violently love your husband, and with t'other
Wink at your friend.
LOR. I will not trust you, brother.
PHIL. He seeks: will ye not have him find? cries ye out
In his mad fits a strumpet; rails at all women,
Upon no cause, but because you are one:
He gives wound upon wound, and then pours vinegar
Into your bleeding reputation,
Poison'd with bitter calumny. Pox on him!
Pile a reciprocal reward upon him:
Let ballad-mongers crown him with their scorns:
Who buys the buck's-head well deserves the horns.
Demur not on't, but clap them on.
ABS. You are, sir,
Just like the Indian hyssop, prais'd of strangers
For the sweet scent, but hated of the inhabitants
For the injurious quality. Can he love the wife,

[1] Of course all that Lorenzo says in this scene in the presence of Abstemia is aside, and while he stands unseen by her.— *Collier.*

That would betray the husband? Hast thou not
seen me
Bear all his injuries, as the ocean suffers
The angry bark to plough thorough her bosom,
And yet is presently so smooth, the eye
Cannot perceive where the wide wound was made?
And cannot this inform, I love him better
In his sour follies, than you in your sweet flatteries?
If Verona hath observ'd any errors in me,
I well may call for grace to amend them,
But will never fall from grace to befriend you.

PHIL. With what a majesty good women
thunder!

LOR. H' has given her some close nod that I
am here.

ABS. Rip up the end of thy intent, and see,
How shame and fear do lurk where you would
walk,
Like a pair of serpents in a flow'ry mead.
Lust sees with pleasure, but with fear doth tread.

PHIL. Very brave, woman!

ABS. What is the pleasure thou pursu'st? A
sin
Finish'd with infinite sorrows. Read, and find,
How barb'rous nations punish it with death:
How a minute's sin so stolen, though in the face
Sit summer calms all smooth, yet thou wilt hear,
From the eternal 'larum[1] of thy conscience,
How it sets within thy soul continual tempests,
Thunder and dismal blackness! Mark but the
course
Of the holy-seeming hollow man, and see
How he that glories heaven with no honour,
Covets to glorify himself with honesty.

---

[1] [Old copy, *alarm.*]

And, to put you past your hopes, let me leave this with you:—
Thou may'st hold an elephant with a thread, eat fire
And not be burnt, or catch birds with desire,
Quench flame with oil, cut diamonds with glass,
Pierce steel with feathers: this thou may'st bring to pass
Sooner than hope to steal the husband's right,
Whose wife is honest, and no hypocrite.[1] [*Exit.*

PHIL. What think you now, sir?

LOR. [*Coming forward.*] Why now I do think it possible for the world
To have an honest woman it it. Goodbye, sir;
I must go meet the duke. Adieu.

PHIL. Farewell.
O jealousy! how near thou dwell'st to hell!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter LODOVICO, PANDULPHO, SPINOSO, JASPRO. JOVANI, *and* CLOWN.

LOD. The duke not seven leagues off? my horse, rogues!

PAN. Our negligence deserves just blame; and how
'Twill please his grace to construe it, we know not.

JAS. But where's your fair chaste wife, my lord?

LOD. Marry, with my man Francisco. O that fellow! She were undone without him; for indeed she takes great pleasure in him: he learns

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[1] The 4° reads—

"Whose wife *seems* honest, and no hypocrite."

Mr Reed altered it as it stands in the text, and although he was probably right, the change ought to have been noticed. *Collier.*

her music. To hear what counsel she will give him! if he but screw his look sometimes with the pin, she will tell him straight 'twas an unchristian look. I love him dearly.

SPIN. But can your honour never woo your lady to a more sociable affability? She will not kiss, nor drink, nor talk, but against new fashions.

LOD. O sir, she is my crown: nor is it requisite women should be so sociable. I have had such a coil with her, to bring her but to look out at window! When we were first married, she would not drink a cup of wine, unless nine parts of it were water.

OMNES. Admired temperance!

LOD. Nay, and ye knew all, my lords, ye would say so. T'other day I brought an English gentleman home with me, to try a horse I should sell him: he (as ye know their custom, though it be none of ours) makes at her lips the first dash.

CLOWN. He dashed her out of countenance, I'm sure of that.

LOD. She did so pout and spit, that my hot-brained gallant could not forbear but ask the cause. Quoth she——

CLOWN. No, sir, she spit again before *quoth she* left her lips.

LOD. I think she did indeed: but then, quoth she, A kiss, sir, is sin's earnest-penny. Is't not true, Pambo?

CLOWN. Very true, sir. By the same token, quoth he to her again, if you dislike the penny, lady, pray let me change it into English halfpence, and so gave her two for't.

LOD. But how she vexed then! Then she rattled him, and told him roundly, though confidence made cuckolds in England, she could no coxcombs in Italy.

CLOWN. But did ye mark how bitterly he closed it with a middling jest?

LOD. What was that, I prythee?

CLOWN. Why, quoth he again, Confidence makes not so many cuckolds in England, but craft picks open more padlocks in Italy.

JOV. That was something sharp. But there she comes.

Enter DOROTHEA *and* FRANCISCO.

LOD. Ye shall see how I'll put ye all upon her presently.

CLOWN. Then I shall take my turn.

DOR. Francis.

FRAN. Madam.

DOR. Have you changed the ditty you last set?

FRAN. I have, madam.

DOR. The conceit may stand; but I hope you have clothed the method in a more Christian-like apparel.

FRAN. I have, lady.

DOR. Pray, let me hear it now.

FRAN. *She that in these days looks for truth,*
Seldom or never finds in sooth.

DOR. That's wondrous well.

CLOWN. Yes, in sadness.

LOD. Peace, sirrah! nay, she's built of modesty.

FRAN. *Even as a wicked kiss defiles the lips,*
So do new fashions her that through them trips.

DOR. Very modest language.

FRAN. *She that doth pleasure use for what 'twill bring her,*
Will pluck a rose, although she prick her finger.

DOR. Put in *hurt her finger*, good Francis: the phrase will be more decent.

PAN. Y' are a wondrous happy man in one so virtuous!

LOD. Nay, ye shall have no Count Lorenzo of me, I warrant ye.

CLOWN. Nor no Count Lorenzo's lady of your wife, I warrant ye.

LOD. Sweet chick, I come to take leave of thee: finger in eye already? We are all to meet the duke this afternoon, bird, who is now come from Venice. Thou may'st walk and see the Count Lorenzo's lady.

DOR. Alas! she's too merry for my company.

JAS. Too merry! I have seen her sad,
But very seldom merry.

DOR. I mean, my lord,
That she can walk, tell tales, run in the garden.

CLOWN. Why, then your ladyship may hold your tongue, say nothing, and walk in the orchard.

DOR. She can drink a cup of wine not delayed[1] with water.

CLOWN. Why, then you may drink a cup of water without wine.

DOR. Nay, if a nobleman come to see her lord,
She will let him kiss her too against our custom.

PAN. Why, a modest woman may be kissed by accident, yet not give the least touch to her reputation.

LOD. Well said: touch her home.

DOR. Nay, but they may not: she that will kiss, they say,[2] will do worse, I warrant her.

JOV. Why, I have seen you, madam, kissed against your will.

DOR. Against my will, it may be, I have been kissed indeed.

---

[1] [Allayed, diluted. Mr Collier altered the word to *allayed.*]

[2] [In allusion to the proverb, "After kissing comes greater kindness."]

CLOWN. Pshaw, there's nothing against a woman's will; and I dare be sworn, if my lady kiss but any one man, 'tis because she cannot do with all.

LOD. Nay, I know that to be true, my lords: and at this time, because you cannot do with all, pray kiss them in order; kiss her all over, gentlemen, and we are gone.

DOR. Nay, good my lord, 'tis against our nation's custom.

LOD. I care not; let naturals love nations:
My humour's my humour.

SPIN. I must have my turn too, then.

JOV. It must go round.

DOR. Fie, fie!

LOD. Look how she spits now!

JAS. The deeper the sweeter, lady.

CLOWN. The nearer the bone, the sweeter the flesh, lady.

DOR. How now, sauce-box!

CLOWN. Did not my lord bid the gentlemen kiss you all over?

LOD. I have sweet cause to be jealous, have I not, gentlemen? no. *Crede quod habes, et habes* still. He that believes he has horns, has them. Will you go bring my horse, sir?

CLOWN. I will bring your horse, sir, and your horse shall bring his tail with him. [*Exit.*

LOD. Francis, I prythee, stay thou at home with thy lady. Get thy instrument ready; this melancholy will spoil her: before these lords here make her but laugh, when we are gone——

FRAN. Laugh before these lords when they are gone, sir!

LOD. Pish! I mean, make her laugh heartily before we come home, and, before these lords, I promise thee a lease of forty crowns per annum.

FRAN. Can ye tell whether she be ticklish, sir?

LOD. O, infinitely ticklish!

FRAN. I'll deserve your lease, then, ere you come home, I warrant.

LOD. And thou shalt ha't, i' faith, boy.

Enter CLOWN.

CLOWN. Your horse is ready, sir.

LOD. My lords, I think we have stayed with the longest. Farewell, Doll. *Crede quod habes, et habes*, gallants.

PAN. Our horses shall fetch it up again. Farewell, sweet lady.

JAS. Adieu, sweet mistress: and whensoe'er I marry,
Fortune turn up to me no worse card than you are!

CLOWN. And whensoe'er I marry, Venus send me a card may save Fortune the labour, and turn up herself. [*Exeunt.*

DOR. How now? why loiter you behind? why ride you not along with your lord?

FRAN. To lie with your ladyship.

DOR. How?

FRAN. In the bed, upon the bed, or under the bed.

DOR. Why, how now, Francis!

FRAN. This is the plain truth on't, I would lie with ye.

DOR. Why, Francis——

FRAN. I know too, that you will lie with me.

DOR. Nay, but, Francis——

FRAN. Plague of Francis! I am neither Frank nor Francis,
But a gentleman of Milan, that even there
Heard of your beauty, which report there guarded
With such a chastity, the glittering'st sin

Held no artillery of power to shake it.
Upon which I resolv'd to try conclusions;
Assum'd this name and fortune, sought this service:
And I will tell ye truly what I guess you.

DOR. You will not ravish me, Francis?

FRAN. No; but unravel ye in two lines experience writ lately—

Extremes in virtue are but clouds to vice;
She'll do i' th' dark who is i' th' day too nice.

DOR. Indeed ye do not well to belie me thus.

FRAN. Come, I'll lie with thee, wench, and make all well again. Though your confident lord makes use of *Crede quod habes, et habes*, and holds it impossible for any to be a cuckold, [and] can believe himself none, I would have his lady have more wit, and clap them on.

DOR. And truly, Francis, some women now would do't.

FRAN. Who can you choose more convenient to practise with than me, whom he doats on? where shall a man find a friend but at home? so you break one proverb's pate, and give the other a plaster. Is't a match, wench?

DOR. Well, for once it is: but, and ye do any more, indeed I'll tell my husband.

FRAN. But when shall this once be? now?

DOR. Now? no indeed, Francis.
It shall be soon at night, when your lord's come home.

FRAN. Then! how is it possible?

DOR. Possible! women can make any of these things possible, Francis: now many casualties may cross us; but soon at night my lord, I'm sure, will be so sleepy, what with his journey and deep healths for the duke's return, that before he goes

to bed (as he uses still when he has been hard a-drinking) he will sleep upon the bed in's clothes so sound, bells would not wake him, rung in the chamber.

FRAN. The cuckold slumbers; and though his wife hit him o' th' forehead with her heel, he dreams of no such matter.

DOR. Now Pambo, that makes him merry in his chamber, shall, when the candle's out and he asleep, bring you into the chamber.

FRAN. But will he be secret?

DOR. Will he, good soul! I am not to try him now.

FRAN. 'Sfoot, this is brave,
My kind lord's fool is my cunning lady's knave.
But, pray, how then?

DOR. When you are in at door on right before you, you shall feel the bed; give me but softly a touch, I'll rise, and follow you into the next chamber: but truly, and you do not use me kindly, I shall cry out and spoil all.

FRAN. Use you kindly! was lady e'er used cruelly i' th' dark? Do you but prepare Pambo and your maid: let me alone with her mistress. About eleven I desire to be expected.

DOR. And till the clock strike twelve, I'll lie awake.

FRAN. Now ye dare kiss?

DOR. Once with my friend, or so; yet you may take two, Francis.

FRAN. My cast is ames-ace then.

DOR. Deuce-ace had got the game.

FRAN. Why, then, you're welcome. Adieu, my dainty mistress.

DOR. Farewell, kind Francis. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LORENZO, *as from horse.*

LOR. I have given them all the slip, the duke and all,
And am at home before them. I cannot rest,
Philippo and my wife run in my mind so:
I know no cause why I should trust him more
Than all the world beside. I remember
He told her that I bought the buck's-head, therefore
Deserv'd the horns: although I bid him try her,
Yet I did not bid him bid her with one eye
Love me, and with the other wink at a friend.
How we long to grow familiar with affliction;
And, as many words do aptly hold concordance
To make one sentence, just so many causes
Seem to agree, when conceit makes us cuckolds.

Enter PHILIPPO *and* ABSTEMIA. LORENZO *aside.*

And here comes proof apparent; hand in hand too!
Now their palms meet: that grasp begets a bastard!
PHIL. By your white hand, I swear 'twas only so.
LOR. Poison of toads betwixt ye!
ABS. Philippo, you have fully satisfied me.
LOR. Insatiate whore! could not I satisfy ye?
I shall commit a murder if I stay:
I'll go forge thunder for ye. O, let me
Nevermore marry! what plague can transcend
A whorish wife and a perfidious friend! [*Exit.*
PHIL. By the unblemish'd faith then of a gentleman,
And by your potent goodness (a great oath,
For you are greatly good), by truth itself;

For still I swear by you—what again hath pass'd,
Was at the first but trial of your chastity,
Far above time or story: as I speak truth,
So may I prosper.

ABS. And came these trials from your breast only?

PHIL. Only from my breast; and by the sweet
Excellent blush of virtue, there is in you
Plenty of truth and goodness.

ABS. You have nobly
Appeas'd the storm o'ertook you, and you are
Again a good man.

Enter LORENZO, PANDULPHO, SPINOSO, JASPRO, JOVANI.

LOR. Traitor to truth and friendship!
Did not mine honour hold me, I should rip out
That blushing hypocrite thy heart, that hath broke
So strong a tie of faith: but behold
How much of man is in me! there, I cast thee[1]
From this believing heart to the iron hand
Of law, the wrong'd man's saint?

PHIL. What means this?

PAN. My lord, here's warrant
For what's done, immediate from the duke;
By force of which you're early i' th' morning
Before his grace to answer to such injuries
The Count Lorenzo shall allege against you.

PHIL. Injuries! Why, friend, what injuries?

LOR. Can ye spell stag, sir? 'tis four letters with two horns.
Good gentlemen, convey him from my fury,
For fear of greater mischief.

PHIL. Thou yellow fool! [*Exit.*

[1] [Old copy, *them*].

ABS. I would you would instruct me, noble sir,
But how to understand all this.
LOR. Do ye see her? look on her, all, and wonder:
Did ye ever see so foul guilt stand underneath
A look so innocent?
JOV. I should have pawn'd
My blood upon her honour.
PAN. Colours not in grain
Make as fair show, but are more apt to stain.
ABS. My lord.
LOR. Ye whore! [*Kicks her. She swoons.*
JAS. Look to the lady.
LOR. Look to her! hang her: let me send her now
To the devil, with all her sins upon her head.
SPIN. Bear her in gently, and see her guarded.
PAN. You are too violent, my lord.
LOR. That men should ever marry! that we should lay our heads,
And take our horns up out of women's laps!
JOV. Be patient, good sir.
LOR. Yes, and go make potguns.
JAS. 'Tis late, and sleep would do you good, my lord.
LOR. Sleep! why, do you think I am mad, sir?
JAS. Not I, my lord.
LOR. Then you do lie, my lord,
For I am mad, horn-mad: I shall be acted
In our theatres of Verona. O, what poison's
Like a false friend, and what plague more ruinous
Than a lascivious wife? they steal our joys,
And fill us with affliction: they leave our names
Hedg'd in with calumny: in their false hearts
Crocodiles breed, who make grief their disguise,
And, in betraying, tears 'stil through their eyes.
O, he that can believe he sleeps secure

In a false friend's oath, or in a bad wife's arms,
Trusts Circe's witchcraft and Calypso's charms.

OMNES. 'Tis late; let's to the Court.

[*Exeunt* OMNES.

ACT II.

A bed thrust out. LODOVICO *sleeping in his clothes;* DOROTHEA *in bed. Enter* CLOWN *leading in* FRANCISCO.

FRAN. Softly, sweet Pambo: are we in the chamber yet?

CLOWN. Within a yard of my lady, and ye can be quiet.

FRAN. Art sure my lord's asleep?

CLOWN. I know not; I'll go and ask him.

FRAN. No, no, no, do not wake him; we are undone then, man.

CLOWN. Ha, ha, ha! now do I see cuckold-making is as ticklish a profession as coneycatching. My lord was so paid with healths at Court, he's fast enough.

FRAN. But still I pursue wonder why my lady should prescribe this strange, nay wondrous desperate, way to her desires.

CLOWN. Is that a question to ask now? would you would grope out the bed; for I sleep in my talk, I am sure of that. [LODOVICO *coughs.*

FRAN. We are lost for ever! did he not cough?

CLOWN. 'Tis nothing but the last cup comes up in stewed broth. If ever you make true whore-master, I'll be bound to resign my place up to my lord's page: sea-sick, before you come to th' salt water! let me go in your stead.

FRAN. No, I'll venture, stood a gulf between,

Belching up a tempest. O valiant lust!
How resolute thou go'st to acts unjust!
Pambo, good night.
Desire drowns fear in presuppos'd delight.

CLOWN. Turn of your left hand, 'twill lead you to the devil—to my lady, I should say, presently.
[*Exit.*

FRAN. Let me [see]:
Four steps on the left hand. I have the bed,
And on this side she lies. 'Sfoot, there's a beard!
But all's well yet, she lies on this side, sure.
I have her: 'tis her hand, I know the touch.
It melts me into passion. I have much ado
To contain my wild desires. As the wind strains
In caverns lock'd, so through my big-swoll'n veins
My blood cuts capers.

DOR. Who's there?

FRAN. 'Tis I.

DOR. Francis!

FRAN. Fortunate Francis, that was wrapped in's mother's smock.

DOR. Give me your hand, Francis.

FRAN. There 'tis. I melt already!

DOR. My lord! Count Lodovico, awake!

FRAN. I am lost for ever, madam.

DOR. My lord! my lord!

FRAN. If I pull too hard, I shall pull her out o' th' bed too.

DOR. My lord, will ye not wake?

LOD. What's the matter? what's the matter?

FRAN. How I do dwindle!

DOR. Pray, hear me, sir; I cannot sleep, till you
Have resolv'd me one thing.

LOD. What is't, sweetheart?

DOR. Of all your men, which do you love best?

LOD. That's a strange question to ask at midnight! Francisco.
DOR. And that same false Francisco in your absence
Most lewdly tempted me to wrong your bed.
FRAN. Was ever woodcock catch'd thus!
LOD. O rogue, I'll go cut his throat sleeping.
DOR. Nay, I have fitted him most daintily.
FRAN. Now, now, now, now, I am spitted.
DOR. I seem'd, sweetheart, to consent to him——
FRAN. A plague of seemings. I were best confess,
And beg pardon.
DOR. And to make him sure for your revenge, I appointed
About this hour, the door left ope on purpose——
FRAN. Ah!
DOR. To meet me in the garden.
FRAN. All's well again.
DOR. Now, sweetheart,
If thou wouldst but steal down thither, thou might'st
Catch him, and snap the fool very finely.
LOD. O my sweet birds-nie! what a wench have I
Of thee! *Crede quod habes, et habes* still.
And I had thought it possible to have been
Cuckolded, I had been cuckolded.
I'll take my rapier as I go, sirrah;
And the night being dark, I'll speak like thee,
As if thou hadst kept thy word. O villain!
Nothing vexes me, but that he should think
I can be a cuckold, and have such a lady.
Do thou lie still, and I'll bring thee his heart
For thy monkey's breakfast.
DOR. And would you part unkindly, and not kiss me?

LOD. I have no more manners than a goose. Farewell,
My chaste, delicious Doll. What may his life
Be compar'd to that meets with such a wife!
[*Exit.*

Enter CLOWN.

FRAN. Pish, Pambo!
CLOWN. Here, boy.
FRAN. Go meet him in the garden, and hark.
CLOWN. Excellent! I'll play my lady, I warrant ye.
FRAN. Do't daintily.
CLOWN. Well, I may hope for a 'squire's place; my father was a costermonger.[1] [*Exit.*

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[1] A *costermonger* is a seller of apples; and an *apple-squire* was formerly a cant term for a *pimp*.

So in Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," translated by Chaloner, 1549, sig. P.: "Or doo you judge peradventure they coulde easily fynde in their hertes, that so many scriveners, so many registrers, so manie notaries, so many advocates, so many promoters, so many secretaries, so many moyleters, so many horsekeepers, so many gentlemen of householde, so many *apple-squires*, so many baudes, I had almost spoken a softer worde," &c.

Again, in "Faults, Faults, and Nothing but Faultes," by Barnaby Rich, 1606, p. 24: "Shee shall not want the assistance of her ruffians, her *apple-squires*, and of those brothell queanes that lodge, that harbour, and that retain her."

Again, in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," iv. 10—

> "Well, good wife bawd, Cob's wife, and you,
> That make your husband such a hoddy doddy;
> And you, young *apple-squire*, and old cuckold-maker,
> I'll ha' you every one before a justice."

See also "Dekker's Belman of London," sig. H 2.

And in Bale's "Actis of Englishe Votaries," 1550, Part I., fol. 27: "Women in those dayes might sore have distained their newlie risen opinion of holines, if they had chaunced

FRAN. Well, now I see, as he who fain would know
The real strain of goodness, may in her read it,
Who can seem chaste, but not be what she seems:
So, who would see hell's craft, in her may read it,
Who can seem too, but not be what she seems.
In brief, put him to school (would cheat the de'il of's right)
To a dainty, smooth-fac'd, female hypocrite. [*Exit.*

Enter LODOVICO *and* CLOWN.

LOD. Here's a wife, Pambo!

CLOWN. Now, *Crede quod habes, et habes*, sir.

LOD. Why, right, man; let him believe he has horns, and he has 'em.

CLOWN. To discover upon the pinch to ye!

LOD. O you kind loving husbands, like myself,
What fortunes meet ye, fall[1] but with such wives.

CLOWN. Fortune's i' th' fashion of hay-forks.

LOD. Sirrah Pambo, thou shalt seldom see a harsh fellow have such a wife, such a fortunate wedding.

CLOWN. He will go to hanging as soon.

LOD. No, no; we loving souls have all the fortunes.
There's Count Lorenzo, for example, now;
There's a sweet coil to-morrow 'bout his wife.
He has two servants, that will take their oaths
They saw her dishonest with his friend Count Philippo;

---

to haue bene with childe by the prelates, and therefore other spiritual remedies were sought out for them by their good providers and proctors; ye may if ye will call them *apple-squires.—Gilchrist.*

[1] [Old copy, *full.*]

Nay, in the very act. Now what was't brought her to't,
But his dogged usage of her?

CLOWN. Nay, she never lived a good day with him.

LOD. How she goes flaunting too! she must have a
Feather in her head and a cork in her heel.

CLOWN. Ay, that shows her light from head to heel, sir; and who have heavier heads than those whose wives have light heels? that feather confounds her.

LOD. I shall so laugh to hear the comical history of the great Count Lorenzo's horns: but as I have such a wife now, what a villain did I entertain to teach her music? H' has done her no good since he came, that I saw.

CLOWN. Hang him, h' has made her a little perfect in prick-song, that's all; and it may be, she had skill in that before you married her too.

LOD. She could sing at the first sight, by this hand, Pambo.
But hark! I hear somebody.

Enter FRANCISCO.

CLOWN. 'Tis he, sure; h' has a dreaming whoremaster's pace. Pray, let me practise my lady's part, and counterfeit for her.

LOD. Can'st thou imitate to th' life?

CLOWN. Can I? O wicked Francis!

LOD. Admirable! Thou shalt do't.

CLOWN. Pray, be you ready with your rapier to spit him then, and I'll watch him a good turn, I warrant ye.

FRAN. Here they are. If Pambo now comes off with his part neatly, the comedy passes bravely. Who's there? madam?

CLOWN. Francis?
FRAN. The same.
CLOWN. I think this place lies too open to the air, Francis?
LOD. Delicate Pambo. [*Aside.*]
CLOWN. And truly there's a great dew fallen to-night;
The grass is wondrous wet.
LOD. Sweet rogue! [*Aside.*]
CLOWN. Come, Francis,
And let us sport ourselves in yonder rushes,
And being set, I'll smother thee with busses.
LOD. O villain! [*Aside.*]
FRAN. Hear me, lady:
It is enough, my lord hath now a friend
In these dishonest days, that dares be honest.
LOD. How is this?
CLOWN. Nay, for thy lord, he's a mere coxcomb, Francis.
LOD. Out, rogue!
FRAN. 'Tis but your bad desires that tell you so.
Can I contain a heart, or can that heart
Harbour a thought of injury 'gainst him
Under whose wing I safely stretch my pinions?
Has he not nobly entertain'd me? stand I not
Next neighbour, save yourself, unto his heart?
LOD. Ay, by this hand, dost thou.
FRAN. And should I quit him thus? No, lady, no.
LOD. Brave Frank!
FRAN. I am too wise to fall in love with woe,
Much less with wo-man. I but took advantage
Of my lord's absence for your trial, lady.
For fear some fellow (far hotter rein'd than I)
Might have sought [her] and sped: and I'd be loth
A lord so loving——

LOD. Shalt have five leases, by these fingers.
FRAN. Should have a lady false.
Back, lady, to your yet unblemish'd bed:
Preserve your honour and your lord's——calf's head.
CLOWN. Well, Francis, you had been better—if I do not tell my lord of this!
LOD. He has put him to't now.
FRAN. Then I am lost for ever:
You'll turn it all on me, I know; but ere
I'll live to wrong so good a lord, or stand
The mark unto your malice, I will first
Fall on my sword and perish.
LOD. Hold, hold, hold, man!
FRAN. Ha, who are you?
LOD. One that has more humanity in him, than to see a proper fellow cast himself away, I warrant thee. 'Tis I, 'tis I, man: I have heard all.
CLOWN. And 'twas I played my lady to have snapped ye.
FRAN. Has she been then so good to tell your honour?
Now am I worse afflicted than before,
That she should thus outrun me in this race
Of honesty.
LOD. Nay, sh' has bobb'd thee bravely.
Sh' has a thousand of these tricks, i' faith, man:
But howsoever, what I have found thee, I have found thee.
Hark in thine ear, shalt have five leases
And mine own nag, when th' hast a mind to ride.
FRAN. Let me deserve, sir, first.
LOD. Shalt have them. I know what I do, I warrant thee.
FRAN. I joy in such a lady.
LOD. Nay, there's a couple of you, for a wife and a friend. Shalt be no more my servant. I

had thought to have made thee my steward, but thou'rt too honest for the place, that's the truth on't.

CLOWN. His superfluity is my necessity. Pray, let me ha't, sir.

LOD. I will talk with thee to-morrow, Pambo: thou shalt have something too: but I'll go to bed. Honest Francis, the dearest must part, I see. I will so hug the sweet rascal, that thinks every hour ten, till I come yonder! Good night, Frank.

To bed, Pambo. What delight in life
Can equal such a friend and such a wife?
So, my dainty Doll, I come to thee. [*Exit.*

CLOWN. So a city nightcap go with thee! But shall I not be thought on for my night's service?

FRAN. O, look ye, pray forget not ye had something.

CLOWN. Well, and pray do you remember I had nothing.

FRAN. Nothing! what's that?

CLOWN. Nothing, before I had something, I mean. So you are well-returned from Utopia.

FRAN. You're very nimble, sir: good-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

A bar set out. Enter the DUKE OF VERONA, PANDULPHO, SPINOSO, JASPRO, JOVANI, LORENZO, PHILIPPO, ABSTEMIA, *a guard and two slaves.*

VER. Call the accus'd to th' bar.

PHIL. We appear
With acknowledg'd reverence to the presence.

VER. We meet not
To build on circumstances, but to come plainly
To the business that here plac'd us. Cousin Lorenzo,
You have free leave to speak your griefs; but this

Desire the senate to observe, and nearly:
I come here not your kinsman; neither, madam,
Looking unto the greatness of your blood,
As you are sister to the Duke of Venice;
But as an equal judge, I come to doom,
As circumstance[1] and proof informs.
LOR. Thus then,
(Great sir, grave lords, and honourable auditors
Of my dishonour) I affirm 'tis known
To th' signory of Verona, the whole city;
Nay, the great multitude without, that come
This day to hear unwilling truth, can witness,
How, since my marriage with that woman—weep'st thou?
O truth, who would not look thee in a woman's tears!
But showers that fall too late, produce dear years—
All know that, since our marriage, I have perform'd
So fairly all judicial wedlock-offices,
That malice knew not how at my whole actions
To make one blow, and to strike home. I did rather
Honour her as a saint, sir, than respect her,
As she was my wife. On pilgrimage I sent
All my endeavours to the fair-seeming shrine
Of their desires, where they did offer daily
A plenal satisfaction, which she seem'd
Reciprocally to return, paid back
As much obedience as I lent of love:
But then the serpent stings, when like a dove
Opinion feathers him: women's sweet words
As far are from their hearts, though from their breasts
They fly, as lapwings' cries are from their nests.
PAN. O, you inveigh.

[1] [Old copy, *circumstances.*]

LOR. I would appear no satire.
And for this man (how fain I would call him friend!)
I appeal to the whole state, if at the fight
Betwixt Biserta galleys and your grace,
Wherein you pleas'd to send me general there,
That he deserv'd (let me not take from him
His merit's meet confession) but I was there,
The man (the erring man) that crown'd his merit
With approbation and reward; brought him home,
Preferr'd him to those graces you heap'd on him:
Wore him a neighbour to my heart, as lovers
Wear jewels, left by their dead friends. I lock'd him
Into my heart, and double-barr'd him there
With reason and opinion: his extremities
Fasten'd me more unto him, whilst, like an arch
Well-built, by how much the more weight I bore,
I stood[1] the stronger under him; so lov'd him,
That in his absence still mine ear became
A sanctuary to his injur'd name.
VER. And what from hence infer you?
LOR. That 'twas base,
Base in the depth of baseness, for this wife
So honour'd and this smooth friend so belov'd
To conspire betwixt them my dishonour.
VER. How?
LOR. To stain my sheets with lust, a minute's theft;
To brand perpetually three faces: a husband's,
A wife's, and friend's.
ABS. O good my lord,
Cast out this devil from you.
LOR. O good my lady,
Keep not the devil within you, but confess.

[1] [Old copy, *stand.*]

PHIL. Hear me, great sir; I will confess, Lorenzo,
And print thee down the fool of passion.
SPIN. Speak, sir.
PHIL. 'Tis true, this boasting man did thus erect me
In his opinion, plac'd me in his love,
Grac'd me with courtesies: O the craft of jealousy!
As boys, to take the bird, about the pit
Cast wheat and chaff, contriving a neat train
To entice her to her ruin—so this friend,
Falser than city-oaths, it is not doubted,
Having so far endear'd me, when he came
To enjoy a fair wife, guess'd it impossible
For me to share with him in all things else,
And not in her; for fair wives oft, we see,
Strike the discord in sweet friendship's harmony:
And having no way to ensnare me so,
To separate our loves, he seriously
Woo'd me to try his wife.
LOR. 'Tis false.
PHIL. 'Tis true,
By all that honest men may be believed by.
Three several times I tried her, by him urg'd to't,
Yet still my truth not started, kept so constant,
That till this hour this lady thus much knew not.
I bore her brave reproofs. O, when she spake,
The saints (sure) listen'd, and at every point
She got th' applause of angels! Now, upon this,
This jealous lord infers (and it may be
But to shun futurity) that I,
His betray'd friend, could not hold the cup,
But I must drink the poison. No, Lorenzo,
An honest man is still an unmov'd rock,
Wash'd whiter, but not shaken with the shock.
Whose heart conceives no sinister device:
Fearless he plays with flames, and treads on ice.

VER. Cousin, did you, as your friend here affirms,
Counsel him to these trials?
LOR. I?
PHIL. You did.
LOR. Philippo, thou art fallen from a good man,
And hast ta'en leave of modesty. Let these my servants—
That incredulity should be induction
To my more certain shame—let these speak
And relate what they saw: they grew so public,
My servants could discover them.
PAN. Speak, friends, be fearless;
And what you know, even to a syllable,
Boldly confess.
1ST SLAVE. Then know, great sir, as soon
As e'er my lord was gone to meet your grace,
Signor Philippo and my lady privately
Went up to her bed-chamber: we two, suspecting
What afterwards we found, stole softly up,
And through the key-hole (for the door was lock'd)
We saw my lady and Count Philippo there
Upon the bed, and in the very act,
As my lord before affirm'd.
ABS. Canst thou hear, heaven,
And withhold thy thunder?
PHIL. My lords, one devil, ye know,
May possess three bodies.
VER. Will you swear this, sir?
1ST SLAVE. I will, my lord.
SPIN. And you?
2D SLAVE. I will, and dare, sir.
LOR. Brave rascals!
VER. Reach them the book.
ABS. Ye poor deluded men, O, do not swear!
LOR. Think of the chain of pearl. [*Aside.*
1ST SLAVE. Give us the book:

That we affirm the truth, the whole truth,
And nothing but the truth, we swear.
PAN. Believe me, I am sorry for the lady.
PHIL. How soon
Two souls, more precious than a pair of worlds,
Are levell'd below death!
ABS. O, hark! did you not hear it?
OMNES. What, lady?
ABS. This hour a pair of glorious towers are fallen;
Two goodly buildings beaten with a breath
Beneath the grave. You all have seen this day,
A pair of souls both cast and kiss'd away.
SPIN. What censure gives your grace?
VER. In that I am a kinsman
To the accuser, that I might not appear
Partial in judgment, let it seem no wonder
If unto your gravities I leave
The following sentence: but as Lorenzo stands
A kinsman to Verona, so forget not,
Abstemia still is sister unto Venice.
PHIL. Misery of goodness!
ABS. O Lorenzo Medico![1]
Abstemia's lover once, when he did vow
And when I did believe; then when Abstemia
Denied so many princes for Lorenzo,
Then when you swore. O maids! how men can weep,
Print protestations on their breasts and sigh,
And look so truly, and then weep again,
And then protest again, and again dissemble!
When once enjoy'd, like strange sights we grow stale,
And find our comforts, like their wonder, fail.
PHIL. O Lorenzo!

[1] [A not unusual form of De Medici.]

Look upon tears, each one of which, well-valued,
Is worth the pity of a king; but thou
Art harder far than rocks, and can'st not prize
The precious waters of truth's injur'd eyes.
LOR. Please your grace, proceed to censure.
VER. Thus 'tis decreed, as these lords have set down
Against all contradiction. Signor Philippo,
In that you have thus grossly, sir, dishonour'd
Even our blood itself in this rude injury
Lights on our kinsman, his prerogative
Implies death on your trespass; but your merit,
Of more antiquity is than your trespass,
That death is[1] blotted out, and in the place
Banishment writ, perpetual banishment
(On pain of death, if you return) for ever,
From Verona and her signories.
PHIL. Verona is kind.
PAN. Unto you, madam,
This censure is allotted. Your high blood
Takes off the danger of the law, nay, from
Even banishment itself. This lord your husband
Sues only for a legal fair divorce,
Which we think good to grant, the church allowing:
And in that the injury chiefly reflects
On him, he hath free licence to marry, when
And whom he pleases.
ABS. I thank ye,
That you are favourable unto my love,
Whom yet I love and weep for.
PHIL. Farewell, Lorenzo.
This breast did never yet harbour a thought
Of thee, but man was in it, honest man:

[1] [Old copy, *than is*.]

There's all the words that thou art worth. Of your grace,
I humbly thus take leave: farewell, my lords:
And lastly farewell thou, fairest of many,
Yet by far more unfortunate. Look up
And see a crown held for thee; win it, and die
Love's martyr, the sad map of injury:
And so remember, sir, your injur'd lady
Has a brother yet in Venice.

ABS. Farewell, Lorenzo,
Whom my soul doth [yet] love: if you e'er marry,
May you meet a good wife: so good, that you
May not suspect her, nor may she be worthy
Of your suspicion: and if you hear hereafter,
That I am dead, inquire but my last words,
And you shall know that to the last I lov'd you:
And when you walk forth with your second choice
Into the pleasant fields, and by chance talk of me,
Imagine that you see me lean and pale,
Strewing your paths with flowers; and when in bed
You cast your arms about her happy side[s],
Think you see me stand with a patient look,
Crying, All hail, you lovers, live and prosper.
But may she never live to pay my debts.
If but in thought she wrong you, may she die
In the conception of the injury.
Pray, make me wealthy with one kiss. Farewell, sir.
Let it not grieve you, when you shall remember
That I was innocent: nor this forget—
Though innocence here suffer, sigh, and groan,
She walks but thorough thorns to find a throne.
[*Exit.*

VER. Break up the court; and, cousin, learn this rede;
Who stabs truth's bosom, makes an angel bleed.

LOR. The storm upon my breast, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter LODOVICO, JASPRO, JOVANI, *and* CLOWN.

LOD. Did chronicle ever match this couple, gentlemen?

JAS. You make us wonder,
That both should seem to yield to the temptation,
And both so meet in one resolved goodness,
Unknown to one another!

LOD. There lies the jest on't. Sirrah Pambo, I do but think, an' she had met him in the garden, how she would have rattled him.

CLOWN. And ruffled him too, sir: the camomile[1] would have been better for it many a day after.

JOV. Such an honest-minded servant where shall one find?

LOD. Servant! my sworn brother, man; he's

[1] The camomile is said to grow faster the more it is pressed or trodden upon, and to this circumstance the Clown here alludes. Frequent notice is taken of this property in the plant by our ancient writers. As in Tofte's "Honours Academie, or the Famous Pastorall of the Faire Shepheardesse Julietta," 1610, p. 204, 5th part: "But as gold taken out of the burning furnace, is farre more bright and fierce, than when it was first flung in; and as *Camomell, the more it is trod upon, the thicker and better it groweth:* even so we see this faire Archeresh to shew more cleare and beautifull, when the flame was once past and gone then she had bene before."

And in the "First Part of King Henry IV.," act ii. sc. 4: "For though *the camomile the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows*, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears."

See other instances in the notes of Mr Steevens and Dr Farmer on the last passage.

too honest for an office, he'll never thrive in't: ye have few servants will deal so mercifully with their lords.

JAS. A wife! why, she's a saint; one that ever bears a good sound soul about her.

CLOWN. Yes, when she wears her new shoes.

JOV. Shall we see her, my lord?

LOD. Where is she, Pambo?

CLOWN. Walking a turn or two i' th' garden with Francisco, sir; I'll go call her.

LOD. No, no, no; let her alone: 'tis pity indeed to part them, they are so well-matched. Was he not reading to her?

CLOWN. No, sir, she was weeping to him: she heard this morning that her confessor, father Jacomo, was dead.

JAS. Father Jacomo dead?

LOD. Why, now shall not we have her eat one bit this five days.

CLOWN. She'll munch the more in a corner: that's the puritan's fast.

LOD. Nay, do but judge of her, my lords, by one thing: whereas most of our dames go to confession but once a month, some twice a quarter, and some but once a year, and that upon constraint too, she never misses twice a week.

JAS. 'Tis wonderful!

JOV. 'Tis a sign she keeps all well at home: they are even
With the whole world, that so keep touch with heaven.

LOD. Nay, I told ye, ye should find no Philippo of Francisco.

CLOWN. And I remember I told your honour you should find no Abstemia of my lady.

LOD. Nor no Lorenzo of myself: he was ever a melancholy stubborn fellow. He kept her in too

much, and see what comes on't! I give my wife her will, and see what comes on't too!

CLOWN. Nay, sir, there is two come on't, an' a man could discover 'em.

LOD. Two what, I prythee?

CLOWN. It may be two babies, sir: for they come commonly with giving a woman her will.

LOD. I'd laugh at that, i' faith, boy. But who has she now for her confessor?

CLOWN. She looks for one, they call him father Antony, sir; and he's wished[1] to her by Madonna Lussuriosa.

Enter DOROTHEA *and* FRANCISCO.

LOD. There's another modest soul too, never without a holy man at her elbow! But here comes one outweighs them all. Why, how now, chick, weeping so fast? This is the fault of most of our ladies; painting—weeping for their sins I should say, spoils their faces.

FRAN. Sweet madam.

LOD. Look, look, look! loving soul, he weeps for company!

CLOWN. And I shall laugh outright by and by.

DOR. O that good man!

LOD. Why, bird?

JAS. Be patient, lady.

DOR. Would he go to heaven without his zealous pupil?

CLOWN. It may be he knew not your mind, forsooth.

DOR. He knew my mind well enough.

CLOWN. Why then, it may be, he knew you could not hold out for the journey. Pray, do not set us all a-crying. [*Weeps.*

[1] [Recommended.]

LOD. Prythee, sweet birds-nie, be content.

DOR. Yes, yes, content! when you two leave my company!
No one comes near me; so that were it not
For modest simple Francis here——

CLOWN. As modest as a gib-cat at midnight. [*Aside.*

DOR. That sometimes reads
Virtuous books to me; were it not for him,
I might go look content.[1] But 'tis no matter,
Nobody cares for me.

LOD. Nay, prythee, Doll. Pray, gentlemen, comfort her. [*Weeps.*

CLOWN. Now is the devil writing an encomium upon cunning cuckold-makers.

FRAN. You have been harsh to her of late, I fear, sir.

LOD. By this hand, I turned not from her all last night. What should a man do?

JAS. Come, this is but a sweet obedient shower,
To bedew the lamented grave of her old father.

CLOWN. He thinks the devil's dead too.[2]

DOR. But 'tis no matter; were I such a one
As the Count Lorenzo's lady, were I so graceless
To make you wear a pair of wicked horns,
You would make more reckoning of me——[*Weeps.*

LOD. Weep again? She'll cry out her eyes, gentlemen.

CLOWN. No, I warrant you: remember the two lines your honour read last night—

A woman's eye,
'S April's dust, no sooner wet but dry.

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[1] [I might go in search of it.]

[2] [A proverbial expression, by which the Clown ironically suggests that the world is going to be good at last.]

LOD. Good pigs-nie! Frank, prythee, walk her t'other turn i' th' garden, and get her a stomach to her supper. We'll be with ye presently, wench.

DOR. Nay, when ye please; but why should I go from ye?

LOD. Loving soul! Prythee, Frank, take her away.

DOR. Pray, let me kiss ye first. Come, Francis, Nobody cares for us.

[*At the door* FRANCIS *kisses her. Exeunt.*

LOD. Well, there goes a couple: where shall a man match you, indeed? Hark, Pambo!

JAS. Did you observe?

JOV. They kissed!

JAS. Peace.

LOD. And entreat Madonna Lussuriosa to sup with us: as you go, tell her my lady's never well but in her company.

CLOWN. What, if your honour invited the Count Lorenzo? he'll be so melancholy, now his lady and he are parted.

LOD. Pray do as you are bid, kind sir, and let him alone: I'll have no cuckold sup in my house to-night.

CLOWN. 'Tis a very hot evening; your honour will sup in the garden then.

LOD. Yes, marry, will I, sir; what's that to you?

CLOWN. Why, your honour was ever as good as your word. Keep the cuckolds out of door, and lay a cloth for my lord in the arbour, gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

LOD. I have been this three months about a project.

JOV. What is't, my lord?

LOD. Why, I intend to compose a pamphlet of all my wife's virtues, put them in print, and dedi-

cate them to the duke, as orthodoxal directions against he marries.

JAS. 'Twill give him apt instructions, when he does marry, to pick out such a woman.

LOD. Pick her! where will he pick her? as the English proverb says, *He may as soon find a needle in a bottle of hay.* Would I knew what sins she has committed, I would set them down all one with another; they would serve as foils to her virtues: but I do think she has none: d'ye think she has any, gentlemen?

JOV. O, none, sir, but has some.

LOD. Ay, piddling ones, it may be; as when a pin pricks her finger to cry at sight on't, and throw't away; but for other matters——

JAS. Now I think on't, sir, I have a device newly begotten that, if you be so desirous to be resolved of her perfections, 'twill be an apt means for your intelligence.

LOD. That will be excellent; and then my book, grounded upon mine own experience, the report of my judgment in the choice of a woman, will sell them off faster than the compositor can set the letters together.

JAS. We will discourse it as we go: meantime, sir,

Let this prepare the path to your construction,
Conceit and confidence are jugglers born;
One grafts in air, t'other hides the real horn.

LOD. Well, he that believes he has horns, has horns; and *Crede quod habes, et habes,* shall be my motto. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PANDULPHO *and* SPINOSO.

SPIN. The powers of Venice upon our confines?

PAN. Yes: Signor Philippo, it seems, having possess'd him[1]
With the passages that pass'd upon his sister,
Embassadors were despatch'd to Bergamo,
Where then his forces lay: who thus return'd,
That he came not a public foe unto Verona,
But to require justice against Count Lorenzo,
To approve his sister innocent.
SPIN. What witness,
Proof, or apparent circumstance builds he
His bold attempt upon?
PAN. He says, besides
The honour of Philippo, he has proof
So unresistible to affirm the plot
Of Count Lorenzo, that he only crav'd
(Hostages being render'd for their safe returns)
Here in the senate-chamber the fair trial
Might publicly be censur'd. And by this
They are at hand.

Enter at one door DUKE OF VENICE, PHILIPPO, *and* LORDS: *at the other*, DUKE *of* VERONA, JASPRO, JOVANI; LORENZO *guarded. A bar set out. The* 1ST SLAVE.

VER. Fair sir, the presence is levell'd for your grievances.
VEN. First summon to the bar the Count Lorenzo.
PAN. Lorenzo Medico, stand to the bar.
LOR. I do stand to the bar.
VEN. I come not here, witness the good man's comfort,

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[1] That is, acquainted, or informed him. [See note at vol. ix., p. 433.]

To add one step unto my territories; and though I burden
The neighbour-bosom of my confines with
The weight of armour, or do wound your breast
(My dukedom's near next neighbour) with the hoofs
Of war-apparell'd horses, 'tis not to seek
For martial honours, but for civil justice.
Conceive mine honour wounded: a sister's shame
Is an unpleasant spot upon our arms;
Yet that we come not here to sanctify
A sister's sin; for if she be so prov'd,
Shame sleep within her epitaph, and brand her;
Let bears and wolves that angel's face confound,
Gives goodness such a foul, unfriendly wound:
But if she chaste be prov'd, what balm can cure
A wounded name? As he that not inflicts
The bitter stroke of law upon the strumpet
Fattens the sad afflictions of a thousand;
So who but stains an honest woman's name
Plagues are yet kept for him: steel is no defence
For the unclean tongue injures innocence.
I affirm my sister wrong'd, wrong'd by this man—
This, that has wrong'd pure judgment, and thrown poison
Upon the face of truth; and upon him
I seek a satisfaction.

LOR. I reply,
The law must give you satisfaction,
That justly did divorce us: I appeal
To the whole consiliadory, if equal law
In her progression went a step astray,
Either by proof or information.
Let the duke speak (not as he is my kinsman)
If I produc'd not legally in court,
Besides mine own assertion, which even reason
Grounded on probability, two of my servants,

That upon oath affirm'd they saw your sister
Even in the very act of sin and shame
With that Philippo there. Blame me not then, sir,
If I return an error to your cause.
Reason, the base whereon we build the laws
You injure in this action, gives her the lie.
Who dares not build his faith upon his eye?
They swore what they did see; and men still fear
(Reason concludes) what they not see, to swear.

VER. You hear my kinsman's answer?

PAN. And 'tis requisite
That you produce your author: it is held
Mere madness on a hill of sand to build.

PHIL. The foundation-work is mine,
And that I answer: he builds on truth,
The good man's mistress, and not in the sanctuary
Of this injur'd brother's power, but the integrity
And glory of the cause. I throw the pawn
Of my afflicted honour, and on that
I openly affirm your absent lady
Chastity's well-knit abstract: snow in the fall,
Purely refin'd by the bleak northern blast,
Not freer from a soil; the thoughts of infants
But little nearer heaven: and if these princes
Please to permit, before their guilty thoughts
Injure another hour upon the lady,
My right-drawn sword shall prove it.

LOR. Upon my knee, sir,
(How my soul dances!) humbly I entreat
Your grant to his request: fight with Philippo
I' th' midst of flame or pestilence; in a cave,
Where basilisks do breed.

VER. We must take counsel:
The price of blood is precious.

LOR. Blood desires burthen:
The price of truth is precious. For all the fights

I have fought for you on land : the feats [1] at sea,
Where I have tugg'd with tempests, stood storms at midnight,
Out-star'd the flaring lightning, and the next morning
Chas'd the unruly stubborn Turk with thunder ;
For all the bullets I have bravely shot,
And sent death singing to the slaughter, sir——
VER. Peace !
LOR. What should a soldier do with peace ? remember
Mine honour lies a-bleeding, and in mine yours ;
Her wide wound inward bleeds ; and while you cry peace,
Shame wars upon my name. O, rather kill me,
Than cast me to this scandal !
SPIN. The doubtful cause,
With such a dare approv'd, you may permit it.
VER. Your request is granted, coz.
LOR. You have now, sir, breath'd
Fresh air in the face of fainting honour.
Rapiers of fair equality.
VEN.[2] Look with what cunning
The spider, when she would snare the fly, doth weave
With neater art appearance [to] deceive.
Stay !—as you said, sir, blood is a precious price :
Let me but see the men produc'd who swore
They saw them in the shameful act, and then
Farewell a sister and her honour.
PAN. Produce your servants, sir.
[VENICE *sends off a Lord.*
LOR. Plague of this change ! here's one of them ; the t'other,

[1] Old copy, *fears.*]
[2] The speech following has hitherto very mistakenly been assigned to Verona. The sense, even without comparison with the old copy, shows the error.—*Collier.*

In that I threaten'd him for some neglect,
The next day ran away.
VEN. Did you, sir, swear
You saw our sister and this gentleman
In this base act of sin?
LOR. Fear nothing.
1ST SLAVE. To deny truth
Is more dangerous than to displease a duke.
I saw it, and did swear it.

Enter LORD, *and* 2D SLAVE.

VEN. But here comes one
Will swear you saw it not, and are forsworn.
1ST SLAVE. 'Sfoot, Stratzo!
SPIN. This is the other fellow took his oath.
VER. What come you here to say, sir?
2D SLAVE. That we swore falsely, may it please your grace;
Hir'd by my lord with gifts and promises:
And as I now have spoke the truth, so Heaven
Forgive my former perjury!
VER. Hear you, cousin?
1ST SLAVE. Would you would say something:
I have nettles in my breeches.
LOR. Now, now, I hope, your eyes are open, lords;
The bed of snakes is broke, the trick's come out,
And here's the knot i' th' rush. Good Heaven, good Heaven!
That craft, in seeking to put on disguise,
Should so discover herself!
VER. Explain yourself!
LOR. Now see, sir, where this scorpion lurks, to sting
Mine honour unto death. This noble duke
By nature is engaged to defend a sister;

And to this duke so engag'd this malicious lord—
For sin still hates her scourger—makes repair,
And prepossesses him with that suppos'd innocence
Of an injur'd sister, which he had hir'd this slave
To follow him and affirm, and lays the cause
To scruple and to conscience: they did consent
To steal belief by seeming accident.
Sin, juggler-like, casts sin before our eyes:
Craft sometimes steals the wonder of the wise.
With an equal hand now weigh me, and if I want
A grain of honour, tear me from your blood,
And cast me to contempt.

1ST SLAVE. My lord would have made an excellent state-sophister. [*Aside.*

VER. In what a strange dilemma judgment sits,
Charm'd to her chair with wonder!

VEN. Shall I have justice?

PAN. Yes, in that this fellow swears for the duke:
Reach him the book; you shall see him again
Take the former oath.

VER. This doubt must be so ended:
If it give not satisfaction, send back our hostage;
You have fair regress to your forces: but
The blood remains on you; and still remember,
The price of blood is precious.

PHIL. Let us end it.

VEN. O, what a combat honour holds with conscience!
Reach him the book; and if thou false dost say,
May thine own tongue thine own foul heart betray.

1ST SLAVE. Amen, say I:
Give me the book. My oath must end all, then?

SPIN. It must.

LOR. Now you shall hear him swear
He saw them both in the base act.

1ST SLAVE. Nay, I swear
They are now both seen in the base act.
OMNES. How's this?
PAN. 'Tis a strange oath.
1ST SLAVE. 'Tis true, though.
LOR. True, villain! are both now seen in the base act?
1ST SLAVE. Yes, both.
LOR. Which both?
1ST SLAVE. You and I, sir.
OMNES. How?
1ST SLAVE. Both you and I are seen in the base act,
Slandering spotless honour, an act so base
The barbarous Moor would blush at.
PHIL. D'ye hear him now?
LOR. Out, slave! wilt thou give ground too? fear works upon 'em:
Did you not both here swear i' th' senate-chamber,
You saw them both dishonest?
1ST SLAVE. Then we swore true, sir.
LOR. I told you 'twas but fear.
VER. Swore ye true then, sir, when ye swore
Ye both saw them dishonest?
1ST SLAVE. Yes, marry, did we, sir;
For we were both two villains when we saw them,
So we saw them dishonest.
VEN. Heaven, thou art equal!
1ST SLAVE. This is a jealous lord, his lady chaste.
A rock of crystal not more clear, this gentleman
Basely abus'd; this great prince dishonour'd;
And so we kneel for mercy.
VER. You have redeem'd it:
Depart, prove honest men. That I should bear
Dishonour in my blood!
OMNES. Much-injur'd lady!

VEN. What justice, sir, belongs unto the injur'd?
VER. First, witness Heaven, I tear thee from my blood,
And cast thee off a stranger. Assume you, sir,
Since the great cause is yours, my seat of justice,
And sentence this foul homicide: it must be,
And suddenly; he will infect the air else.
Proceed, great sir, with rigour, whilst I stand by,
And do adore the sentence.
VEN. Answer, Lorenzo,
Art thou not guilty?
LOR. Give me my merit—death.
Princes can build and ruin with one breath.
VEN. The cause may seem to merit death, in that
Two souls were hazarded, a princess' fame,
A duke dishonour'd, and a noble lord
Wounded in reputation; but since she lives,
And that no blood was spilt (though something dearer)
Mercy thus far stretches her silver wings
Over your trespass. We do banish you
Both from our dukedom's limits and your own:
If you but set a daring foot upon them,
Whilst life lends you ability to stand,
You fall into the pit of death, unless
You shall find out our most unfortunate sister,
And bring her to our court.
LOR. You, sir, are merciful!
VER. This let me add,
In that you have had[1] impartial justice, sir,
Princes should punish vice in their own blood:
Until you find that excellent injur'd lady,
Upon this gentleman, who hath suffer'd for you,
We confer your lands, revenues, and your place:

[1] [Old copy, *made*.]

That, during three days' stay within our confines,
It shall be death to any that relieves you,
But, as they do a beggar at their door,
So cast you from their presence.[1]

LOR. Your dooms are just!
O love, thy first destruction is distrust!

[*Exeunt* LORENZO,[2] JASPRO, *and* JOVANI.

VER. For you, fair sir, until we shall hear tidings
Of your most-injur'd sister, please you to call
My court your own—conceive it so—where live.
Two partners in one passion we will be,
And sweeten sorrow with a sympathy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LODOVICO *like a friar*, JASPRO, *and* JOVANI.

LOD. What, am I fitted, gallants? am I fitted?

JAS. To th' life, able to cheat suspicion; and so like
Father Antony the confessor, that I protest
There's not more semblance in a pair of eggs.

JOV. An apple cut in half is not so like.

LOD. Well, lords,[3] you're mad lords to counsel me to this. But now, in this habit, shall I know the very core of her heart and her little piddling sins, which will show in my book as foils to her giant-bodied virtues.

JAS. That will be admirable!

JOV. We'll step aside: by this she's upon coming.

JAS. We shall know all.

LOD. Reveal, confession! but go your ways: as

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[1] [Old copy, *So cast him from our presence.*]

[2] The 4° reads, *Exeunt Lord*, &c., but Lorenzo is meant.—*Collier.*

[3] [Old copy, *of lords.*]

much as may lawfully be revealed, we'll laugh at at next meeting.

JAS. Come, let's be gone. But once upon a time, sir,

A beggar found a lark's nest; and, o'erjoy'd
At his sudden glut, for he thought 'twas full of young ones,
Looking, they were all gone: he was forc'd again to beg,
For he found in the lark's nest a serpent's egg.
So much good d'ye, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DOROTHEA.

LOD. Well, thou surpassest all the courtiers in these pretty ones, if a man had the wit to understand them. Yonder she comes: I can hardly forbear blushing, but that for discovering myself.

Right reverend habit, I honour thee
With a son's obedience, and do but borrow thee,
As men would play with flies who, i' th' midst
Of modest mirth, with care preserve themselves.

DOR. Hail, holy father!

LOD. Welcome, my chaste daughter!

DOR. Death having taken good father Jacomo,
Upon the plenal and approv'd report
Of your integrity and upright dealing——

LOD. Delicate Doll! [*Aside.*]

DOR. I have made a modest choice of you, grave sir,
To be my ghostly father: and to you I fall
For absolution.

LOD. Empty then, my daughter,
That vessel of your flesh of all the dregs
Which, since your last confession clear'd you, have
Taken a settled habitation in you;
And with a powerful sweet acknowledgment

Hunt out those spirits which haunt that house
of flesh.
Tears make dry branches flourish green and fresh.
DOR. Since last I confess'd, then I do confess
My first sin was, that my tailor bringing home
My last new gown, having made the sleeves too
flanting,
In an unchristian passion I did bid
The devil take him.
LOD. That was something harsh, dear daughter,
Yet the more pardonable, for it may be your tailor
Lies in hell night by night. Pray, to your second.
DOR. Next, in a more savage rage, my chamber-
maid
Putting a little saffron in her starch,[1]
I most unmercifully broke her head.
LOD. 'Twas rashly done too. But are you sure,
dear daughter,
The maid's head was not broke before?
DOR. No, no, sir; she came to me with ne'er a
crack about her.
LOD. These will be brave sins to mix with her virtues! Why, they will make no more show than three or four bailiffs amongst a company of honest men. [*Aside.*] These sins, my dove-like daughter, are out of contradiction venial, trivial, and light. Have you none of greater growth?
DOR. O yes, sir, one!
LOD. One! What should that be, I wonder?
DOR. One yet remains behind
Of weight and consequence. The same order
Heralds prescribe in shows, I now observe
In placing of my sins; as there inferiors
Fare 'fore the persons of great note,[2] so last,

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[1] See note on "Albumazar," [xi. 328.]
[2] *i.e.*, Go before. Old copy, *Far more.*—*Pegge.*

Because the last lives freshest in our memories,[1]
My great sin comes to obliterate those pass'd.
LOD. Sh' has trod some chicken to death, I warrant her. [*Aside.*]
DOR. Hear me, and let a blush make you look red.
Unseemly I have abus'd my husband's bed.
LOD. You did ill to drink too hard ere you went to bed.
DOR. Alas, sir! you mistake me: I have lain
With another man besides my husband.
LOD. How?
DOR. Nay, the same way I use to lie with him,
But not altogether so often.
LOD. Why then, *Crede quod habes, et habes*, I will believe I have horns, for I have 'em. 'Sfoot, a woman, I perceive, is a neat herald; she can quarter her husband's coat with another's[2] arms at pleasure. But I have a penance for your pure whoreship. [*Aside.*] You are somewhat broad: are you not with child, daughter?
DOR. Yes, yes; sure, 'twas that night's work.
LOD. How know you that?
DOR. Alas! by experience, sir. The kind fool my husband
Wishes all well; but, like a light piece of gold,
He's taken for more than he weighs.
LOD. With child! there's charges too: o' th' other side, there should follow
A zealous exhortation: but great affairs
That brook no stay make me be brief, rememb'ring
Lawful necessity may dispense with ceremony.
You are ingenuously sorry?

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[1] [In the former edits. this line precedes the one before it, to the prejudice of the sense.]
[2] [Old copy, *butcher's.*]

DOR. Yes, indeed, sir.
LOD. And resolve to fall no more so?
DOR. No, in truth, sir.
LOD. I then pronounce you here absolv'd. Now for your penance.
DOR. Anything.
LOD. As the fact in you seems strange, so blame me not
If your penance be as strange. You may wonder at it,
But it is wonderous easy in performance;
But as your penance I enjoin it. Nay, now I remember
In an old French authentic author, his book
'Titled, *De Satisfactione*, I read the same
Enjoin'd a lady of Dauphin. 'Tis no holy fast,
No devout prayer, nor no zealous pilgrimage;
'Tis out of the prescrīb'd road.
DOR. Let it be
So strange [that] story ne'er match'd the injunction,
I do vow the plenal strict performance.
LOD. Listen to me.
Soon at night (so rumour spreads it through the city)
The two great dukes of Venice and Verona
Are feasted by your lord, where a masque's intended.
DOR. That's true, sir.
LOD. Now, when ye all are set round about the table,
In depth of silence, you shall confess these words
Aloud to your husband, *You are not this child's father:*
And, 'cause my order bars[1] me such inquisition,

[1] [Old copy, *orders bar*. Mr Collier's correction. He alludes, as Mr Collier suggests, to the religious order to which he pretends to belong.]

You shall say, Such a man lay with me,
Naming the party was partner in your sin.
DOR. Good sir!
LOD. This is your penance I enjoin you: keep it,
You are absolv'd; break it, you know the danger of it. Good-bye!
DOR. O good sir, stay! never was penance of more shame than this.
LOD. You know the danger of the breach as to us:
'Tis the shameful loss of our religious orders,
If we reveal.
DOR. For Heaven's sake,
Enjoin me first upon my knees to creep
From Verona to Loretto.
LOD. That's nothing.
DOR. Nothing indeed to this. Is this your penance,
So wondrous easy in performance?
LOD. 'Tis irrevocable.
DOR. I am silent: your new penance may meet
A new performance. Farewell, sir.
You are the cruell'st e'er confess'd me before.
LOD. And this the trick to catch a right pure whore. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter ABSTEMIA.

ABS. Here, miserable, despis'd Abstemia,
In Milan let thy misery take breath,
Wearied with many sufferings. O Lorenzo!
How far in love I am with my affliction,
Because it calls thee father! Unto this house,
Where gentlewomen lodge, I was directed;

But I here discover
Strange actions closely carried in this house.
Great persons (but not good) here nightly revel
In surfeits and in riots, yet so carried,
That the next day the place appears a sanctuary
Rather than sin's foul receptacle. These ways
Have to me still been strangers; but, Lorenzo,
Thou couldst not, though, believe it. O jealousy!
[O] love's eclipse! Thou art, in thy disease,
A wild mad patient, wondrous hard to please.

Enter TIMPANIA *and* MORBO.

MOR. Yonder she walks, mumbling to herself. The Prince Antonio has blessed her with's observation; and ye win her but to him, your house bears the bell away. Accost her quaintly.

TIM. I warrant thee, Morbo; Madonna Timpania has effected wonders of more weight than a maidenhead. Have I ruined so many city-citadels to let in court-martialists, and shall this country-cottage hold out? I were more fit for a cart than a coach then, i' faith. How now, Millicent, how d'ye this morning?

ABS. Well, I do thank so good a landlady.

TIM. But hark you, Mill. Is the door close, Morbo?

MOR. As a usurer's conscience. Grace was coming in, till she saw the door shut upon her.

TIM. I'll set Grace about her business, and I come to her. Is here any work for Grace, with a wanion to her?[1] We shall have eavesdroppers, shall we?

---

[1] This expression occurs in "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," act ii. sc. 1—

"Look how thou stirrest now:
Come away, I'll fetch thee with a *wannion*."

ABS. Chastity guard me! how I tremble.

TIM. Come hither, Mistress Millicent. Fie, how you let your hair hang about your ears too! How do you like my house, Mill?

ABS. Well indeed, well.

TIM. Nay, I know a woman may rise here in one month, and she will herself. But truth's truth: I know you see something, as they say, and so forth. Did you see the gallant was here last till twelve?

ABS. Which of them mean you? Here was many.

TIM. Which? he in the white feather, that supped in the gallery: was't not white, Morbo?

MOR. As a lady's hand, by these five fingers.

TIM. White? No, no, 'twas a tawny, now I remember.

MOR. As a gipsy, by this hand: it looked white by candle-light, though.

TIM. That lusty springal,[1] Millicent, is no worse man
Than the Duke of Milan's son.

ABS. His excellent carriage spoke him of noble birth.

TIM. And this same duke's son loves you, Millicent.

Again, in Ben Jonson's "Devil is an Ass"—

"And a cuckold is,
Where'er he put his head with a *wannion*,
If his horns be forth, the devil's companion!"

[And in a thousand other places.]

[1] *Springal* (adolescens), a youth.—*Skinner.* So in Spenser's "Faery Queene," bk. v. c. x. s. 6—

"Amongst the rest which in that space befel,
There came two *springals* of full tender yeers."

And in "Wily Beguiled," 1606: "Pray ye, maid, bid him welcome, and make much of him, for by my vay, he's a good proper *springold*."

ABS. Now Heaven defend me!

TIM. What, from a duke's son? marry, come up with a murrain, from whence came you, trow, ha?

MOR. Thus nice Grace was at first, and you remember.

TIM. I would have ye know, housewife, I could have taken my coach, and fetched him one of the best pieces in Milan, and her husband should have looked after me, that's neighbours might have noted, and cried, *Farewell, naunt,*[1] *commend me to mine uncle.*

MOR. And yet from these perfumed fortunes Heaven defend you!

ABS. Perfumed, indeed.

MOR. Perfumed! I am a pander, a rogue; that hangs together like a beggar's rags, by geometry, if there were not three ladies swore yesterday that my mistress perfumed the coach! so they were fain to unbrace all the side-parts, to take in fresh air.

TIM. He tells you true; I keep no common company, I warrant ye. We vent no breathed ware here.

ABS. But have ye so many several women to answer so many men that come?

MOR. I'll answer that by demonstration. Have ye not observed the variation of a cloud? sometimes it will be like a lion, sometimes like a horse, sometimes a castle, and yet still a cloud.

ABS. True.

MOR. Why, so can we make one wench one day look like a country wench, another day like a citizen's wife, another day like a lady, and yet still be a punk.

ABS. What shall become of me? O, the curse
Of goodness, to leave one woe for a worse!

[1] [*i.e.*, Aunt, a phrase already explained.]

Enter PHILIPPO.

PHIL. Morrow, sweet madam.
O, look how, like the sun behind a cloud,
The beams do give intelligence it is there!

TIM. You're reciprocal welcome, sir.

PHIL. What, have ye not brought this young wild haggard [1] to the lure yet?

TIM. Faith, sir, she's a little irregular yet: but time, that turns citizens' caps into court-periwigs, will bring the wonder about.

PHIL. Bless you, sweet mistress!

Enter ANTONIO *and* SLAVE.

MOR. 'Sfoot! here's the prince: I smell thunder.

TIM. Your grace is most methodically welcome. You must pardon my variety of phrase: the courtiers e'en cloy us with good words.

ANT. What's he?

MOR. A gentleman of Ferrara, sir; one Pedro Sebastiano.

ANT. And do ye set her out to sale? I charged ye reserve for me alone.

TIM. Indeed, sir——

ANT. Pox of your deeds! [*Kicks her.*

TIM. O my sciatica!

ANT. Sirrah, you perfumed rascal!
[*Kicks* PHILIPPO. *They draw.*

TIM. Nay, good my lord.

MOR. Good sir, 'tis one of the duke's chamber.

PHIL. Let him be of the devil's chamber.

---

[1] "A haggard goshawke" is one that is wild and hard to reclaim. See Latham's "Book of Faulconry," 1633. And Massinger's "Maid of Honour," act ii. sc. 2—

"A proud *haggard*,
And not to be reclaim'd!"

ANT. Sirrah, leave the house, or I will send thee out with thunder.

SLAVE. Good sir, 'tis madness here to stand him.

PHIL. 'Sfoot, kicked! Pray that we meet no more again, sir: still keep heaven about you.[1]

ABS. Whate'er thou art, a good man still go with thee.

ANT. Will you bestow a cast of your professions?

MOR. We are vanished, sir.

TIM. This 'tis to dream of rotten glasses, Morbo.

ABS. O, what shall become of me? In his eye murder and lust contend.

ANT. Nay, fly not, you sweet,
I am not angry with you; indeed, I am not.
Do you know me?

ABS. Yes, sir, report hath given intelligence
You are the prince, the duke's son.

ANT. Both in one.

ABS. Report, sure,
Spoke but her native language: you are none of either.

ANT. How?

ABS. Were you the prince, you would not, sure, be slav'd
To your blood's passion. I do crave your pardon
For my rough language: truth hath a forehead free,
And in the tow'r of her integrity
Sits an unvanquish'd virgin. Can you imagine
'Twill appear possible you are the prince?

---

[1] Philippo here makes his *Exit*, which is not marked in the old copy, and, under the circumstances, is not very creditable to him.—*Collier.*

Why, when you set your foot first in this house,
You crush'd obedient duty unto death,
And even then fell from you your respect.
Honour is like a goodly old house, which
If we repair not still with virtue's hand,
Like a citadel being madly rais'd on sand,
It falls, is swallow'd, and not found [again].

ANT. If you rail upon the place, prythee,
How cam'st thou hither?

ABS. By treacherous intelligence. Honest men so
In the way ignorant, through thieves' purlieus go.
Are you [the] son to such a noble father?
[And would you] send him to's grave then,
Like a white almond-tree, full of glad days,
With joy that he begot so good a son.
O sir, methinks I see sweet majesty
Sit with a mourning sad face full of sorrows,
To see you in this place. This is a cave
Of scorpions and of dragons. O, turn back:
Toads here engender; 'tis the steam of death:
The very air poisons a good man's breath.

ANT. Within there!

Enter TIMPANIA *and* MORBO.

MOR. Sir.

ANT. Is my caroch at door?

TIM. And your horses too, sir. Ye found her pliant?

ANT. Y' are rotten hospitals hung with greasy satin!

TIM. Ah!

MOR. Came this nice piece from Naples, with a pox to her?

TIM. And she has not Neapolitanised him, I'll be flea'd for't. [*Exeunt* BAWD *and* PANDER.

ANT. Let me borrow goodness from thy lip.
Farewell.
Here's a new wonder: I have met heaven in hell.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter VENICE, VERONA, LODOVICO, PANDULPHO, JASPRO.

VER. Is this your chaste, religious lady?

LOD. Nay, good my lord, let it be carried with a silent reputation, for the credit of the conclusion. As all here are privy to the passage, I do desire not to be laughed at till after the masque, and we are all ready. I have made bold with some of your grace's gentlemen, that are good dancers.

VER. 'Tis one of my greatest wonders, credit me,
To think what way she will devise here openly
To perform her so strict penance.

VEN. It busies me, believe me, too.

JAS. Ye may see now, sir, how possible it is for a cunning lady to make an ass of a lord too confident.

LOD. An ass! I will prove a contented cuckold the wisest man in's company.

VER. How prove you that, sir?

LOD. Because he knows himself.

VER. Very well brought in.
Is all our furniture fit, against the morning,
To go for Milan?

JAS. Ready, and like your grace.

VER. We are given to understand, the injur'd princess,
Whom Count Lorenzo and noble Philippo
Are, unknown to one another, gone in search of,
Hath been seen there disguis'd. Strict inquisition
From the duke himself shall, ere many days,
Give our hopes satisfaction.

Enter DOROTHEA, LADIES, FRANCISCO, *and* CLOWN.

JAS. The ladies, sir. Francisco keeps before, sir,
And Pambo keeps all well behind.

LOD. Yes, there's devout lechery between hawk and buzzard. But, please ye, set the ladies: the masque attends your grace. [*Exit.*

VER. Come, ladies, sit. Madonna Dorothea,
Your ingenious lord hath suddenly prepar'd us
For a conceited masque, and himself, it seems,
Plays the presenter.

DOR. Now, fie upon this vanity!
A profane masque? Chastity keep us, ladies.

VEN. What, from a masque? Whereon grounds your wish?

DOR. Marry, my lord, upon experience.
I heard of one once brought his wife to a masque
As chaste as a cold night; but, poor unfortunate fellow,
He lost her in the throng; and she, poor soul,
Came home so crush'd next morning!

VEN. 'Las, that was ill:
But women will be lost against their will.

VER. Silence, the masquers enter.

Enter LODOVICO, CLOWN, *and* MASQUERS: *a stag, a ram, a bull, and a goat.*

CLOWN. Look to me, master.

LOD. Do not shake: they'll think th' art out. A masque[1]——

CLOWN. A masque, or no masque; no masque but a by-clap;
And yet a masque yclep'd *A City Nightcap.*

[1] Lodovico stands by, and prompts the Clown as he speaks the prologues.—*Collier.*

LOD. And conve——

CLOWN. And conveniently for to keep off scorns.
Considerately the cap is hedg'd with horns.

LOD. We insinuate.

CLOWN. Speak a little louder.

LOD. We insinuate.

CLOWN. We insinuate, by this stag and ram so pretty,
With goat and bull, court, country, camp, and city.

LOD. Cuckold.

CLOWN. Cuckold, my lord?

LOD. 'Tis the first word of your next line.

CLOWN. O——Cuckold begins with C. And is't not sport?
The C begins with country, camp, and court:
But here's the fine figary of our poet,
That one may wear this nightcap, and not know it.

DOR. Why, chicken, shall they make such an ass of thee? Good your grace, can a woman endure to see her loving husband wear horns in's own house?

VER. Pray, lady, 'tis but in jest.

DOR. In jest? Nay, for the jest sake, keep then on, sweet bird.

CLOWN. Now to our masque's name: but first, be it known-a
When I name a city, I only mean Verona.
Those two lines are extempore, I protest, sir; I brought them in, because here are some of other cities in the room, that might snuff pepper else.[1]

[1] *i.e.*, Might take offence, or be affronted. To *take pepper in the nose*, was formerly a cant phrase for being affronted or irritated; as in Tarlton's "Newes out of Purgatory," 1630, p. 10: "Myles hearing him name the Baker, *tooke straight pepper in the nose*, and starting up, threw off his cardinals roabes."

VEN. You have fairly ta'en that fear off; pray, proceed.

LOD. Your kindest men——

CLOWN. Your kindest men most cuckolds are, O pity!
And where have women most their will? i' th'[1] city!
Seek[2] for a nightcap, go to cuckolds' luck;
Who thrives like him who hath the daintiest duck
To deck his stall? nay, at the time of rapping.
When you may take the watch at corners napping;
Take it, forsooth—it is a wondrous hap,
If you find master constable without his cap:
So a city nightcap, for whilst he doth roam
And fights abroad, his wife commits at home.

VEN. A Verona constable.

CLOWN. A constable of Verona; we will not meddle with your city of Venice, sir.

Therefore 'tis fit the city, wise men say,
Should have a cap called Cornucopia.

LOD. To con——

CLOWN. To conclude our cap, and stretch it on the tenter,
'Tis known a city is the whole land's centre:
So that a city nightcap ours we call
By a conclusion philosophical.
Heavy bodies tend to th' centre, so (the more the pity)
The heaviest heads do butt upon the city:
And to our dance this title doth redound,
A city nightcap, alias, *cuckolds' round*.

DOR. Cuckolds' round! and my sweet bird leads the dance!

VER. Be patient, madam, 'tis but honest mirth:
From good construction pleasure finds full birth.

[*Dance.*

[1] [Old copy, *oh.*] [2] [Old copy, *Sick.*]

VER. Jaspro, fill some wine.
JAS. 'Tis here, sir.
VER. Count Lodovico!
LOD. Sir.
VER. I'll instantly give you a fair occasion to produce
The performance of her penance.
LOD. I'll catch occasion by the lock,[1] sir.
VER. Here, a health to all; it shall go round.
LOD. 'Tis a general health, and leads the rest into the field.
CLOWN. Your honour breaks jests as serving-men do glasses—by chance.
VER. As I was drinking, I was thinking, trust me,
How fortunate our kind host was to meet with
So chaste a wife. Troth, tell me, good Count Lodowick,
Admit Heaven had her——
LOD. O good your grace, do not wound me—
Admit Heaven had her! 'las, what should Heaven do with her?
VER. Your love makes you thus passionate; but admit so:
Faith, what wife would you choose?
LOD. Were I to choose then, as I would I were, so this were at Japan,
I would wish, my lord, a wife so like my lady,
That once a week she should go to confession;
And to perform the penance she should run,
Nay, should do nought but dream on't, till 'twere done.
JAS. A delicate memento to put her in mind of her penance. [*Aside.*]
DOR. Now you talk of dreams, sweetheart, I'll

[1] [As we should say, *by the forelock.*]

tell ye a very unhappy one: I was a-dreamed last night of Francis there.

LOD. Of Frank?

DOR. Nay, I have done with him.

LOD. Now your grace shall see the devil outdone.

VER. Pray, let us hear your dream.

DOR. Bless me! I am e'en asham'd to tell it: but 'tis no matter, chick,
A dream is a dream, and this it was.
Methought, sweet husband, Francis lay with me.

LOD. The best friend still at home, Francisco.
Could the devil, sir, perform a penance neater,
And save his credit better? On, chick; a dream is but a dream.

DOR. Methought I prov'd with child, sweetheart.

LOD. Ay, bird?

FRAN. Pox of these dreams!

DOR. Methought I was brought to bed; and one day sitting
I' th' gallery, where your masquing-suits and vizards hang,
Having the child, methought, upon my knee,
Who should come thither, as to play at foils,
But thou, sweetheart, and Francis?

LOD. Frank and I! Does your grace mark that?

VER. I do, and wonder at her neat conveyance on't.

DOR. Ye had not play'd three veneys,[1] but methought

---

1 *i.e.*, Says Mr Steevens (note to "Merry Wives of Windsor," act i. sc. 1), "three *venues*, Fr. three different set-to's, *bouts*, a technical term." Several instances are there produced, to which may be added the following:—

He hit thee such a blow upon the forehead,
It swell'd so, that thou couldst not see.

LOD. See, see!

DOR. At which the child cried, so that I could not still it;
Whereat, methought, I pray'd thee to put on
The hat thou wor'st but now before the duke, thinking thereby
To still the child: but, being frighted with't,
He cried the more.

LOD. He! Frank, thou gett'st boys.

FRAN. In dreams, it seems, sir.

DOR. Whereat I cried, methought, pointing to thee—
Away, thou naughty man, you are not this child's father!

LOD. Meaning the child Francisco got.

DOR. The same: and then I wak'd and kiss'd thee.

OMNES. A pretty merry dream!

Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," act i. sc. 5—

"MAT. But one *venue*, sir.
BOB. *Venue!* fie, a most gross denomination as ever I heard."

"The Old Law," by Massinger, &c., act iii. sc. 2—

"To give your perfum'd worship *three venues*.
A sound old man puts his thrust better home
Than a spic'd young man."

Greene's "Historie of Fryer Bacon and Fryer Bungay," Sig. G 4, edit. 1630—

"Why stand'st thou, Serlsby, doubt'at thou of thy life."
A veney, man! faire Margaret craves so much."

Fennor's "Compter's Commonwealth," 1617, p. 21: "Thus are my young novices strucke to the heart at the first *venny*, and dares come no more for feare of as sharp a repulse."

Enter JASPRO.

JAS. Your servant tells me,
Count Lodowick, that one Father Antony,
A holy man, stays without to speak with you.
LOD. With me or my lady?
JAS. Nay, with you, and about earnest business.
LOD. I'll go send up, and he shall interpret my lady's dream. Hist, Jaspro. [*Exeunt.*
DOR. Why, husband! my lord!
FRAN. Didst mark? He must interpret.[1]
CLOWN. I smell wormwood and vinegar. [*Aside.*
VEN. She changes colour.
DOR. He will not, sure, reveal confession!
VER. We'll rise, and to our lodgings: I think your highness
Keeps better hours in Venice?
VEN. As all do, sir:
We many times make modest mirth a necessity
To produce ladies' dreams.
FRAN. How they shoot at us! Would I were in Milan!
These passages fry me.

Enter JASPRO *and* LODOVICO.[2]

JAS. Here's strange juggling come to light.
VER. Ha, juggling!
JAS. This friar hath confess'd unto Count Lodowick,
That this lady here, being absolv'd, confess'd
This morning to him here, in her own house,
Her man Francisco here had lain with her.

---

[1] [Old copy reads,] *I must interpret.* Francisco seems to allude to Lodovico's last words.—*Pegge.*

[2] Lodovico is disguised like a friar, as is evident from the rest of the scene.—*Collier.*

At which her lord runs up and down the garden
Like one distracted, crying, *Ware horns, ho!*

DOR. Art mad? Deny it yet; I am undone else.

CLOWN. Father Tony!

LOD. I confess it, I deny it—ay, anything. I do everything; I do nothing.

VER. The friar's fallen frantic; and being mad,
Depraves a lady of so chaste a breast,
A bad thought never bred there.

DOR. 'Tis my misfortune still to suffer, sir.

LOD. Did you not see one slip out of a cloak-bag i' th' fashion of a flitch of bacon, and run under the table amongst the hogs?

VEN. He's mad, he's mad.

CLOWN. Ay, ay, a tithe-pig: 'twas overlaid last night, and he speaks nonsense all the day after——

DOR. Shall I, sir, suffer this—in mine own house too?

CLOWN. I'd scratch out his eyes first.

VER. Since, lady, you and your man Francisco
Are the two injur'd persons, here disrobe
This irregular son of his religious mother,
Expose him to th' apparent blush of shame,
And tear those holy weeds off.

FRAN. Now you, my frantic brother,
Had you not been better spar'd your breath?

DOR. And ye keep counsel, sir, no better,
We'll ease you of your orders.

CLOWN. Nay, let me have a hand in't: I'll tear the coat with more zeal than a puritan would tear a surplice.

FRAN. See what 'tis to accuse when you're mad.

DOR. I confess again to you now, sir, this man did lie with me.

CLOWN. And I brought him to her chamber, too: but come, turn out here.

DUKE. Who's this?

OMNES. 'Tis Count Lodowick.

LOD. How dreams, sweet wife, do fall out true!

CLOWN. I was a-dream'd, now I remember, I was whipped through Verona.

LOD. I was your confessor:
Did not I enjoin your chaste nice ladyship
A dainty penance?

JAS. And she perform'd it
As daintily, sir, we'll be sworn for that.

DOR. O good sir, I crave your pardon!

LOD. And what say you, Francis?

FRAN. You have run best, sir: vain 'tis to defend;
Craft sets forth swift, but still fails in the end.

LOD. You brought him to her chamber, Pambo.

CLOWN. Good my lord, I was merely inveigled to't.

LOD. I have nothing to do with ye; I take no notice of ye; I have played my part off to th' life, and your grace promised to perform yours.

VER. And publicly we will still raise their fame:
Who e'er knew private sin 'scape public shame?
You, sir, that do appear a gentleman,
Yet are within slave to dishonest passions,
You shall through Verona ride upon an ass
With your face towards his back-part, and in
Your hand his tail 'stead of a bridle.

CLOWN. Snails! upon an ass? an't 'ad been upon a horse, it had been worthy, gramercy.

VER. Peace, sirrah:
After that, you shall be branded in the forehead,
And after banish'd. Away with him!

FRAN. Lust is still
Like a midnight meal: after our violent drinkings,
'Tis swallow'd greedily; but, the course being kept,
We are sicker when we wake than ere we slept.
[*Exit.*

CLOWN. He must be branded! if the whore-master be burnt, what shall become of the procurer?

VER. You, madam, in that you have cosen'd sanctity,
To promise her the vows you never paid,
You shall unto the monastery of matrons,
And spend your days reclusive: for we conceive it
Her greatest plague, who her days in lust hath pass'd
And soil'd, against[1] her will to be kept chaste.

DOR. Your doom is just: no sentence can be given
Too hard for her plays fast and loose[2] with Heaven.

LOD. I will buss thee, and bid fair weather after thee. But for you, sirrah——

CLOWN. Nay, sir, 'tis but *crede quod habes, et habes*, at most; believe I have a halter, and I have one.

---

[1] [Old copy, *is against.*]

[2] "*Fast and loose*," says Sir John Hawkins (note to "Antony and Cleopatra," act iv. sc. 10), "is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to represent the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away. The trick is now known to the common people by the name of pricking at the belt or girdle." The Gipsies, so early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, were great adepts in these practices. See Scot's "Discoverie of witchcraft," 1584, p. 336; where in the 29th chapter is described the manner of playing at *fast and loose* with handkerchiefs, &c.

VER. You, sirrah, we are possess'd, were their pander.

CLOWN. I brought but flesh to flesh, sir, and your grace does as much when you bring your meat to your mouth.

VER. You, sirrah, at a cart's tail shall be whipped through the city.

CLOWN. There's my dream out already! but, since there is no remedy but that whipping-cheer must close up my stomach, I would request a note from your grace to the carman, to entreat him to drive apace; I shall never endure it else.

VER. I hope, Count Lodowick, we have satisfied ye.

LOD. To th' full; and I think the cuckold catch'd the cuckold-makers.

VER. 'Twas a neat penance; but, O the art of woman in the performance!

LOD. Pshaw, sir, 'tis nothing: had she been in her gran'am's place—
Had not the devil first begun the sin,
And cheated her, she would have cheated him.

VER. Let all to rest: and, noble sir, i' th' morning
With a small private train we are for Milan.
Vice for a time may shine, and virtue sigh;
But truth, like heaven's sun, plainly doth reveal,
And scourge or crown, what darkness did conceal.

ACT V.

Enter ANTONIO *and a* SLAVE, *one in the other's habit*

SLAVE. But faith, sir, what's your device in this?
This change insinuates some project.

ANT. Shall I tell thee?
Thou art my slave; I took thee (then a Turk)
In the fight thou know'st we made before Palermo:
Thou art not in stricter bondage unto me
Than I am unto Cupid.
SLAVE. O, then you are going, sir,
To your old rendezvous; there are brave rogues there:
But the duke observes you narrowly, and sets spies
To watch if you step that way.
ANT. Why therefore, man,
Thus many times I have chang'd habits with thee,
To cheat suspicion: and prejudicate Nature
(Mistress of inclinations), sure, intended
To knit thee up so like me for this purpose;
For th' hast been taken in my habit for me.
SLAVE. Yes, and have had many a French cringe,
As I have walk'd i' th' park; and, for fear of discovery,
I have crown'd it only with a nod.

Enter a LORD.

ANT. Th' art a mad villain.
But, sirrah, I am wondrously taken
With a sweet face I saw yonder; thou know'st where.
SLAVE. At Venus College, the court bawdy-house.
ANT. But this maid, howsoever she came there,
Is acquainted so with Heaven, that when I thought
To have quench'd my frantic blood, and to have pluck'd
The fruit a king would leap at: even then
She beat me with such brave thunder off, as if
Heaven had lent her the artillery of angels.

SLAVE. She was coy then?
ANT. Coy, man! she was honest—left coyness to court ladies:
She spake the language of the saints, methought.
Holy spectators sat on silver clouds,
And clapp'd their white wings at her well-plac'd words.
She piecemeal pull'd the frame of my intentions,
And so join'd it again, that all the tempest
Of blood can never move it.
SLAVE. Some rare phœnix! what's her name?
ANT. 'Tis Millicenta, and wondrous aptly,
For she is mistress of a hundred thousand holy heavenly thoughts.
Chastely I love her now, and she must know it:
Such wondrous wealth is virtue, it makes the woman
Wears it about her worthy of a king,
Since kings can be but virtuous: farewell.
A crown is but the care of deceiv'd life;
He's king of men is crown'd with such a wife.
[*Exit* ANTONIO, *and the* LORD *after him.*
SLAVE. Are your thoughts levell'd at that white, then?[1]

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1 To *levell at*, or to *hit the white*, were phrases taken from archery, and often used by our ancient writers. *The white* was *the mark* at which archers practised when they learned to shoot. So in Massinger's "Emperor of the East," act iv. sc. 3—

"The immortality of my fame *is the white* I shoot at;"

in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Four [Plays in One" (Dyce's edit.), ii. 512]—

"And let your thoughts flee higher; aim them right,
Sir, you may hit, you have *the fairest white;*"

in Lyly's "Euphues and his England," 1582—"Vertue *is the white* we shoot at, not vanitie" (p. 11.) Again, "He glaunced from the marke Euphues shot at, and hit at last *the white* which Philautus set up" (p. 18).

This shall to th' duke your dad, sir. He can never
talk with me,[1]
But he twits me still with, *I took thee at that fight*
We made before Palermo! I did command
Men as he did there, Turks and valiant men:
And though to wind myself up for his ruin,
That I may fall and crush him, I appear
To renounce Mahomet, and seem a Christian,
'Tis but conveniently to stab this Christian,
Or any way confound him, and 'scape cleanly.
Ere[2] one expects the deed: to hasten it,
This letter came even now, which likewise certifies
He waits me three leagues off, with a horse for flight
Of a Turkish captain, commander of a galley.
He keeps me as his slave, because indeed
I play'd the devil at sea with him; but having
Thus wrought myself into him, I intend
To give him but this day to take his leave
Of the whole world. He will come back by twilight:
I'll wait him with a pistol. O sweet revenge!
Laugh, our great prophet, he shall understand,
When we think death farthest off, he's nearest hand.

Enter PHILIPPO.

PHIL. You and I must meet no more, sir: there's your kick again. [*Kicks him.*

Again, "An archer saye you, is to be knowen by his aime, not by his arrowe: but your aime is so ill, that if you knewe howe farre wide *from the white* your shaft sticketh, you would hereafter rather breake your bowe then bend it."—*Ibid.* 57.

[1] In this speech are to be found the outlines of the character of *Zanga*, so admirably drawn by Dr Young. The plot of the *Revenge* is, however, said to have been taken from Mrs Behn's play of "Abdelazar," which was borrowed from "Lust's Dominion: or, The Lascivious Queen."

[2] [Old copy, *and.*]

SLAVE. Hold, hold! what mean you, sir?
PHIL. I have brought your kick back, sir——
[*Shoots him.*
SLAVE. Hold, man, I am not—— [*Falls.*
PHIL. Thou hast spoken true, thou art not——
What art thou?
But I am for Verona. [*Exit.*
SLAVE. Mine own words catch me: 'tis I now understand,
When we think death farthest off, he's nearest hand. [*Dies.*

Enter LORENZO.

LOR. She lives not, sure, in Milan! report but wore
Her usual habit when she told in Verona
She met Abstemia here. O Abstemia,
How lovely thou look'st now! now thou appearest
Chaster than is the morning's modesty,
That rises with a blush, over whose bosom
The western wind creeps softly. Now I remember
How, when she sat at table, her obedient eye
Would dwell on mine, as if it were not well,
Unless it look'd where I look'd. O, how proud
She was, when she could cross herself to please me!
But where now is this fair soul? like a silver cloud,
She hath wept herself, I fear, into th' dead sea,
And will be found no more: this makes me mad,
To rave and call on death; but the slave shrinks,[1]
And is as far to find as she. Abstemia,
If thou not answer or appear to knowledge,

[1] So in "Cymbeline," act v. sc. 3—

"I in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' th' war."

That here with shame I sought thee in this wood,
I'll leave the blushing witness of my blood. [*Exit.*

Enter the DUKE OF MILAN, SEBASTIANO, SANCHIO, *and the* LORD.

MIL. Followed you him thus far?
LORD. Just to this place, sir:
The slave he loves left him; here they parted.
MIL. Certain, he has some private haunt this way.
SEB. Ha! private indeed, sir: O, behold and see
Where he lies full of wounds!
LORDS. My lord.
MIL. My son Antonio! who hath done this deed?
SAN. My Lord Antonio!
MIL. He's gone, he's gone! warm yet? bleeds fresh? and whilst
We here hold passion play, we but advantage
The flying murderer. Bear his body gently
Unto the lodge. O, what hand hath so hid
That sunlike face behind a crimson cloud!
Use all means possible for life: but I fear
Charity will arrive too late. To horse!
Disperse through the wood: run, ride, make way,
The sun in Milan is eclips'd this day!
OMNES. To horse, and raise more pursuit!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter LORENZO *with his sword drawn.*

LOR. Abstemia! O, take her name, you winds, upon your wings,
And through the wanton region of the air
Softly convey it to her. There's no sweet sufferance,

Which bravely she pass'd through, but is a thorn
Now to my sides: my will the centre stood
To all her chaste endeavours: all her actions,
With a perfection perpendicular,
Pointed upon it. She is lost! O she,
The well-built fort of virtue's victory!
For still she conquer'd: since she is lost, then,
My friendly sword, find thou my heart.

WITH. Follow, follow!

Enter DUKE OF MILAN, SANCHIO, *and* SEBASTIANO.

MIL. This way. What's he? lay hands on him.

SEB. The murd'rer, on my life, my lord, here in the wood
Was close beset; he would have slain himself.

MIL. Speak, villain, art thou the bloody murderer?

LOR. Of whom?

SAN. His dissembled ignorance speaks him the man.

SEB. Of the duke's son, the Prince Antonio, sir:
'Twas your hand that kill'd him.

LOR. Your lordship lies; it was my sword.

MIL. Out, slave!
Ravens shall feed upon thee: speak, what cause
Hadst thou with one unhappy wound to cloud
That star of Milan?

LOR. Because he was an erring star,
Not fix'd nor regular. I will resolve nothing:
I did it, do not repent it; and were it
To do again, I'd do't.

OMNES. Bloodthirsty villain!

MIL. Lead[1] him to swift destruction, tortures, and death.

[1] [Mr Collier's correction. Old copy, *leave*.]

O my Antonio! how did thy youth stray,
To meet wild winter in the midst of May?
LOR. O my Abstemia! who cast thy fate so bad,
To clip[1] affliction, like a husband clad? [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* ABSTEMIA.

ABS. Good sir, the prince makes known his wisdom,
To make you speaker in his cause.
ANT. Me? know, mistress,
I have felt love's passions equal with himself,
And can discourse of love's cause: had you seen him
When he sent me to ye, how truly he did look;
And when your name slipp'd through his trembling lips,
A lover's lovely paleness straight possess'd him.
ABS. Fie, fie!
ANT. Go, says he, to that something more than woman—
And he look'd as if by something he meant saint;
Tell her I saw heaven's army in her eyes,
And that from her chaste heart such excellent goodness
Came, like full rivers flowing, that there wants nothing
But her soft yielding will to make her wife
Unto the Prince Antonio. O, will you fly
A fortune, which great ladies would pursue
Upon their knees with prayers?
ABS. No, Lorenzo,
Had law to this new love made no denial:
A chaste wife's truth shines through the greatest trial.

[1] Embrace.

Enter MORBO.

MOR. How now, what make you i' th' wood here?
Where's my old lady?

ABS. I know not.

MOR. All the country's in an uproar yonder: the Prince Antonio's slain.

AMBO. How!

MOR. Nay, no man can tell how; but the murd'rer with's sword in's hand is taken.

ANT. Is he of Milan?

MOR. No, of Verona: I heard his name, and I have forgot it.

ANT. I am all wonder; 'tis the slave, sure!

MOR. Lor—Lor—Lorenzo.

ABS. Ha, Lorenzo! What, I pray?

MOR. Lorenzo Me—Medico has run him in the eye, some thirty-three inches, two barleycorns: they could scarce know him for the blood, but by his apparel. I must find out my lady; he used our house; intelligence has been given of his pilgrimage thither. I am afraid I shall be singed to death with torches, and my lady stewed between two dishes.

ANT. Why hath this thus amazed you, mistress?

ABS. O, leave me, leave me: I am all distraction; Struck to the soul with sorrow.

Enter MILAN, LORDS, *and* LORENZO *guarded.*

ANT. See where they come!
My father full of tears, too. I'll stand by:
Strange changes must have strange discovery.

ABS. 'Tis he: heart, how thou leap'st! O ye deluded,
And full of false rash judgment! why do ye lead

Innocence like a sacrifice to slaughter?
Get garlands rather: let palm and laurel round[1]
Those temples, where such wedlock-truth is found.
LOR. Ha!
OMNES. Wedlock!
ABS. O Lorenzo! thou hast suffer'd bravely,
And wondrous far: look on me, here I come,
Hurried by conscience to confess the deed.
Thy innocent blood will be too great a burthen
Upon the judge's soul.
LOR. Abstemia!
ABS. Look, look,
How he will blind ye! by and by, he'll tell ye
We saw not one another many a day;
In love's cause we dare make our lives away.
He would redeem mine: 'tis my husband, sir;
Dearly we love together; but I, being often
By the dead prince, your son, solicited
To wrong my husband's bed, and still resisting,
Where you found him dead he met me, and the place
Presenting opportunity, he would there
Have forc'd me to his will; but prizing honesty
Far above proffer'd honour, with my knife,
In my resistance, most unfortunately
I struck him in the eye. He fell, was found,
The pursuit rais'd, and ere I could get home
My husband met me; I confess'd all to him.
He, excellent in love as the sea-inhabitant,
Of whom 'tis writ that, when the flatt'ring hook
Has struck his female, he will help her off,
Although he desperately put on himself,
But if he fail, and see her leave his eye,
He swims to land, will languish, and there die—
Such is his love to me; for, pursu'd closely,

[1] [*i.e.*, Surround, crown.]

He bid me save myself, and he would stay
With his drawn sword there about the place, on purpose
To requite my loyalty, though with his death.
Fear forc'd my acceptance then; but conscience
Hath brought me back to preserve innocence.
SEB. The circumstances produce probability.
LOR. By truth herself she slanders truth: she and I
Have not met these many months. O my Abstemia!
Thou wouldst be now too excellent.
ANT. These are strange turns.
MIL. Let not love strangle justice. Speak: on thy soul,
Was it her hand that slew the prince?
LOR. Not, on my life;
'Tis I have deserv'd death.
ABS. Love makes him desperate,
Conscience is my accuser. O Lorenzo!
[*The* DUKE *and* LORDS *whisper.*
Live thou, and feed on my remembrance:
When thou shalt think how ardently I love thee,
Drop but a pair of tears from those fair eyes,
Thou offer'st truth a wealthy sacrifice.
LOR. Did ye hear, sir?
MIL. No, what said she?
LOR. She ask'd me, why I would cast myself away thus,
When she in love devis'd this trick to save me.
SAN. There may be juggling, sir, in this: it may be
They have both hands i' th' deed, and one in love
Would suffer for't.

Enter a LORD.

MIL. What news?

LORD. The Dukes of Venice and Verona,
With some small train of gentlemen, are privately
This hour come to the court.
MIL. Bear them to prison,
Until we have given such entertainment sorrow
Will give us leave to show: until that time,
The satisfaction of my lost son's life
Must hover 'twixt a husband and a wife.
[*Exeunt. Manet* ANTONIO.
ANT. How strangely chance to-day runs! the slave kill'd
In my apparel, and this fellow taken for't,
Whom to my knowledge I never saw. She loves him
Past all expression dearly. I have a trick,
In that so infinitely dear she loves him,
Has seal'd her mine already; and I'll put
This wondrous love of woman to such a nonplus,
Time hath produc'd none stranger. I will set
Honour and Love to fight for life and death.
Beauty (as castles built of cards) with a breath
Is levell'd and laid flat.

Enter PHILIPPO, *putting on a disguise, lays down a pistol.*

PHIL. Misery of ignorance!
It was the Prince Antonio I have slain.
ANT. Ha! the clue of all this error is unravell'd,
This is the valiant gentleman so threaten'd me:
He met the slave, doubtless, in my habit,
And seal'd upon him his mistaken spleen.
If it be so, there hangs some strange intent
In those accuse themselves for't.
PHIL. It seems some other had laid the plot to kill him.
This paper I found with him speaks as much,

And, sent to the intended murderer,
Happen'd (it seems) to his hands. It concurs;
For they say, there is one taken for the fact,
And will do me the courtesy to be hang'd for me.
There's comfort yet in that. So, so: I am fitted;
And will set forward.

[ANTONIO *takes up the pistol.*

ANT. Goose, there's a fox in your way.

PHIL. Betrayed!

ANT. Come, I have another business afoot: I have no time to discover 'em now, sir. See, I can enforce you; but by this hand, go but with me, and keep your own counsel. Garden-houses[1] are not truer bawds to cuckold-making, than I will be to thee and thy stratagem.

PHIL. Th' art a mad knave: art serious?

ANT. As a usurer when he's telling interest-money.

PHIL. Whate'er thou art, thy bluntness begets belief. Go on, I trust thee.

ANT. But I have more wit than to trust you behind me, sir; pray, get you before. I have a friend shall keep you in custody till I have passed a project; and if you can keep your own counsel, I will not injure you. And this for your comfort—the prince lives.

PHIL. Living! Thou mak'st my blood dance. But prythee, let's be honest one to another.

ANT. O sir, as the justices' clerk and the constable, when they share the crowns that drunkards pay to the poor. Pray, keep fair distance, and take no great strides. [*Exeunt.*

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[1] See note to "The Miseries of Enforced Marriage" [ix. 538.]

Enter LORENZO *and* ABSTEMIA, *as in prison.*

LOR. Can then Abstemia forgive Lorenzo?
ABS. Yes, if Lorenzo can but love Abstemia,
She can hang thus upon his neck, and call
This prison true love's palace.
LOR. O, let kings
Forget their crowns that know what 'tis to enjoy
The wondrous wealth of one so good. Now
Thou art lovely as young[1] spring, and comely
As is the well-spread cedar; the fair fruit,
Kiss'd by the sun so daily, that it wears
The lovely blush of maids, seems but to mock
Thy soul's integrity. Here let me fall,
And with pleading sighs beg pardon.

Enter ANTONIO.

ABS. Sir, it meets you,
Like a glad pilgrim, whose desiring eye
Longs for the long-wish'd altar of his vow.
But you are far too prodigal in praise,
And crown me with the garlands of your merit.
As we meet barks on rivers, the strong gale
(Being best friends to us), our own swift motion
Makes us believe that t'other nimbler rows:
Swift virtue thinks small goodness fastest goes.
LOR. Sorrow hath bravely sweeten'd thee! What are you?
ANT. A displeasant black cloud! though I appear dismal,
I am wondrous fruitful. What cause soever
Mov'd you to take this murder on yourself,
Or you to strike yourself into the hazard
For his redemption, 'tis to me a stranger!
But I conceive you are both innocent.

[1] [Old copy, *a young.*]

LOR. As newborn virtue. I did accuse
My innocence, to rid me of a life
Look'd uglier than death upon an injury
I had done this virtuous wife.
ABS. And I accus'd
My innocence, to save the belov'd life
Of my most noble husband.
ANT. Why, then, now 'twould grieve you
Death should unkindly part ye.
LOR. O, but that, sir,
We have no sorrow. Now to part from her,
Since Heaven hath new-married and new-made us,
I had rather leap into a den of lions,
Snatch from a hungry bear her bleeding prey:
I would attempt desperate impossibilities
With hope, rather than now to leave her.
ANT. This makes for me. [*Aside.*]
ABS. And rather than leave you, sir, I would eat
Hot coals with Portia, or attempt a terror
Nature would, snail-like, shrink her head in at,
And tremble but to think on.
ANT. Better and better. [*Aside.*]
If you so love him, what can you conceive
The greatest kindness can express that love?
ABS. To save his life, since there is no hope,
Seeing he so strongly has confess'd the murder,
We shall meet the happiness to die together.
ANT. Fire casts the bravest heat in coldest weather:
I'll try how ardently you burn; for know,
Upon my faith, and as I am a gentleman,
I have in the next room, and in the custody
Of a true friend, the man that did the deed
You stand accus'd for.
ABS. Hark there, Lorenzo!
LOR. Will you not let him go, sir?

ANT. That's in suspense. But, mistress, you did say,
You durst eat coals with Portia, to redeem
The infinitely lov'd life of your husband.
ABS. And still [do] strongly protest it.
LOR. O my Abstemia!
ANT. You shall redeem him at an easier rate:
I have the murderer, you see, in hold.
LOR. And we are bless'd in your discovery of him.
ANT. If you will give consent that I shall taste
That sense-bereaving pleasure so familiar
Unto your happy husband——
ABS. How!
ANT. Pray, hear me:
Then I will give this fellow up to the law.
If you deny, horses stand ready for us,
A bark for transportation; where we will live,
Till law by death hath sever'd ye.
LOR. But we will call for present witness.
ANT. Look ye—— [*Shows the pistol.*
Experienc'd navigators still are fitted
For every weather. 'Tis almost past call
To reach the nimblest ear: yet but offer it,
I part ye presently for ever. Consider it:
The enjoying him thou so entirely lov'st
All thy life after; that when mirth-spent time
Hath crown'd your heads with honour, you may sit
And tell delightful stories of your loves;
And when ye come to that poor minute's 'scape
Crowns my desire, ye may let that slip by,
Like water that ne'er meets the miller's eye.
Compare but this to th' soon-forgotten pleasure
Of a pair of wealthy minutes. The thriftiest[1] lapidary
Knows the most curious jewel takes no harm

[1] Old copy reads *thirstiest.*

For one day's wearing. Could you, sir (did your eye
Nor see it worn), your wife having lent your cloak
(If secretly return'd and folded up)—
Could you conceive, when you next look'd upon't,
It had neatly furnish'd out a poor friend's want?
Be charitable, and think on't.
LOR. Dost hear, Abstemia?
O, shall we part for ever, when a price
So poor might be our freedom?
ABS. Now, goodness guard ye!
Where learn't you, sir, this language?
LOR. Of true love.
You did but now profess that you would die
To save my life; and now, like a forward chapman,
Catch'd at thy word, thou givest back, asham'd
To stand this easy proffer.
ABS. Could you live,
And know yourself a cuckold?
ANT. What a question's that!
Many men cannot live without the knowledge.
How can ye tell
Whether she seems thus to respect your honour,
But to stay till the law has chok'd you?
It may be then she will do't with less entreaty.
LOR. Ay, there, there 'tis.
ABS. 'Tis your old fit of jealousy so judges.
A foul devil talks within him.
LOR. O, the art,
The wondrous art of woman! ye would do it daintily;
You would juggle me to death; you would persuade me
I should die nobly to preserve your honour;
That (dead) ignobly you might prove dishonourable,
Forget me in a day, and wed another.

ABS. Why then would I have died for you?
ANT. That was but a proffer,
That, dying, you might idolise her love:
'Twould have put her off the better.
LOR. O, you have builded
A golden palace, strew'd with palm and roses,
To let me bleed to death in! How sweetly
You would have lost me. Abstemia, you have learn'd
The cunning fowler's art, who pleasantly
Whistles the bird into the snare. Good Heaven!
How you had strew'd the enticing top o' th' cup
With Arabian spices! But you had laid i' th' bottom
Ephesian aconite. You are love's hypocrite;
A rotten stick, in the night's darkness born,
And a fair poppy in a field of corn.
ABS. O sir! hear me—— [*Kneels.*
LOR. Away! I will no more
Look pearl in mud. O sly hypocrisy! Durst ye
But now die for me? Good Heaven! die for me!
The greatest act of pain, and dare not buy me
With a poor minute's pleasure?
ABS. No, sir, I dare not: there is little pain in death;
But a great death in very little pleasure.
I had rather, trust me, bear your death with honour,
Than buy your life with baseness. As I am expos'd
To th' greatest battery beauty ever fought,
O, blame me not if I be covetous
To come off with greatest honour. If I do this
To let you live, I kill your name, and give
My soul a wound; I crush her from sweet grace,
And change her angel's to a fury's face.

Try me no more, then; but, if you must bleed, boast,
To preserve honour, life is nobly lost.
LOR. Thou wealth worth more than kingdoms! I am now
Confirm'd past all suspicion, thou art far
Sweeter in thy sincere truth, than a sacrifice
Deck'd up for death with garlands. The Indian winds,[1]
That blow off from the coast, and cheer the sailor
With the sweet savour of their spices, want
The delight flows in thee. Look here, look here,
O man of wild desires! We will die the martyrs
Of marriage; and, 'stead of the loose ditties
With which they stab sweet modesty, and engender
Desires in the hot-room, thy noble story
[*To* ABSTEMIA.]
Shall, laurel-like, crown honest ears with glory.
ANT. Murder, murder, murder!

Enter the three DUKES, *with* LORDS.

MIL. Ha! who cries murder?
PHIL. As y' are a gentleman, now be true to me.
ABS. Sir!
VEN. Sister!
VER. My shame! art thou there?
VEN. O sister, can it be
A prince's blood should stain that white hand?

[1] So Milton, in "Paradise Lost," bk. iv. l. 159—

"As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest: with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles."

AMBO. Hear us.
ANT. No, no, no, hear me: 'twas I cried murder;
Because I have found them both stain'd with the deed
They would have throttled me.
LOR. Hear us: by all——
MIL. Upon your lives, be silent. Speak on, sir:
Had they both hands in our son's blood?
ANT. Two hands apiece, sir.
I have sifted it: they both have kill'd the prince;
But this is the chief murderer. Please you, give me audience;
Ye shall wonder at the manner how they kill'd him.
MIL. Silence!
ANT. He came first to this woman, and (truth's truth)
He would have lain with her.
MIL. Her own confession.
ANT. Nay, good your grace.
MIL. We are silent.
ANT. Coming to seize upon her, with the first blow
She struck his base intent so brave a buffet,
That there it bled to death. She said, his horse
Would teach him better manners: there he died once.
VER. What does this fellow talk?
ABS. I understand him.
ANT. He met her next i' the wood, where he was found dead:
Then he came noblier up to her, and told her
Marriage was his intent; but she as nobly
(Belike, to let him know she was married)
Told him, in an intelligible denial,

A chaste wife's truth shin'd through the greatest trial:
There the prince died again.
LOD. There's twice; beware the third time.
ANT. The third time, he came here to them both in prison,
Brought a pistol with him, would have forc'd her again;
But had ye seen how fairly then she slew him,
You would have shot applauses from your eyes:
O, she came up so bravely to that prince
Hot potent Lust (for she slew no prince else),
With such a valiant discipline she destroy'd
That debosh'd [1] prince, Bad Desire; and then, by him
So bravely too fetch'd off, that (to conclude)
Betwixt them they this wonder did contrive,
They kill'd the prince, but kept your son alive.
[*Discovers himself.*
MIL. Antonio!
OMNES. The prince!
VEN. Come home, my sister, to my heart.
VER. And now Lorenzo is again my belov'd kinsman.
ANT. O sir, here dwells virtue epitomis'd,
Even to an abstract, and yet that so large
'Twill swell a book in folio.
LOD. She swells beyond my wife then:
A pocket-book, bound in *decimo sexto*,
Will hold her virtues, and as much spare paper left
As will furnish five tobacco-shops.
MIL. But here's the wonder; who is it was slain
In your apparel?
PHIL. I will give them all the slip. [*Offers to go.*

[1] [Debauched.]

ANT. Here's a gentleman of Ferrara——
PHIL. As you are noble——
ANT. That saw them fight: it was the slave was slain, sir,
I took before Palermo: he that kill'd him,
Took him but for a gentleman his equal;
And as this eye-witness says, he in my apparel
Did kick the t'other first.
PHIL. Nay, upon my life, sir,
He in your apparel gave the first kick: I saw them fight,
And I dare swear the t'other honest gentleman
Little thought he had slain anything like the prince,
For I heard him swear, but half an hour before,
He never saw your grace.
MIL. Then he kill'd him fairly?
PHIL. Upon my life, my lord.
VEN. T'other had but his merit then: who dies
And seeks his death, seldom wets others' eyes.
ANT. Let this persuade you: I believe you noble.
I have kept my word with you.
PHIL. You have outdone me, sir,
In this brave exercise of honour: but let me,
In mine own person, thank you.
OMNES. Philippo!
PHIL. Unwittingly I did an ill—as't happened,
To a good end: that slave I for you kill'd
Wanted but time to kill you: read that paper,
Which I found with him, I thinking by accident
You had intercepted it. We all have happily
Been well deceived; you are noble, just, and true;
My hate was at your clothes, my heart at you.
VER. An accident more strange hath seldom happen'd.
LOR. Philippo, my best friend, 'twixt shame and love,
Here let me lay thee now for ever.

ABS. Heaven
Hath now plan'd all our rough woes smooth and even.
MIL. At court [a] large relation in apt form
Shall tender pass'd proceedings; but to distinguish,
Excellent lady, your unparallel'd praises
From those but seem, let this serve: bad women
Are nature's clouds, eclipsing her fair shine:
The good, all-gracious, saint-like and divine.
[*Exeunt* OMNES.

THE CITY-MATCH.

EDITIONS.

The Citye Match. A Comoedye. Presented to the King and Qveene, at White-Hall. Acted since at Black-Friers, by his Maiesties Servants. Horat. de Arte Poet. Versibus exponi Tragicis res Comica non vult. *Oxford, Printed by Leonard Lichfield, Printer to the University. Anno Dom.* M.DC.XXXIX. *Folio.*

Two Plaies: The City Match, a Comœdy; and the Amorous Warre, a Tragy Comœdy: both long since written. By J. M. of Ch. Ch. in Oxon. Oxford: Printed by Hen. Hall, for Ric. Davis, 1658. 4°.

The City Match: a Comœdy. Presented to the King and Queene at White-Hall. Acted since at Black Friers, by his Majesties Servants. Horat. de Arte Poet. Versibus exponi Tragicis res Comica non vult. *By J. M. St. of Ch. Ch. in Oxon. Oxford: printed by Henry Hall, Printer to the University, for Rich. Davis.* 1659. 8°.

INTRODUCTION.

JASPER MAYNE was born at Hatherley, in Devonshire, in the year 1604; and being sent to Westminster School, he continued there until the age of nineteen years, without obtaining a King's scholarship. At that time he met with a patron in Dr Bryan Duppa; by whose recommendation, in 1623, he entered himself a servitor of Christ Church, Oxford, and commenced M.A. June 18, 1631. He afterwards took holy orders, and distinguished himself in the pulpit by that quaint manner of preaching which was then in vogue. His first preferment was the vicarage of Cassington, near Woodstock,[1] to which was afterwards added the living of Pyrton, near Watlington, both by the presentation of his college. These preferments lying at a small distance from the university, he continued to reside there, and was much admired for his wit and humour. In 1638 he completed a translation of Lucian's Dialogues;[2] and in the next

[1] 8th of October 1638. Rymer's "Fœd." xx. 317.—*Gilchrist.*

[2] It was not published till 1664, but the title-page expresses that it was "made English from the original in the year 1638." This fact also appears from the dedication to the Marquis of Newcastle, which is a masterpiece of solid reasoning and critical acumen, where the author mentions

year appeared his comedy of "The City-Match." On the breaking out of the civil war, he sided with the royal party, to which he remained ever after firmly attached. He was appointed in 1642 one of the divines to preach before the king and Parliament, in that year proceeded Bachelor of Divinity, and was created D.D. on June 7, 1646. The decline of the king's affairs caused a very great alteration in those of our author: he was ejected from his student's place in 1648, and soon after deprived of both his vicarages. In the midst of these sufferings he still preserved a warm zeal for the old establishment. In September 1652, he held a public disputation with a noted Anabaptist preacher, in Watlington Church. He afterwards had the good fortune to meet with a friend in the Earl of Devonshire, who received him into his family in the character of chaplain, and with that nobleman he resided until the Restoration. On that event he returned back to his livings, was appointed chaplain-in-ordinary to the king, promoted to a canon's stall at Christ Church, and raised to the dignity of Archdeacon of Chichester.

Thus replaced in his favourite seat of the Muses, he continued to reside there during the rest of his life, happy in the full enjoyment of his promotions. He died December 6, 1672, and his corpse was interred in the aisle adjoining to the choir of Christ Church,

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that "these pieces were translated for your private entertainment above five-and-twenty years since." He adds that he was then only a student of Christ Church, and that he should have translated more "if the late barbarous times had not broke my study." In the course of this preface (for the epistle is to be so considered) Mayne very severely lashes the republicans for their ignorance and presumptuousness.—*Collier* (note altered).

where a monument was erected to his memory at the charge of Dr Robert South and Dr John Lamphire, the executors of his will.

Besides the translation of Lucian (before mentioned) and "The City-Match,"[1] he published several sermons and poems,[2] and "The Amorous War:" a tragi-comedy. 4°, 1648.

["The City-Match" is an excellent comedy of intrigue and counter-plot, with many amusing and lively situations, and frequent illustrations of manners. The character of Dorcas, however, is forced, and her sudden metamorphosis is wanting in probability.]

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[1] From the Prologue and Epilogue it appears that this play was acted by command of the king, both at Whitehall and at the Blackfriars Theatre.—*Collier.*

[2] Among others he has a poem prefixed to Cartwright's "Plays and Poems," and another "Jonsonius Virbius."—*Gilchrist.* [The late Mr Bolton Corney thought that to Mayne ought to be attributed the verses before the second folio of Shakespeare, signed J. M. S., *quasi* Jasper Mayne, Student.]

TO THE READER.

THE Author of this Poem, knowing how hardly the best things protect themselves from censure, had no ambition to make it this way public, holding works of this light nature to be things which need an apology for being written at all, nor esteeming otherwise of them, whose abilities in this kind are most passable, than of masquers who spangle and glitter for the time, but 'tis th[o]rough tinsel. As it was merely out of obedience that he first wrote it, so when it was made, had it not been commanded from him, it had died upon the place where it took life. Himself being so averse from raising fame from the stage, that at the presentment he was one of the severest spectators there, nor ever showed other sign whereby it might be known to be his but his liberty to despise it. Yet he hath at length consented it should pass the press; not with an aim to purchase a new reputation, but to keep that which he hath already from growing worse; for understanding that some at London, without his approbation or allowance, were ready to print a false, imperfect copy, he was loth to he libelled by his own work, or that his play should appear to the world with more than its own faults. Farewell.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE KING AND QUEEN.

THE Author, royal sir, so dreads this night,
As if for writing he were doom'd to th' sight;
Or else, unless you do protect his fame,
Y' had sav'd his play, and sentenc'd him to th' flame.
For though your name or power were i' th' reprieve,
Such works, he thinks, are but condemn'd to live.
Which for this place, being rescu'd from the fire,
Take ruin from th' advancement, and fall higher.
Though none, he hopes, sit here upon his wit,
As if he poems did, or plays commit;
Yet he must needs fear censure that fears praise,
Nor would write still, were't to succeed i' th' bays:
For he is not o' th' trade, nor would excel
In this kind, where 'tis lightness to do well.
Yet, as the gods refin'd base things, and some
Beasts foul i' th' herd grew pure i' th' hecatomb;
And as the ox prepar'd and crowned bull
Are offerings, though kept back, and altars full;
So, mighty sir, this sacrifice being near
The knife at Oxford, which y' have kindled here,
He hopes 'twill from you and the Queen grow clean,
And turn t' oblation, what he meant a scene.

THE PROLOGUE AT BLACKFRIARS.

WERE it his trade, the Author bid me say,
Perchance he'd beg you would be good to th' play;
And I, to set him up in reputation,
Should hold a basin forth for approbation.
But praise so gain'd, he thinks, were a relief
Able to make his comedy a brief;
For where your pity, must your judgment be,
'Tis not a play, but you fir'd houses see.
Look not his quill, then, should petitions run;
No gatherings here into a Prologue spun.
Whether their sold scenes be dislik'd, or hit,
Are cares for them who eat by th' stage and wit.
He's one whose unbought Muse did never fear
An empty second day or a thin share;
But can make th' actors, though you come not twice,
No losers, since we act now at the king's price,
Who hath made this play public; and the same
Power that makes laws redeem'd this from the flame:
For th' Author builds no fame, nor doth aspire
To praise from that which he condemn'd to th' fire.
He's thus secure then, that he cannot win
A censure sharper than his own hath been.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WAREHOUSE, *an old merchant.*
FRANK PLOTWELL, *his nephew.*
CYPHER, *his factor.*
BANNSWRIGHT, *old Plotwell disguised.*
AURELIA, *Penelope Plotwell disguised.*
SEATHRIFT, *a merchant.*
TIMOTHY, *his son.*
DORCAS, *Susan Seathrift disguised.*
BRIGHT, NEWCUT, } *two Templars.*
MISTRESS SCRUPLE, *a Puritan schoolmistress.*
MISTRESS HOLLAND, *a sempstress on the Exchange.*
QUARTFIELD, *a captain.*
SALEWIT, *a poet.*
ROSECLAP, *one that keeps an ordinary.*
MILLICENT, *his wife.*
'PRENTICE.
TWO FOOTMEN.
BOY *that sings.*

The Scene, London.

THE CITY-MATCH.[1]

ACT I., SCENE 1.

WAREHOUSE, SEATHRIFT.

SEA. I promise you 'twill be a most rare plot.

WARE. The city, Master Seathrift, never yet
Brought forth the like: I would have them that have
Fin'd twice for sheriff, mend it.

SEA. Mend it! why,
'Tis past the wit o' th' court of aldermen.
Next merchant-tailor, that writes chronicles,[2]
Will put us in.

WARE. For, since I took him home,
Though, sir, my nephew, as you may observe,

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[1] In the year 1755, a gentleman of great eminence in his profession made a few alterations in this play, and presented it to the governors of the Lock Hospital, near Hyde Park Corner, who obtained a representation of it at Drury Lane for the benefit of that charity. It was at the same time printed in 8°, under the title of "The Schemers; or, The City-Match."

Mr Bromfield, the surgeon, as Mr Davies, who acted in it, told me.—*Reed.*

[2] The merchant-tailor here alluded to was John Stowe, author of the "Chronicles of England," who was of that company, and a tailor by profession.

Seem quite transfigur'd, be as dutiful
As a new 'prentice, in his talk declaim
'Gainst revelling companions, be as hard
To be entic'd from home as my door-posts,
This reformation may but be his part,
And he may act his virtues. I have not
Forgot his riots at the Temple. You know, sir——
SEA. You told me, Master Warehouse.
WARE. Not the sea,
When it devour'd my ships, cost me so much
As did his vanities. A voyage to the Indies
Has been lost in a night: his daily suits
Were worth more than the stock that set me up;
For which he knew none but the silk-man's book,
And studied that more than the law. He had
His loves, too, and his mistresses; was enter'd
Among the philosophical madams;[1] was
As great with them as their concerners; and, I hear,
Kept one of them in pension.
SEA. My son too
Hath had his errors: I could tell the time
When all the wine which I put off by wholesale
He took again in quarts; and at the day
Vintners have paid me with his large scores: but
He is reformed too.
WARE. Sir, we now are friends
In a design.
SEA. And hope to be in time
Friends in alliance, sir.
WARE. I'll be free;
I think well of your son.
SEA. Who? Timothy?
Believe't, a virtuous boy; and for his sister,
A very saint.

[1] See Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman."—*Pegge.*

WARE. Mistake me not, I have
The like opinion of my nephew, sir;
Yet he is young, and so is your son; nor
Doth the church-book say they are past our fears.
Our presence is their bridle now; 'tis good
To know them well whom we do make our heirs.
SEA. It is most true.
WARE. Well; and how shall we know
How they will use their fortune, or what place
We have in their affection, without trial?
Some wise men build their own tombs; let us try,
If we were dead, whether our heirs would cry,
Or wear[1] long cloaks. This plot will do't.
SEA. 'Twill make us
Famous upon the Exchange for ever. I'll home,
And take leave of my wife and son.
WARE. And I'll
Come to you at your garden-house.[2] Within there.
[*Exit* SEATHRIFT.

SCENE II.

Enter CYPHER.

WARE. Now, Cypher, where's my nephew?
CYPH. In the hall,
Reading a letter which a footman brought
Just now to him from a lady, sir.
WARE. A lady!
CYPH. Yes, sir, a lady in distress; for I
Could overhear the fellow say she must
Sell her coach-horses, and return again

[1] All the editions read *their*.
[2] See extract from Stubbes, quoted in note to "The Miseries of Enforced Marriage" [ix., 538.]

To her needle, if your nephew don't supply her
With money.

WARE. This is some honourable sempstress.
I am now confirm'd: they say he keeps a lady,
And this is she. Well, Cypher, 'tis too late
To change my project now. Be sure you keep
A diary of his actions; strictly mark
What company comes to him; if he stir
Out of my house, observe the place he enters:
Watch him, till he come out: follow him (disguis'd)
To all his haunts.

CYPH. He shall not want a spy, sir.
But, sir, when you are absent, if he draw not
A lattice to your door, and hang a bush out——

WARE. I hope he will not make my house a tavern.

CYPH. Sir, I am no Sybil's son.

WARE. Peace, here he comes.

SCENE III.

Enter PLOTWELL, *in a sad posture.* WAREHOUSE, PLOTWELL, CYPHER.

WARE. Good morrow, nephew. How now? sad? how comes
This melancholy?

PLOT. Can I choose but wear
Clouds in my face, when I must venture, sir,
Your reverend age to a long-doubtful voyage,
And not partake your dangers?

WARE. Fie! these fears,
Though they become you, nephew, are ominous.
When heard you from your father?

PLOT. Never since
He made the escape, sir.

WARE. I hear he is in Ireland:
Is't true he took your sister with him?
PLOT. So
Her mistress thinks, sir: one day she left th' Exchange,
And has not since been heard of.
WARE. And, nephew,
How like you your new course; which place prefer you—
The Temple or Exchange? Where are, think you,
The wealthier mines—in the Indies or
Westminster Hall?
PLOT. Sir, my desires take measure
And form from yours.
WARE. Nay, tell me your mind plainly
I' th' city-tongue. I'd have you speak like Cypher:
I do not like quaint figures, they do smell
Too much o' th' inns-of-court.
PLOT. Sir, my obedience
Is ready for all impressions which——
WARE. Again!
PLOT. Sir, I prefer your kind of life, a merchant.
WARE. 'Tis spoken like my nephew; now I like you,
Nor shall I e'er repent the benefits
I have bestow'd; but will forget all errors
[*Exit* CYPHER.
As mere seducements, and will not only be
An uncle, but a father to you; but then
You must be constant, nephew.
PLOT. Else I were blind
To my good fortune, sir.
WARE. Think, man, how it may
In time make thee o' th' city-senate, and raise thee
To the sword and cap of maintenance.
PLOT. Yes, and make me

Sentence light bread and pounds of butter on horseback. [*Aside.*

WARE. Have gates and conduits dated from thy year;
Ride to the 'spital on thy free beast.

PLOT. Yes,
Free of your company. [*Aside.*

WARE. Have the people vail
As low to his trappings, as if he thrice had fin'd
For that good time's employment.

PLOT. Or as if
He had his rider's wisdom. [*Aside.*

WARE. Then the works
And good deeds of the city to go before thee,
Besides a troop of varlets.[1]

PLOT. Yes, and I
To sleep the sermon in my chain and scarlet.
[*Aside.*

WARE. How say you? Let's hear that!

PLOT. I say, sir, I
To sit at sermon in my chain and scarlet.

WARE. 'Tis right; and be remembered at the Cross.[2]

PLOT. And then at sessions, sir, and all times else,
Master Recorder to save me the trouble,
And understand things for me. [*Aside.*

WARE. All this is possible,
And in the stars and winds: therefore, dear nephew,
You shall pursue this course; and, to enable you,

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[1] [An allusion to the Lord Mayor's Show, into which were generally introduced symbolical representations of the civic virtues.]

[2] At St Paul's Cross, where [the Lord Mayor heard his inauguration sermon.]

In this half-year that I shall be away,
Cypher shall teach you French, Italian, Spanish,
And other tongues of traffic.
PLOT. Shall I not learn
Arithmetic too, sir, and shorthand?
WARE. 'Tis well-remembered; yes, and navigation.

Enter CYPHER.

CYPH. Sir, Master Seathrift says you will lose the tide;
The boat stays for you.
WARE. Well, nephew, at my return,
As I hear of your carriage, you do know
What my intentions are; and, for a token
How much I trust your reformation,
Take this key of my counting-house, and spend
Discreetly in my absence. Farewell. Nay,
No tears; I'll be here sooner than you think on't.
Cypher, you know what you have to do.
CYPH. I warrant you, sir. [*Exit* WAREHOUSE.
PLOT. Tears! yes, my melting eyes shall run; but it
Shall be such tears as shall increase the tide
To carry you from hence.
CYPH. Come, Master Plotwell, shall I
Read to you this morning?
PLOT. Read! what? how the price
Of sugar goes; how many pints of olives
Go to a jar; how long wine works at sea;
What difference is in gain between fresh herrings
And herrings red?
CYPH. This is fine: ha' you
Forgot your uncle's charge?
PLOT. Prythee, what was't?
CYPH. To learn the tongues and mathematics.
PLOT. Troth,

If I have tongue enough to say my prayers
I' th' phrase o' th' kingdom, I care not: otherwise,
I'm for no tongues but dried ones, such as will
Give a fine relish to my backrag;[1] and for mathematics,
I hate to travel by the map; methinks
'Tis riding post.

CYPH. I knew 'twould come to this.
Here be his comrades. [*Aside.*]

PLOT. What, my Fleet Street friends?

[*Exit* CYPHER.

SCENE IV.

Enter BRIGHT *and* NEWCUT.

BRIGHT. Save you, merchant Plotwell!

NEW. Master Plotwell, citizen and merchant, save you!

BRIGHT. Is thy uncle
Gone the wish'd voyage?

PLOT. Yes, he's gone; and, if
He die by th' way, hath bequeath'd me but some
Twelve hundred pound a year in Kent; some three-
Score thousand pound in money, besides jewels, bonds,
And desperate debts.

NEW. And dost not thou fall down,

---

[1] This was a wine which was brought from Baccarach, in Germany, as appears from Heywood's "Philo-cothonista," 1635, p. 48. It is there mentioned along with Rhenish.

Ray, in his "Travels," vol. i. p. 64, says: "Next we came to Baccarach, a walled town on the right hand, having many towers, subject to the Prince Elector Palatine, *famous for the goodness of its wine*, as is also Rhincow, a town not far from Mentz."—*Reed.*

And pray to th' winds to sacrifice him to
Poor John and mackarel?
BRIGHT. Or invoke some rock
To do thee justice?
NEW. Or some compendious cannon
To take him off i' th' middle?
PLOT. And why, my tender,
Soft-hearted friends?
BRIGHT. What, to take thee from the Temple,
To make thee an old juryman, a Whittington?
NEW. To transform thy plush to penny-stone; and scarlet
Into a velvet jacket, which hath seen
Aleppo twice, is known to the great Turk,
Hath 'scap'd three shipwrecks to be left off to thee,
And knows the way to Mexico as well as the map?
BRIGHT. This jacket surely was employed in finding
The north-east passage out, or the same jacket
That Coriat[1] died in.
PLOT. Very good.
NEW. In Ovid
There is not such a metamorphosis
As thou art now. To be turned into a tree
Or some handsome beast, is courtly to this.
But for thee, Frank, O transmutation!
Of satin chang'd to kersey hose I sing.[2]
'Slid, his shoes shine too.[3]

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[1] See note to "The Ordinary" [xii., 227.]

[2] [A sort of playful parody on the exordium to Ovid's "Metamorphoses."]

[3] The citizens of Charles I.'s time, and earlier, were as famous for the brightness of their shoes as some particular professions at present. In "Every Man in his Humour," act ii. sc. 1, Kitely says—

> "Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
> Make their loose comments upon every word,
> Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over,
> From my flat cap *unto my shining shoes.*"

BRIGHT. They have the Gresham dye.
Dost thou not dress thyself by 'em? I can see
My face in them hither.
PLOT. Very pleasant, gentlemen.
BRIGHT. And faith, for how many years art thou bound?
PLOT. Do you take me for a 'prentice?
NEW. Why, then, what office
Dost thou bear in the parish this year? Let's feel:
No batteries[1] in thy head, to signify
Th' art a constable?
BRIGHT. No furious jug broke on it
In the king's name?
PLOT. Did you contrive this scene
By the way, gentlemen?
NEW. No; but the news
Thou shouldst turn tradesman, and this pagan dress,
In which if thou shouldst die, thou wouldst be damn'd
For an usurer, is comical at the Temple.
We were about to bring in such a fellow
For an apostate in our antimasque.
Set one to keep the door, provide half-crown rooms,
For I'll set bills up of thee. What shall I
Give thee for the first day?
BRIGHT. Ay, or second?
For thou'lt endure twice or thrice coming in.
PLOT. Well, my conceited Orient friends, bright offspring
O' th' female silkworm and tailor male, I deny not
But you look well in your unpaid-for glory;
That in these colours you set out the Strand,

[1] [Bruises or contusions occasioned by assaults.]

And adorn Fleet Street; that you may laugh at me,
Poor working-day o' th' city, like two festivals
Escap'd out of the Almanac.
NEW. Sirrah Bright,
Didst look to hear such language beyond Ludgate?
BRIGHT. I thought all wit had ended at Fleet-bridge;
But wit that goes o' th' score, that may extend,
If't be a courtier's wit, into Cheapside.
PLOT. Your mercer lives there, does he? I warrant you,
He has the patience of a burnt heretic.
The very faith that sold to you these silks,
And thinks you'll pay for 'em, is strong enough
To save the infidel part o' th' world or Antichrist.
BRIGHT. W' are most mechanically abused.
NEW. Let's tear his jacket off.
BRIGHT. A match! take that side.
PLOT. Hold, hold!
BRIGHT. How frail a thing old velvet is! it parts
With as much ease and willingness as two cowards.
[*They tear off his jacket.*
NEW. The tend'rest weed that ever fell asunder.
PLOT. Ha' you your wits? What mean you?
BRIGHT. Go, put on
One of thy Temple suits, and accompany us,
Or else thy dimity breeches will be mortal.
PLOT. You will not strip me, will you?
NEW. By thy visible ears, we will.
BRIGHT. By this two-handed beaver, which is so thin
And light, a butterfly's wings put to't would make it
A Mercury's flying hat, and soar aloft.
PLOT. But do you know, to how much danger
You tempt me? Should my uncle know I come
Within the air of Fleet Street——

NEW. Will you make
Yourself fit for a coach again, and come
Along with us?
PLOT. Well, my two resolute friends,
You shall prevail. But whither now are your
Lewd motions bent?
NEW. We'll dine at Roseclap's: there
We shall meet Captain Quartfield and his poet;
They shall show us another fish.
BRIGHT. But, by the way, we have agreed to see
A lady, you mechanic.
PLOT. What lady?
NEW. Hast not thou heard of the new-sprung lady?
BRIGHT. One
That keeps her coachman, footboy, woman, and spends
A thousand pounds a year by wit.
PLOT. How? wit!
NEW. That is her patrimony, sir. 'Tis thought
The fortune she is born to will not buy
A bunch of turnips.
PLOT. She is no gamester, is she? Nor carries false dice?
BRIGHT. No, but has a tongue,
Were't in a lawyer's mouth, would make him buy
All young heirs near him.
PLOT. But does no man know from whence she came?
BRIGHT. As for her birth, she may
Choose her own pedigree: it is unknown
Whether she be descended of some ditch
Or duchess.
NEW. She's the wonder of the court
And talk o' th' town.
PLOT. Her name?
NEW. Aurelia.

PLOT. I've heard of her. They say she does fight duels,
And answers challenges in wit.
BRIGHT. She has been thrice in the field.
PLOT. I' th' field?
NEW. Yes, in Spring Garden;
Has conquer'd, with no second but her woman,
A Puritan, and has return'd with prizes.
PLOT. And no drum beat before her?
NEW. No, nor colours
Flourish'd. She has made a vow never to marry,
'Till she be won by stratagem.
PLOT. I long to see her.
BRIGHT. I' th' name of Guildhall, who comes here?

SCENE V.

Enter TIMOTHY.

TIM. By your leave, gentlemen.
PLOT. Master Timothy!
Welcome from the new world. I look'd you should
Ha' past through half the signs in heaven by this,
And ha' convers'd with the dolphins. What! not gone
To sea with your father?
TIM. No, faith, I do not love
To go to sea; it makes one lousy, lays him
In wooden sheets, and lands him a preservative
Against the plague: besides, my mother was
Afraid to venture me.
PLOT. Believe't, she's wise
Not to trust such a wit to a thin frail bark,
Where you had sail'd within three inches of
Becoming a Jonas. Besides the tossing, to have
All the fierce blust'ring faces in the map

Swell more tempestuously upon you than
Lawyers preferr'd or trumpeters. And whither
Were you bound now?
TIM. I only came to have
Your judgment of my suit.
PLOT. Surely the tailor
Has done his part.
TIM. And my mother has done hers;
For she has paid for't. I never durst be seen
Before my father out of duretta[1] and serge:
But if he catch me in such paltry stuffs,
To make me look like one that lets out money,
Let him say, "Timothy was born a fool."
Before he went, he made me do what he list;
Now he's abroad, I'll do what I list. What
Are these two? Gentlemen?
PLOT. You see they wear
Their heraldry.
TIM. But I mean, can they roar,
Beat drawers, play at dice, and court their mistress?
I mean forthwith to get a mistress?
PLOT. But
How comes this, Master Timothy? you did not
Rise such a gallant this morning.
TIM. All's one for that.
My mother lost her maidenhead that I
Might come first into the world; and, by God's lid,
I'll bear myself like the elder brother, I.
D'you think, I'll all days of my life frequent
Saint Antlins, like my sister? Gentlemen,
I covet your acquaintance.
BRIGHT. Your servant, sir.
NEW. I shall be proud to know you.

---

[1] [Probably some strong, coarse sort of substance like corduroy.]

TIM. Sir, my knowledge
Is not much worth. I'm born to a small fortune;
Some hundred thousand pound, if once my father
Held up his hands in marble, or kneel'd in brass.
What are you? inns-of-court men?
NEW. The catechism
Were false, should we deny it.
TIM. I shall shortly
Be one myself; I learn to dance already,
And wear short cloaks. I mean in your next masque
To have a part: I shall take most extremely.
BRIGHT. You will inflame the ladies, sir: they'll strive,
Who shall most privately convey jewels
Into your hand.
NEW. This is an excellent fellow.
Who is't?
PLOT. Rich Seathrift's son, that's gone to sea
This morning with my uncle.
BRIGHT. Is this he
Whose sister thou shouldst marry? The wench that brings
Ten thousand pound?
PLOT. My uncle would fain have me [marry her;]
But I have cast her off.
BRIGHT. Why?
PLOT. Faith, she's handsome,
And had a good wit; but her schoolmistress
Has made her a rank Puritan.
NEW. Let's take him
Along with us, and Captain Quartfield shall show him.
PLOT. 'Twill be an excellent comedy; and afterwards
I have a project on him.
TIM. Gentlemen,

Shall we dine at an ordinary? You
Shall enter me among the wits,
PLOT. Sir, I
Will but shift clothes, then we'll associate you,
But first you shall with us, and see a lady
Rich as your father's chests and odd holes,[1] and
Fresh as Pygmalion's mistress, newly waken'd
Out of her alabaster.
TIM. Lead on:
I long to see a lady, and to salute her. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II., SCENE 1.

AURELIA, DORCAS.

AUR. Why, we shall have you get in time the turn-
Up of your eyes, speak in the nose, draw sighs
Of an ell long, and rail at discipline.
Would I could hear from Bannswright! Ere I'll be tortur'd
With your preciseness thus, I'll get dry palms
With starching, and put on my smocks myself.
DOR. Surely you may, and air 'em too: there have been
Very devout and holy women that wore
No shift at all.
AUR. Such saints, you mean, as wore
Their congregations, and swarm'd with Christian vermin.
You'll hold clean linen heresy?
DOR. Surely, yes,
Clean linen in a surplice: that and powders

[1] [Apparently this word means the secret pigeon-holes in a desk or secretary.]

Do bring dry summers, make the sickness rage,
And the enemy prevail. It was reveal'd
To Mistress Scruple and her husband, who
Do verily ascribe the German war
And the late persecutions to curling,
False teeth, and oil of talc.[1]

AUR. Now she is in,
A lecturer will sooner hold his peace
Than she.

DOR. And surely, as Master Scruple says——

AUR. That was her schoolmaster; one that cools a feast
With his long grace, and sooner eats a capon,
Than blesses it.

---

[1] "*Talc*, in natural history, is a shining, squamous, fissile species of stone, easily separable into thin, transparent scales or leaves." — Chambers's "Dictionary." It was anciently found only in Spain, but since, in several parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. "Some chemists," says the same writer, "and other empirics, have held that talc might be used for many important purposes, and pretend to draw from it that precious oil so much boasted of by the ancients, particularly the Arabs, called *oil of talc*, which is supposed a wonderful cosmetic, and preserver of the complexion; but the truth is, the word *talc*, among them, signified no more than an equal disposition of the humours, which keeps the body in good temperament and perfect health. Now, as nothing contributes more than health to the preserving of beauty, this has given occasion to the chemists to search this *oil of talc*, which is to maintain the body in this disposition, and to engage the ladies to be at the expense of the search."

["*Talc* is a cheap kind of mineral, which this county (Sussex) plentifully affords, though not so fine as that which is fetched from Venice. It is white and transparent like crystal, full of strekes or veins, which prettily scatter themselves. Being calcined, and variously prepared, it maketh a curious *white-wash*, which some justify lawful, because clearing, not changing, the complexion."—Fuller's "Worthies," quoted by Gifford (Ben Jonson, iv. 94).]

DOR. And proves it very well,
Out of a book that suffer'd martyrdom[1]
By fire in Cheapside; since amulets and bracelets,
And love-locks, were in use, the price of sprats,
Jerusalem artichokes, and Holland cheese,
Is very much increased: so that the brethren—
Botchers I mean, and such poor zealous saints
As earn five groats a week under a stall,
By singing psalms, and drawing up of holes,
Can't live in their vocation, but are fain
To turn——
AUR. Old breeches.
DOR. Surely, teachers and prophets.

SCENE II.

Enter BANNSWRIGHT.

AUR. O Master Bannswright, are you come! My woman
Was in her preaching fit: she only wanted
A table's end.
BAN. Why, what's the matter?
AUR. Never
Poor lady had so much unbred holiness
About her person; I am never dress'd
Without a sermon; but am forc'd to prove
The lawfulness of curling-irons, before
She'll crisp me in a morning. I must show
Text for the fashions of my gowns. She'll ask
Where jewels are commanded? or what lady
I' th' primitive times wore ropes of pearl or rubies?

[1] This was Prynne's celebrated work, entitled, "Histriomastix," &c., which was, by the sentence of the Star Chamber, ordered to be burnt.

She will urge councils for her little ruff.
Call'd in Northamptonshire[1]; and her whole service
Is a mere confutation of my clothes.
BAN. Why, madam, I assure you, time hath been,
However she be otherwise, when she had
A good quick wit, and would have made to a lady
A serviceable sinner.
AUR. She can't preserve
The gift, for which I took her; but, as though
She were inspir'd from Ipswich,[2] she will make
The *Acts and Monuments* in sweetmeats, quinces
Arraign'd and burnt at a stake: all my banquets
Are persecutions; Diocletian's days
Are brought for entertainment, and we eat martyrs.
BAN. Madam, she is far gone.
AUR. Nay, sir, she is a Puritan at her needle too.
BAN. Indeed!
AUR. She works religious petticoats;[3] for flowers
She'll make church-histories. Her needle doth
So sanctify my cushionets: besides,
My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries,

---

[1] The county in which the celebrated Hugh Broughton, who may be esteemed the head of the Puritans, was educated, and afterwards died in exile at a very advanced age.

[2] Alluding to the second publication for which Prynne was prosecuted, and sentenced to lose the remainder of his ears. It was entitled "News from Ipswich, and the Fourth Tragedy, recording Gold-smiths, Image-makers, and Stage-Breakers. 4°. 1637." He published it under the name of Matthew White.

[3] It appears to have been the custom at this time to work religious and other stories in different parts of the dress then worn. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Custom of the Country," II. 3, Clarinda, who is a Roman Catholic, says—

"Have you seen many strange pieces come
Without a man [Protestant] in 't?"

And are so learned, that I fear in time
All my apparel will be quoted by
Some pure instructor.[1] Yesterday I went
To see a lady that has a parrot: my woman,
While I was in discourse, converted the fowl;
And now it can speak nought but Knox's works;[2]
So there's a parrot lost.

BAN. Faith, madam, she
Was earnest to come to you. Had I known
Her mistress had so bred her, I would first
Have preferred her to New England.[3]

DOR. Surely, sir,
You promised me, when you did take my money,
To help me to a faithful service, a lady
That would be saved, not one that loves profane,
Unsanctified fashions.

AUR. Fly my sight,
You goody Hofman,[4] and keep your chamber, till
You can provide yourself some cure, or I
Will forthwith excommunicate your zeal,
And make you a silent waiting-woman.

BAN. Mistress Dorcas,
If you'll be usher to that holy, learned woman
That can heal broken shins, scald heads and th' itch,
Your schoolmistress; that can expound, and teaches
To knit in Chaldee, and work Hebrew samplers,
I'll help you back again.

DOR. The motion, sure, is good,
And I will ponder of it. [*Exit* DORCAS.

---

[1] [This passage is quoted in the editions of Beaumont and Fletcher, to illustrate a passage in the "Custom of the Country," (see below) but it is questionable, perhaps, whether the allusions here are to be taken quite seriously.]

[2] See note to "The Ordinary" [xii., 300.]

[3] See note to "The Ordinary" [xii., 316.]

[4] [An allusion which I cannot explain. It has no connection with Chettle's play.]

AUR. From thy zeal,
The frantic ladies' judgments, and Histriomastix,[1]
Deliver me! This was of your preferring;
You must needs help me to another.
BAN. How
Would you desire her qualified? deformed
And crooked? like some ladies who do wear
Their women like black patches, to set them off?
AUR. I need no foil, nor shall I think I'm white
Only between two Moors; or that my nose
Stands wrong, because my woman's doth stand right.
BAN. But you would have her secret, able to keep
Strange sights from th' knowledge of your knight, when you
Are married, madam; of a quick-feigning head?
AUR. You wrong me, Bannswright: she whom I would have
Must to her handsome shape have virtue too.
BAN. Well, madam, I shall fit you. I do know
A choleric lady which, within these three weeks,
Has, for not cutting her corns well, put off
Three women; and is now about to part
With the fourth—just one of your description.
Next change o' th' moon or weather, when her feet
Do ache again. I do believe I shall
Pleasure your ladyship.
AUR. Expect your reward. [*Exit* BANNSWRIGHT.

SCENE III.

Enter BRIGHT, NEWCUT, TIMOTHY, PLOTWELL.

TIM. Lady, let me taste the Elysium of your lips.

[1] Prynne's book, mentioned before.

AUR. Why, what are you? You will not leap me, sir?
Pray, know your distance.
TIM. What am I, sweet lady?
My father is an alderman's fellow; and I
Hope to be one in time.
AUR. Then, sir, in time
You may be remembered at the quenching of
Fir'd houses, when the bells ring backward,[1] by
Your name upon the buckets.[2]
TIM. Nay, they say
You have a good wit, lady, and I can find it
As soon as another. I in my time have been
O' th' university, and should have been a scholar.
AUR. By the size of you wit, sir, had you kept
To that profession, I can foresee
You would have been a great persecutor of nature
And great consumer of rush candles, with
As small success as if a tortoise should
Day and night practise to run races. Having
Contemplated yourself into ill-looks,
In pity to so much affliction,
You might ha' pass'd for learned; and't may be,
If you had fallen out with the Muses, and
'Scap'd poetry, you might have risen to scarlet.
TIM. Here's a rare lady with all my heart. By this
Light, gentlemen, now have I no more language
Than a dumb parrot. A little more, she'll jeer me
Into a fellow that turns upon his toe
In a steeple, and strikes quarters![3]

---

[1] [See a note in Hazlitt's "Popular Poetry," ii. 153.]
[2] [A curious little illustration of contemporary civic usages.]
[3] Alluding to an automaton, like those at St Dunstan's, Fleet Street. See notes on Shakespeare's "King Richard III.," edit. 1778, p. 113, vol. vii.—*Steevens.*

BRIGHT. And why should you
Be now so dainty of your lips? Verily,
They are not virgins: they have tasted man.
AUR. And may again; but then I'll be secur'd
For the sweet air o' th' parties. If you
Will bring it me confirm'd under the hands
Of four sufficient ladies, that you are
Clean men, you may chance kiss my woman.
NEW. Lady,
Our lips are made of the same clay that yours [are,]
And have not been refused.
AUR. 'Tis right, you are
Two inns-of-court men.
BRIGHT. Yes, what then?
AUR. Known Cladders[1]
Through all the town.
BRIGHT. Cladders?
AUR. Yes, catholic lovers,
From country madams to your glover's wife,
Or laundress;[2] will not let poor gentlewomen
Take physic quietly, but disturb their pills
From operation with your untaught visits;
Or, if they be employ'd, contrive small plots
Below stairs with the chambermaid; commend
Her fragrant breath, which five yards off salutes,
At four deflow'rs a rose, at three kills spiders.
NEW. What dangerous truths these are!
AUR. Ravish a lock
From the yellow waiting-woman; use stratagems
To get her silver whistle, and waylay
Her pewter-knots or bodkin.

---

[1] [Nares, in his "Glossary," 1859, in *v.*, seems to say that this is the only passage where this phrase occurs. Fortunately it is explained for us. But its origin is obscure.]

[2] [The name given to the women who attended on the chambers in the inns-of-court. It is not obsolete.].

NEW. Pretty, pretty!
BRIGHT. You think you have abus'd us now?
AUR. I'll tell you:
Had I in all the world but forty mark,
And that got by my needle, and making socks,
And were that forty mark mill'd sixpences,
Spur-royals, Harry-groats,[1] or such odd coin
Of husbandry, as in the king's reign now
Would never pass, I would despise you.
NEW. Lady,
Your wit will make you die a wither'd virgin.
BRIGHT. We shall in time, when your most tyrant tongue
Hath made this house a wilderness, and you
As unfrequented as a statesman fallen;
When you shall quarrel with your face and glass,
Till from your pencil you have rais'd new cheeks—
See you beg suitors, write bills o'er your door:
"Here is an ancient lady to be let."
NEW. You think you are handsome now, and that your eyes
Make star-shooting, and dart.[2]
AUR. 'T may be I do.
NEW. May I not prosper if I have not seen
A better face in signs or gingerbread.
TIM. Yes, I for twopence oft have bought a better.
BRIGHT. What a sweet, innocent look you have!
PLOT. Fie, gentlemen,

---

[1] In the third year of James I., rose-*rials* (or *royals*) of gold were coined at 30s. apiece, and *spur-rials* at 15s. each. For *Harry-groats*, see note to "The Antiquary," *post*.

[2] So Chapman, in his "Hymn to Hymen," at the end of the "Masque of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn," 1613—

"Let such glances fly,
As make stars shoot to imitate her eye."

—*Collier*.

Abuse a harmless lady thus: I can't
With patience hear your blasphemies. Make me
Your second, madam.
TIM. And make me your third.
AUR. O prodigy, to hear an image speak!
Why, sir, I took you for a mute i' th' hangings.
I'll tell the faces.
TIM. Gentlemen, do I
Look like one of them Trojans?[1]
AUR. 'Tis so; your face
Is missing here, sir; pray, step back again,
And fill the number. You, I hope, have more
Truth in you than to filch yourself away,
And leave my room unfurnish'd.
PLOT. By this light
She'll send for a constable straight, and apprehend him
For thievery.
TIM. Why, lady, do you think me
Wrought in a loom, some Dutch piece weav'd at Mortlake![2]

---

[1] [Probably the arras in the room represented some scene in the siege of Troy.]

[2] The art of weaving tapestry was brought into England by William Sheldon, Esq., about the end of the reign of Henry VIII. (See Dugdale's "Warwickshire," p. 584.) In the time of James I., a manufacture of tapestry was set up at Mortlake, in Surrey, and soon arrived at a high degree of excellence. King James gave £2000 towards the undertaking; and Sir Francis Crane erected the house to execute the design in. Francis Cleyn painted for the workmen, and to such a pitch of perfection had the art been carried, that Archbishop Williams paid for the four seasons, worked, I suppose, for hangings, £2500.—Walpole's "Anecdotes," ii. 21-128.) *Mortlake tapestry* continued long in repute, and is mentioned in Oldham's Satire in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal—

"Here some rare piece
Of Rubens or Vandyke presented is:
There a rich suit of *Mortlack tapestry*,
A bed of damask or embroidery."

AUR. Surely you stood so simply, like a man
Penning of recantations, that I suspected
Y' had been a part of the monopoly.
But now I know you have a tongue, and are
A very man, I'll think you only dull,
And pray for better utterance.
PLOT. Lady, you make
Rash judgment of him; he was only struck
With admiration of your beauty.
TIM. Truly, and so I was.
AUR. Then you can wonder, sir?
PLOT. Yes, when he sees such miracles as you.
AUR. And love me, can't you?
TIM. Love you! By this hand,
I'd love a dog of your sweet looks: I am
Enamour'd of you, lady.
AUR. Ha, ha, ha! now surely
I wonder you wear not a cap: your case
Requires warm things! I'll send you forth a caudle. [*Exit.*
BRIGHT. The plague of rotten teeth, wrinkles, loud lungs,
Be with you, madam.
TIM. Had I now pen and ink,
If I were urg'd, I'd fain know whether I
In conscience ought not to set down myself
No wiser than I should be?
PLOT. Gentlemen, how like you her wit?
TIM. Wit! I verily
Believe she was begotten by some wit;
And he that has her may beget plays on her.
NEW. Her wit had need be good, it finds her house.
TIM. Her house! 'tis able to find the court: if she
Be chaste to[1] all this wit, I do not think
But that she might be shown.

[1] [*i.e.*, Added to.

BRIGHT. She speaks with salt,
And has a pretty scornfulness, which now
I've seen, I'm satisfied.
NEW. Come then away to Roseclap's.
TIM. Lead on; let us dine. This lady
Runs in my head still.

Enter a FOOTMAN.

FOOT. Sir, my lady prays
You would dismiss your company; she has
Some business with you.
PLOT. Gentlemen, walk softly; I'll overtake you.
BRIGHT. Newcut, 'slight! her wit
Is come to private meetings!
NEW. Ay, I thought
She had some other virtues. Well, make haste,
We'll stay without; when thou hast done, inform us
What the rate is: if she be reasonable,
We'll be her customers.
PLOT. Y' are merry, sir.
[*Exit* BRIGHT, NEWCUT, TIMOTHY.

SCENE IV.

Enter AURELIA.

PLOT. Nay, sister, you may enter; they are gone.
I did receive your ticket this morning. What!
You look the mine should run still?
AUR. O, you are
A careful brother to put me on a course
That draws the eyes o' th' town upon me, and makes me . . .

Discourse for ordinaries, then leave me in't.
I will put off my ladyship, and return
To Mistress Holland, and to making shirts
And bands again.

PLOT. I hope you will not.

AUR. I repent I left th' Exchange.

PLOT. Faith, I should laugh
To see you there again, and there serve out
The rest of your indentures, by managing
Your needle well, and making nightcaps by
A chafing-dish in winter mornings, to keep
Your fingers pliant. How rarely 'twould become you
To run over all your shop to passengers
In a fine sale-tune!

AUR. What would you have me do?
D'ye think I'm the Dutch virgin, that could live
By th' scent of flowers?[1] Or that my family

[1] The following seems to be the story here alluded to: "But the strangest I have met with in this kinde, is the historie of Eve Fleigen, out of the *Dutch* translated into English, and printed at London, Anno 1611: who being borne at Meurs, is said to have taken no kinde of sustenance by the space of fourteen yeeres together; that is, from the yeere of her age twenty-two to thirty-six, and from the yeere of our Lord, 1597 to 1611; and this we have confirmed by the testimony of the magistrate of the towne of Meurs, as also by the minister, who made tryall of her in his house thirteene days together, by all the meanes he could devise, but could detect no imposture. Over the picture of this maiden, set in the front of the Dutch copie, stand these Latin verses—

"Meursæ hæc quem cernis decies ter sexque peregit
Annos, bis septem prorsus non vescitur annis
Nec potat, sic sola sedet, sic pallida vitam
Ducit, et *exigui se oblectat floribus horti.*"

Thus rendred in the English copie—

"This maid of Meurs thirty-six yeares spent,
Fourteene of which she tooke no nourishment:
Thus pale and wan shee sits, sad and alone,
A garden's all shee loves to looke upon."

—Hakewill's "Apologie," fol. 1635, p. 440.

Are descended of cameleons,
And can be kept with air? Is this the way
To get a husband; to be in danger to be
Shut up for house-rent, or to wear a gown
Out a whole fashion, or the same jewels twice?
Shortly my neighbours will commend my clothes
For lasting well, give them strange dates, and cry,
"Since your last gorget and the blazing star."

PLOT. Prythee, excuse me, sister, I can now
Rain showers of silver into thy lap again.
My uncle's gone to sea, and has left me
The key to th' golden fleece. Thou shalt be still
A madam, Pen; and to maintain thy honour,
And to new-dub thee, take this. [*Gives her a purse.*
But, sister, I
Expected you ere this, out of the throng
Of suitors that frequent you, should have been
Made a true lady—not one in type or show.
I fear you are too scornful, look too high.

AUR. Faith, brother, 'tis no age to be put off
With empty education; few will make jointures
To wit or good parts. I may die a virgin,
"When some old widow, which at every cough
Resigns some of her teeth, and every night
Puts off her leg as duly as French hood,
Scarce wears her own nose, hath no eyes but such
As she first bought in Broad Street, and every morning
Is put together like some instrument,"

In Davenant's "News from Plymouth," act i. sc. 1, the same person is mentioned—

> "How? Do you think I bring you tidings of
> The Maid of Brabant, that liv'd by her smell;
> That din'd on a rose, and supp'd on a tulip?"

[The narrative of Eve Fleigen, above referred to, is appended to an excessively rare tract of eight 4° leaves, printed in 1611, and noticed in Hazlitt's "Handbook," 1867, p. 277.]

Discourse for ordinaries, then leave
I will put off my ladyship, and return
To Mistress Holland, and to make
And bands again.
PLOT. I hope you will not.
AUR. I repent I left th[illegible]
PLOT. Faith, I should [illegible]
To see you there again.
The rest of your inde[illegible]
Your needle well, a[illegible]
A chafing-dish in y[illegible]
Your fingers pliant
To run over all [illegible]
In a fine sale [illegible]
AUR. Wh[illegible]
D'ye think I
By th' scen[illegible]

[1] The f[illegible]
"But th[illegible]
histori[illegible]
Engli[illegible]
borne
by [illegible]
ye[illegible]
y[illegible]
h[illegible]
[illegible]

Are descended of camelions
And can be kept with air! Is this the way
To get a husband, to be in league to be
Shut up for housewives, or to wear a gown
Out a whole fashion, or the same jewels twice?
Shortly my neighbours will command my clothes
For lasting well: give them straight back, as I cry,
"Since your last pledge and the blazing star."

PLOT. Psyches, excuse me, sister. I can now
Rain showers of silver into thy lap again.
My uncle's gone to sea, and I has left me
The key to th' golden closet. Thou shalt be still
A maiden Peer; and to maintain thy honour,
And to new-dub thee, take that *[gives her a purse.*
But, sister, I
Expected you ere this, out of the throng
Of suitors that frequent you should have been
Made a true lady—not one in type or show.
I fear you are too scornful, look too high.

AUR. Faith, brother, 'tis no age to be put off
With empty education: few will make pictures
To wit or good parts. I may die a virgin,
"When some old widow, which at every cough
Resigns some of her teeth, and every night
Puts off her leg as duly as French hood,
Scarce wears her own nose, hath no eyes but such
As she first bought in Bread Street, and every morning
Is put together like some instrument.

In Davenant's "News from Plymouth," act i. sc. 1, the same person is mentioned—

> "How! Do you think I prize you at Lines of
> The Maid of Eyeland, that liv'd by her smell;
> That din'd on a rose, and supp'd on a tulip?"

[The narrative of Eve Fleigen, above referred to, is appended to an excessively rare tract of eight 4° leaves, printed in 1611, and noticed in Hazlitt's "Handbook," 1867, p. 277.]

Having full coffers, shall be woo'd, and thought
A youthful bride.
PLOT. Why, sister, will you like
A match of my projection? You do know
How ruinous our father's fortunes are.
Before he broke, you know, there was a contract
Between you and young Seathrift. What if I
Make it a wedding?
AUR. Marry a fool, in hope
To be a Lady Mayoress?
PLOT. Why, sister, I
Could name good ladies that are fain to find
Wit for themselves and knights too.
AUR. I have heard
Of one, whose husband was so meek, to be
For need her gentleman-usher; and, while she
Made visits above stairs, would patiently
Find himself business at trey-trip[1] i' th' hall.

---

[1] Or, as it was more frequently written, *tray-trip*. This game is mentioned very frequently in our ancient writers, but it is by no means clear what the nature of it was. Mr Steevens considers it as a *game at cards;* and Mr Tyrwhitt, as a *game at tables*. In opposition to both, Mr Hawkins was of opinion that it was the same play which is now called "Scotch Hop," the amusement at present of the lower class of young people. In support of this idea, the above passage was quoted by that gentleman. See notes on "Twelfth Night," act ii. sc. 5.

The truth of Mr Tyrwhitt's conjecture will be established by the following extract from "Machiavell's Dogge," 1617, 4°, sig. B.

"But leaving cardes, lett's goe to dice a while,
To passage, *trei-trippe*, hazarde, or mum-chance,
But subtill mates will simple mindes beguile,
And blinde their eyes with many a blinking glaunce.

Oh cogges and stoppes, and such like devilish trickes,
Full many a purse of golde and silver pickes.

"And therefore, first for hazard, hee that list,
And passeth not, puts many to a blancke;
And *trippe without a treye* makes hard, I wist,
To sitte and mourne among the sleepers ranke.

PLOT. He's only city-bred; one month of your
Sharp conversation will refine him; besides,
How long will't be ere your dissembled state
Meet such another offer?

AUR. Well, brother, you shall dispose of my affections.

PLOT. Then some time
This afternoon I'll bring him hither: do you
Provide the priest: your dining-room will serve
As well as the church.

AUR. I will expect you. [*Exeunt several ways.*

SCENE V.

Enter CAPTAIN QUARTFIELD *beating* ROSECLAP; SALEWIT *and* MILLICENT *labouring to part them.*

QUART. Sirrah, I'll beat you into air.

ROSE. Good captain!

QUART. I will, by Hector.

ROSE. Murder, murder, help!

QUART. You needy, shifting, cosening, breaking slave.

MIL. Nay, Master Salewit, help to part 'em.

SALE. Captain!

QUART. Ask me for money? dog!

ROSE. O, I am kill'd!

MIL. Help, help!

SALE. Nay, captain.

QUART. Men of my coat pay!

MIL. I'll call in neighbours. Murder, murder!

And for mum-chance howe'er the chance doe fall,
You must be mum for fear of marring all."

[See also "Popular Antiquities of Great Britain," 1870, ii. 340.]

QUART. Rascal,
I'll make you trust, and offer me petitions
To go o' th' score.
ROSE. Good; 'tis very good.
MIL. How does thy head, sweetheart?
ROSE. Away, be quiet, Millicent.
SALE. Roseclap, you'll never leave this: I did tell you,
Last time the captain beat you, what a lion
He is, being ask'd for reckonings.
MIL. So you did,
Indeed, good Master Salewit; yet you must
Ever be foolish, husband.
SALE. What if we
Do owe you money, sir; is't fit for you
To ask it?
ROSE. Well, sir, there is law. I say
No more, but there is law.
QUART. What law, you cur?
The law of nature, custom, arms, and nations,
Frees men of war from payments.
ROSE. Yes, your arms, captain; none else.
QUART. No soldiers ought to pay.
SALE. Nor poets:
All void of money are privileged.
MIL. What would you have?
Captains and poets, Master Salewit says,
Must never pay.
SALE. No, nor be ask'd for money.
ROSE. Still, I say, there is law.
QUART. Say that again,
And, by Bellona, I will cut thy throat.
MIL. You long to see your brains out.
QUART. Why, you mongrel,
You John-of-all-trades, have we been your guests
Since you first kept a tavern; when you had
The face and impudence to hang a bush

One to three pieces of plate, you'll be sure
In all the world!
SALL. After that when you broke
Did we here find you out master of your senses
And help'd away your customer, which had else
Lain muddy in your cellar?
ROSE. For all in deed,
And better paid for't. I'll not deny,
But you have been my customers these two years;
My pate well hit, and thereby sav'd a world of
pox.
I will go further; you've two months have been
Two as good eating as ever the devil fell to;
While my doors, as custom to be plentiful,
As if you still had stood with ready money:
Had still the meats in season, still drawn in
That your ill luck came in.
SALL. And your cunning now
Would have this paid you!
ROSE. Surely, so I take it.
SALL. Was ever the like heard!
QUART. The most unreasonable!
He has a barber's impudence — shrink therefore.
You would be questioned for your reckonings,
rogue.
ROSE. Do you inform!
QUART. I hear one i' the chamber
Pull for the bolting of a man a mile.
SALL. Most unreasonable extortion!
ROSE. Let surely, captain
No man have cheaper reckonings than yourself
And Master Sallett here.
QUART. How then!
ROSE. I say
No more, good captain; but to pay is cheap.
A man would think
QUART. Sir, don't you reckon sir,

And make it dear to breathe in your house, and put
The nose to charges?
ROSE. Right; perfum'd air, captain.
QUART. Is not the standing of the salt an item,
And placing of the bread?
ROSE. A new way, captain.
QUART. Is not the folding of your napkins brought
Into the bill?
ROSE. Pinch'd napkins, captain, and laid
Like fishes, fowls, or faces.
SALE. Then remember
How you rate salads, Roseclap; one may buy
Gardens as cheap.
ROSE. Yes, Master Salewit, salads
Taken from Euclid, made in diagrams,
And to be eaten in figures.
QUART. And we must pay for your inventions, sir?
ROSE. Or you are damn'd:
Good captain, you have sworn to pay this twelve-month.
QUART. Peace! you loud, bawling cur; do you disgrace me
Before these gallants? See if I don't kill you.

SCENE VI.

Enter BRIGHT, NEWCUT, TIMOTHY, PLOTWELL.

BRIGHT. Save you, Captain Quartfield, and my brave wit,
My man of Helicon. Salute this gentleman,
He is a city wit.

NEW. A corporation went to the bringing of him forth.
QUART. I embrace him.
SALE. And so do I.
TIM. You are a poet, sir,
And can make verses, I hear?
SALE. Sir, I am
A servant to the Muses.
TIM. I have made
Some speeches, sir, in verse, which have been spoke
By a green Robin Goodfellow from Cheapside conduit,[1]
To my father's company, and mean this afternoon
To make an epithalamium upon my wedding.
A lady fell in love with me this morning:
Ask Master Francis here.
PLOT. Heart! you spoil all.
Did not I charge you to be silent?
TIM. That's true;
I had forgot. You are a captain, sir?
QUART. I have seen service, sir.
TIM. Captain, I love
Men of the sword and buff; and if need were,
I can roar too, and hope to swear in time,
Do you see, captain?
PLOT. Nay, captain, we have brought you
A gentleman of valour, who has been
In Moorfields often: marry, it has been
To 'squire his sisters, and demolish custards
At Pimlico.[2] [TIMOTHY *walks aside.*]

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[1] Alluding to the quaint speeches anciently delivered by fantastic characters during pageants and processions, such as that of the Lord Mayor, those at the entry of foreign princes, &c. The speakers were usually placed on *conduits, market crosses*, and other elevated situations.—*Steevens.*

[2] [According to some, a person who kept a tavern at or near Hoxton, but according to others, a place in that neigh-

QUART. Afore me, Master Plotwell;
I never hop'd to see you in silk again.
SALE. I look'd the next Lord Mayor's day to see
you o' th' livery,
Or one o' th' bachelor whifflers.[1]
QUART. What, is your uncle dead?
PLOT. He may in time: he's gone
To sea this morning, captain; and I am come
Into your order again. But hark you, captain,
What think you of a fish now?
QUART. Mad wags, mad wags.
BRIGHT. By Heaven, it's true. Here we have
brought one with us.
NEW. Rich Seathrift's son: he'll make a rare
sea-monster.
QUART. And shall's be merry, i' faith?
BRIGHT. Salewit shall make a song upon him.
NEW. And Roseclap's boy shall sing it.
SALE. We have the properties of the last fish.[2]
QUART. And if I

---

bourhood remarkable for selling ale. This is a doubtful matter. The ales of Pimlico, near London, are still famous.] See "Pimlyco, or Runne Red cap, 'tis a mad world at Hogsden," 1609. [As only one copy of it is known, it might be rather difficult to *see* it.]

[1] [See Dyce's "Shakespeare Glossary," in *v.* A *whiffler* was originally a player on a *whiffle* or fife in a procession, and hence was a name applied to the boys who walked (generally with flags) in the procession on Lord Mayor's Day.]

Bachelors whifflers should properly be *young men* free of the company. They attend on the Lord Mayor's Day, and are supposed to be out of their apprenticeships the preceding year. They are considered by the company they belong to pretty nearly in the same point of view as a gentleman considers the upper servants he keeps *out of livery.—N.*

In some companies, I am well informed, the children are named *The Whiflers.—Reed* (note altered).

[2] See note p. 248 to this play.

At dinner do not give him sea enough,
And afterwards, if I and Salewit do not
Show him much better than he that shows the Tombs,
Let me be turned into a sword-fish myself.
PLOT. A natural change for a captain! How now, Roseclap,
Pensive, and cursing the long vacation?
Thou look'st as if thou mean'st to break shortly.
ROSE. Ask the captain why I am sad?
QUART. Faith, gentlemen,
I disciplin'd him for his rudeness.
PLOT. Why, these
Are judgments, Roseclap, for dear reckonings.
TIM. Art thou the half-crown fellow of the house?
ROSE. Sir, I do keep the ordinary.
TIM. Let's have wine enough;
I mean to drink a health to a lady.
PLOT. Still
Will you betray your fortune? One of them
Will go and tell her who you are, and spoil
The marriage.
TIM. No; peace! Gentlemen, if you'll
Go in, we'll follow.
ROSE. Please you enter, dinner
Shall straight be set upon the board.
BRIGHT. We'll expect you. Come, gentlemen.
[*Exeunt* BRIGHT, NEWCUT, SALEWIT, QUARTFIELD, *and* ROSECLAP.
TIM. But, Master Francis, was that
The business, why she call'd you back?
PLOT. Believe it;
Your mother's smock shin'd at your birth, or else
You wear some charm about you.
TIM. Not I, truly.
PLOT. It cannot be she should so strangely doat

Upon you else. 'Slight! had you stay'd, I think
She would have woo'd you herself.
TIM. Now I remember,
One read my fortune once, and told my father,
That I should match a lady.
PLOT. How things fall out!
TIM. And did she ask you who I was?
PLOT. I told her you were a young knight.
TIM. Good.
PLOT. Scarce come to th' years of your discretion yet.
TIM. Good still.
PLOT. And that a great man
Did mean to beg you[1]——for his daughter.
TIM. Most rare: this afternoon's the time.
PLOT. Faith, she
Looks you should use a little courtship first;
That done, let me alone to have the priest
In readiness.
TIM. But were I not best ask my friends' consent?
PLOT. How! Friends' consent? that's fit
For none but farmers' sons and milkmaids. You shall not
Debase your judgment. She takes you for a wit,
And you shall match her like one.
TIM. Then I will.
PLOT. But no more words to th' gallants.
TIM. Do you think I am a sieve, and cannot hold?

Enter ROSECLAP.

ROSE. Gentlemen, the company are sat.

[1] [A piece of wit on the part of Plotwell, who meant slyly to insinuate that Timothy was fit to be begged for a fool, a custom which was once common, and does not require explanation.]

TIM. It shall be yours.
PLOT. Nay, sir, your fortune claims precedency.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

WAREHOUSE, SEATHRIFT, CYPHER.

WARE. Fetch'd abroad by two gallants, say you?
CYPH. Yes, sir,
As soon as you were gone: he only stay'd
To put on other clothes.
SEA. You say, my son went with 'em too?
CYPH. Yes, sir.
WARE. And whither went they?
CYPH. I follow'd 'em to Roseclap's ordinary.
WARE. And there you left 'em?
CYPH. Yes, sir, just before
I saw some captains enter.
SEA. Well, I give
My son for lost, undone past hope.
WARE. There is
No more but this; we'll thither straight: you, Cypher,
Have your instructions.
CYPH. Sir, let me alone
To make the story doleful.
WARE. Go, make you ready then. [*Exit* CYPHER.
Now, Master Seathrift, you may see what these
Young men would do, left to themselves.
SEA. My son shall know he has a sister.
WARE. And my nephew
That once he had an uncle. To leave land
Unto an unthrift, is to build on sand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III., SCENE 1.

BRIGHT, NEWCUT, PLOTWELL, ROSECLAP, *hanging out the picture of a strange fish.*[1]

BRIGHT. 'Fore Jove, the captain fox'd[2] him rarely.
ROSE. O sir,
He is used to it: this is the fifth fish now
That he hath shown thus. One got him twenty pound.
NEW. How, Roseclap?
ROSE. Why the captain kept him, sir,
A whole week drunk, and show'd him twice a-day.
NEW. It could not be like this.
ROSE. Faith, I do grant
This is the strangest fish. Yon I have hung
His other picture in the fields, where some
Say 'tis an o'ergrown porpoise; others say
'Tis the fish caught in Cheshire; one, to whom
The rest agree, said 'twas a mermaid.
PLOT. 'Slight!
Roseclap shall have a patent of him. The birds
Brought from Peru, the hairy wench,[3] the camel,

---

[1] Mr Steevens observes (note to "The Tempest," act ii. sc. 2) that it was formerly very common to exhibit fishes, either real or imaginary, in this manner, and that it appears from the books of Stationers' Hall, that in 1604 was published, "A strange reporte of a monstrous *fish*, that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seene in the sea."

The Italians use *Nuovo Pesce* in much the same manner as we employ the phrase "a strange fish." "Nuovo pesce era questo ru-Marco"—Domenichi's "Facetie," 1565, p. 268.

[2] Made him drunk, or intoxicated him.

[3] Probably the same mentioned by Sir Kenelm Digby. See note to "The Ordinary" [xii., 245.]

The elephant, dromedaries, or Windsor Castle,
The woman with dead flesh, or she that washes,
Threads needles, writes, dresses her children, plays
O' th' virginals with her feet, could never draw
People like this.
NEW. O, that his father were
At home to see him!
PLOT. Or his mother come,
Who follows strange sights out of town, and went
To Brentford to a motion.
BRIGHT. Bid the captain hasten,
Or he'll recover, and spoil all.
ROSE. They're here!

SCENE II.

Enter QUARTFIELD *and* SALEWIT, *dressed like two trumpeters, keeping the door;* MISTRESS SEATHRIFT *and* MISTRESS HOLLAND, *with a 'prentice before 'em, as comers-in.*

QUART. Bear back there!
SALE. Pray you, do not press so hard.
QUART. Make room for the two gentlewomen.
MIS. SEA. What is't?
SALE. Twelvepence apiece.
MIS. HOL. We will not give't.
QUART. Make room for them that will, then.
PLOT. O fortune, here's his mother!
BRIGHT. And who's the other?
PLOT. One Mistress Holland, the
Great sempstress on the Exchange.
MIS. HOL. We gave but a groat
To see the last fish.
QUART. Gentlewoman, that
Was but an Irish sturgeon.

SALE. This came from
The Indies, and eats five crowns a day in fry,
Ox-livers, and brown paste.
MIS. SEA. Well, there's three shillings.
Pray, let us have good places now.
QUART. Bear back there!
MIS. HOL. Look, Mistress Seathrift, here be gentlemen.
Sure, 'tis a rare fish.
MIS. SEA. I know one of 'em.
MIS. HOL. And so do I; his sister was my 'prentice.
MIS. SEA. Let's take acquaintance with him.
PLOT. Mistress Seathrift,
Hath the sight drawn you hither?
MIS. SEA. Yes, sir, I
And Mistress Holland here, my gossip, pass'd
This way, and so call'd in. Pray, Master Plotwell,
Is not my son here? I was told he went
With you this morning.
PLOT. You shall see him straight.
MIS. HOL. When will the fish begin, sir?
BRIGHT. Heart! she makes him a puppet-play.
PLOT. Why, now, they only stay
For company, 't has sounded twice.[1]
MIS. SEA. Indeed
I long to see this fish. I wonder whether
They will cut up his belly; they say a tench
Will make him whole again.
MIS. HOL. Look, Mistress Seathrift, what claws he has!

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1 Meaning that the trumpet has been sounded twice, in imitation of the theatres, where, before the play begins by the entrance of the prologue, there were what were called three soundings. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, iii. 114.—*Collier.*

MIS. SEA. For all the world like crabs.
MIS. HOL. Nay, mark his feet too.
MIS. SEA. For all the world like plaice.
BRIGHT. Was ever better sport heard?
NEW. Prythee, peace.
MIS. HOL. Pray, can you read that? Sir, I warrant
That tells where it was caught, and what fish 'tis.
PLOT. *Within this place is to be seen*
A wondrous fish. God save the queen.
MIS. HOL. Amen! she is my customer, and I
Have sold her bone-lace often.
BRIGHT. Why, the queen? 'Tis writ *the king.*
PLOT. That was to make the rhyme.
BRIGHT. 'Slid, thou didst read it, as 'twere some picture of
An Elizabeth-fish.[1]
QUART. Bear back there!
SALE. Make room! you
Friend, that were going to cut a purse there, make
Way for the two old gentlemen to pass.

Enter WAREHOUSE *and* SEATHRIFT *disguised.*

WARE. What must we give?
QUART. We take a shilling, sir.
SALE. It is no less.
SEA. Pray God your fish be worth it.
What, is't a whale, you take so dear?
QUART. It is a fish taken in the Indies.
WARE. Pray despatch then, and show't us quickly.
SALE. Pray, forbear: you'd have your head broke, cobbler.

[1] [See Mr Huth's "Ancient Ballads and Broadsides," 1867, p. 213.]

WARE. Yonder is my nephew in his old gallantry.
SEA. Who's there too? my wife
And Mistress Holland! Nay, I look'd for them.
But where's my wise son?
WARE. Mass, I see not him.
QUART. Keep out, sir.
SALE. Waterman, you must not enter.
[CYPHER *presses in like a waterman.*
QUART. This is no place for scullers.
CYPH. I must needs speak
With one Master Plotwell——
QUART. You must stay.
SALE. Thrust him out.
CYPH. ——and one Master Seathrift
On urgent business.
SALE. They are yet employ'd
In weightier affairs. Make fast the door.
[*They thrust him out.*
QUART. There shall no more come in. Come in, boy.
SEA. Don't they speak as if my son were in the room?
WARE. Yes, pray observe and mark them.
QUART. Gentlemen
And gentlewomen, you now shall see a sight
Europe never show'd the like. Behold this fish!
[*Draws a curtain; behind it* TIMOTHY *asleep like a strange fish.*
MIS. HOL. O strange! look how it sleeps!
BRIGHT. Just like a salmon upon a stall in Fish Street.
MIS. SEA. How it snorts too! just like my husband.
WARE. 'Tis very like a man.
SEA. 'T has such a nose and eyes.
SALE. Why, 'tis a man-fish;

An ocean centaur, begot between a siren
And a he stock-fish.
SEA. Pray, where took ye him?
QUART. We took him strangely in the Indies, near
The mouth of Rio de la Plata, asleep
Upon the shore, just as you see him now.
MIS. HOL. How say ye, asleep!
WARE. How! Would he come to land?
SEA. 'Tis strange a fish should leave his element!
QUART. Ask him what things the country told us.
SALE. You
Will scarce believe it now. This fish would walk you
Two or three mile o' th' shore sometimes; break houses,
Ravish a naked wench or two (for there
Women go naked), then run to sea again.
QUART. The country has been laid,[1] and warrants granted
To apprehend him.
WARE. I do suspect these fellows:
They lie as if they had patent for it.
SEA. The company,

---

[1] *The country has been laid*, means that the country has been *way-laid* for the purpose of catching him. This was the common mode of expression at the time, as appears from Middleton's "Chaste Maid in Cheapside," 1630, and other authorities—

"*Lay* the water-side—she's gone for ever else!"

Again, in the same play—

"My mother's gone to *lay* the common stairs."

—*Collier.*

Should every one believe his part, would scarce
Have faith enough among us.
WARE. Mark again.
SALE. The States of Holland would have bought him of us,
Out of a great design.
SEA. Indeed!
SALE. They offer'd a thousand dollars.
QUART. You cannot enter yet. [*Some knock.*
WARE. Indeed! so much? Pray, what to do?
SALE. Why, sir,
They were in hope, in time, to make this fish
Of faction 'gainst the Spaniard, and do service
Unto the state.
SEA. As how?
SALE. Why, sir, next plate-fleet,
To dive, bore holes i' th' bottom of their ships,
And sink them. You must think a fish like this
May be taught Machiavel, and made a state-fish.
PLOT. As dogs are taught to fetch.
NEW. Or elephants to dance on ropes.
BRIGHT. And, pray, what honour would
The states have given him for the service?
QUART. That, sir, is uncertain.
SALE. Ha' made him some sea-count; or, 't may be, admiral.
PLOT. Then, sir, in time,
Dutch authors, that writ *Mare Liberum*,[1]
Might dedicate their books to him?
SALE. Yes, being

---

[1] "Mare Liberum," was the title of a book written by the celebrated Grotius, to prove that the sea was free to every nation, in opposition to those who wished to circumscribe the Dutch trade. It was printed in 1609, and among other answers which appeared to it, was one by Selden, which he entitled "Mare Clausum."

A fish advanc'd, and of great place. Sing, boy!
You now shall hear a song upon him.

BRIGHT. Listen.

NEW. Do they not act it rarely?

PLOT. If 'twere their trade, they could not do it better.

SEA. Hear you that, sir?

WARE. Still I suspect.

MIS. HOL. I warrant you, this fish
Will shortly be in a ballad.

SALE. Begin, boy.

SONG.

We show no monstrous crocodile,
Nor any prodigy of Nile;
No Remora that stops your fleet,[1]
Like serjeants gallants in the street;
No sea-horse which can trot or pace,
Or swim false galop, post, or race:
For crooked dolphins we not care,
Though on their back a fiddler were:
The like to this fish, which we show,
Was ne'er in Fish Street, old or new;
Nor ever serv'd to th' sheriff's board,
Or kept in souse for the Mayor Lord.
Had old astronomers but seen
This fish, none else in heaven had been.

MIS. HOL. The song has waken'd him; look, he stirs!

---

[1] The *echineis*, a fish which by adhering to the bottoms of ships, was supposed to retard their course. So Lucan, lib. vi. v. 674—

"Puppim retinens, Euro tendente rudentes,
In mediis *echineis* aquis."

—*Steevens.*

TIM. O captain, pox—take—you—captain.
MIS. SEA. Hark, he speaks!
TIM. O—my—stomach——
WARE. How's this?
SEA. I'll pawn my life, this is imposture.
TIM. O, O——
PLOT. Heart! the captain did not give him his full load.
WARE. Can your fish
Speak, friends? The proverb says they're mute.
QUART. I'll tell you,
You will admire how docile he is, and how
He'll imitate a man: tell him your name,
He will repeat it after you; he has heard me
Call'd captain, and my fellow[s] curse sometimes,
And now you heard him say, pox-take-you, captain.
SALE. And yesterday, I but complain'd my stomach
Was overcharg'd, and how he minds it!
NEW. Strange!
BRIGHT. Ay, is it not?
PLOT. The towardness of a fish!
SALE. Would you think, when we caught him, he should speak
Drake, Drake?[1]
BRIGHT. And did he?
QUART. Yes, and *Hawkins;*[2]
A sign he was a fish that swam there when
These two compass'd the world.
NEW. How should he learn their names, I wonder?
SALE. From the sailors.

---

[1] Sir Francis Drake.

[2] There were two of that name, father and son, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, both eminent navigators. See their lives in "Biographia Britannica."

NEW. That may be.
QUART. He'll call for drink, like me, or anything
He lacks.
TIM. O Gad, my head——
QUART. D'you hear him?
TIM. O hostess, a basin——
PLOT. 'Slid, he'll spew.
BRIGHT. No matter.
QUART. Nay, I have seen him fox'd, and then maintain
A drunken dialogue.
MIS. HOL. Lord, how I long
To hear a little! Pray try him with some questions;
Will you, my friend?
QUART. Sometimes he will be sullen,
And make no answers.
SALE. That is when he's anger'd,
Or kept from drink long.
QUART. But I'll try him.
MIS. SEA. To see what creatures may be brought to!
QUART. Tim, you are drunk.
TIM. Plague take you, captain. O—Lord, you made me——
SEA. 'Sdeath, my son's name! Tim do you call him?
SALE. He'll answer to no name but that.
QUART. And, Tim, what think you of a wench now?
TIM. O, I am sick; where is she? O——
SEA. I'll lay my life, this fish is some confederate rogue.
QUART. I drink to you, Timothy, in sack.
TIM. O, O!
QUART. A health, Tim.
TIM. I can drink no more,—O!

SALE. What, not pledge your mistress !
TIM. O, let me alone.
SALE. He is not in the mood now ;
Sometimes you'd wonder at him.
QUART. He is tired
With talking all this day. That, and the heat
Of company about him, dull him.
WARE. Surely,
My friends, it is to me a miracle
To hear a fish speak thus.
QUART. So, sirs, 't has been
To thousands more.
SALE. Come now next Michaelmas,
'Tis five year we have shown him in most courts
In Christendom ; and you will not believe,
How with mere travelling and observation
He has improved himself, and brought away
The language of the country.
SEA. May not I ask him
Some questions ?
QUART. Sir, you may ; but he
Will answer none but one of us.
MIS. SEA. He's used, and knows their voices.
[*Knocking at door.*
SALE. He is so, mistress. Now, we'll open door.
WARE. Well, my belief doth tell me
There is a mist before our eyes.
MIS. SEA. I mar'l
My wise son miss'd this show.
QUART. Good people, we
Do show no more to-day : if you desire
[*They draw the curtain before him.*
To see, come to us in King Street to-morrow.
MIS. HOL. Come, gossip, let us go ; the fish is done.

MIS. SEA. By your leave, gentlemen. Truly, 'tis a dainty fish.[1]

[*Exit* MISTRESS SEATHRIFT, MISTRESS HOLLAND, *and* 'PRENTICE.

SCENE III.

Enter CYPHER, *like a Waterman.*

CYPH. Pray, which is Master Plotwell?
PLOT. I am he, friend;
What is your business?
CYPH. Sir, I should speak
With young Master Seathrift too.
PLOT. Sir, at this time,
Although no crab, like you, to swim backward, he is
Of your element.
CYPH. Upon the water?
PLOT. No,
But something that lives in't. If you but stay
Till he have slept himself a land-creature, you may
Chance see him come ashore here.
TIM. O—my head—
O—Captain—Master Francis—Captain—O——
PLOT. That is his voice, sir.
SEA. Death o' my soul! my son!
CYPH. He is in drink, sir, is he?
PLOT. Surely, friend, you are a witch;[2] he is so.

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[1] There is an incident of this kind, where a man is shown for a fish against his will, and thrust under water whenever he attempts to speak, in the "Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes." —*Collier.*

[2] [This word was applied formerly to both sexes. See "Gesta Romanorum," edit. Madden, p. 456.]

CYPH. Then I must tell the news to you: 'tis sad.
PLOT. I'll hear't as sadly.
CYPH. Your uncle, sir, and Master Seathrift are
Both drown'd, some eight miles below Greenwich.
PLOT. Drown'd!
CYPH. They went i' th' tilt-boat, sir, and I was one
O' th' oars that rowed him: a coal-ship did o'er-
run us.
I 'scaped by swimming; the two old gentlemen
Took hold of one another, and sunk together.
BRIGHT. How some men's prayers are heard!
We did invoke
The sea this morning, and see, the Thames has
took 'em.
PLOT. It cannot be: such good news, gentlemen,
Cannot be true.
WARE. 'Tis very certain, sir.
'Twas talk'd upon th' Exchange.
SEA. We heard it too
In Paul's now, as we came.
PLOT. There, friend, there is
A fare for you. I'm glad you 'scap'd; I had
Not known the news so soon else. [*Gives him money.*
CYPH. Sir, excuse me.
PLOT. Sir, it is conscience; I do believe you might
Sue me in Chancery.
CYPH. Sir, you show the virtues of an heir.
WARE. Are you rich Warehouse's heir, sir?
PLOT. Yes, sir, his transitory pelf,
And some twelve hundred pound a year in earth,
Is cast on me. Captain, the hour is come,
You shall no more drink ale, of which one draught
Makes cowards, and spoils valour; nor take off
Your moderate quart-glass. I intend to have
A musket for you, or glass-cannon, with
A most capacious barrel, which we'll charge
And discharge with the rich valiant grape

Of my uncle's cellar. Every charge shall fire
The glass, and burn itself i' th' filling, and look
Like a piece going off.
QUART. I shall be glad
To give thanks for you, sir, in pottle-draughts,
And shall love Scotch coal for this wreck the better,
As long as I know fuel.
PLOT. Then my poet
No longer shall write catches or thin sonnets,
Nor preach in verse, as if he were suborn'd
By him that wrote the Whip,[1] to pen lean acts,
And so to overthrow the stage for want
Of salt or wit. Nor shall he need torment
Or persecute his Muse; but I will be
His god of wine t' inspire him. He shall no more
Converse with the five-yard butler who, like thunder,
Can turn beer with his voice, and roar it sour;
But shall come forth a Sophocles, and write
Things for the buskin. Instead of Pegasus,
To strike a spring with's hoof, we'll have a steel
Which shall but touch a butt, and straight shall flow
A purer, higher, wealthier Helicon.
SALE. Frank, thou shalt be my Phœbus. My next poem
Shall be thy uncle's tragedy, or the life
And death of two rich merchants.
PLOT. Gentlemen,
And now, i' faith, what think you of the fish?
WARE. Why as we ought, sir, strangely.
BRIGHT. But do you think it is a very fish?
SALE. Yes.

[1] Prynne and his "Histriomastix," so often noticed in this play.

NEW. 'Tis a man.
PLOT. This valiant captain and this man of wit
First fox'd him, then transform'd him. We will wake him,
And tell him the news. Ho, Master Timothy!
TIM. Plague take you, captain!
PLOT. What, does your sack work still?
TIM. Where am I?
PLOT. Come, y' have slept enough.
BRIGHT. Master Timothy!
How, in the name of fresh cod, came you chang'd
Into a sea-calf thus?
NEW. 'Slight, sir, here be
Two fishmongers to buy you; bate the price,
Now y' are awake, yourself.
TIM. How's this? my hands
Transmuted into claws? my feet made flounders?
Array'd in fins and scales? Aren't you
Asham'd to make me such a monster? Pray,
Help to undress me.
PLOT. We have rare news for you.
TIM. No letter from the lady, I hope.
PLOT. Your father
And my grave uncle, sir, are cast away.
TIM. How?
PLOT. They by this have made a meal
For jacks and salmon: they are drown'd.
BRIGHT. Fall down,
And worship sea-coals; for a ship of them
Has made you, sir, an heir.
PLOT. This fellow here
Brings the auspicious news: and these two friends
Of ours confirm it.
CYPH. 'Tis too true, sir.
TIM. Well,
We are all mortal; but in what wet case
Had I been now, if I had gone with him!

Within this fortnight I had been converted
Into some pike; you might ha' cheapen'd me
In Fish Street; I had made an ordinary,
Perchance, at the Mermaid.[1] Now could I cry
Like any image in a fountain, which
Runs lamentations. O my hard misfortune!
[*He feigns to weep.*

SEA. Fie, sir! good truth, it is not manly in you
To weep for such a slight loss as a father.

TIM. I do not cry for that.

SEA. No?

TIM. No, but to think,
My mother is not drown'd too.

SEA. I assure you,
And that's a shrewd mischance.

TIM. For then might I
Ha' gone to th' counting-house, and set at liberty
Those harmless angels, which for many years
Have been condemn'd to darkness.

PLOT. You'd not do
Like your penurious father, who was wont
To walk his dinner out in Paul's, whilst you

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[1] A tavern which used to be frequented by Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other wits of the times, and often mentioned in their works. From the following enumeration of taverns, in an old poem called "Newes from Bartholmew Fayre" [by Richard West, 1607], the titlepage of which is lost, we find it was situate in Cornhill:—

"There hath beene great sale and utterance of wine,
Besides beere and ale, and ipocras fine,
In every country, region, and nation;
Chefely at Billingsgate, at *the Salutation*,
And *Bores Head*, neere London Stone,
The Swan at Dowgate, a taverne well knowne,
The Miter in Cheape, and then *the Bull Head*,
And many like places that make noses red;
The Bores Head in Old Fish Street, *three Cranes* in the Vintree,
And now of late, St Martin's in the Sentree:
The Windmill in Lothbury, *the Ship* at the Exchange,
King's Head in New Fish Streete, where roysters do range;
THE MERMAID IN CORNHILL; *Red Lion* in the Strand,
Three Tuns in Newgate Market, Old Fish Street, at *the Swan*."

Kept Lent at home, and had, like folk in sieges,
Your meals weigh'd to you.
NEW. Indeed they say he was
A monument of Paul's.
TIM. Yes, he was there
As constant as Duke Humphrey.[1] I can show
The prints where he sat holes i' th' logs.
PLOT. He wore
More pavement out with walking than would make
A row of new stone-saints, and yet refused
To give to th' reparation.[2]
BRIGHT. I've heard
He'd make his jack go empty to cosen neighbours.
PLOT. Yes, when there was not fire enough to warm
A mastich-patch t' apply to his wife's temples,
In great extremity of toothache. This is
True, Master Timothy, is't not?
TIM. Yes: then linen
To us was stranger than to Capuchins.
My flesh is of an order with wearing shirts
Made of the sacks that brought o'er cochineal,
Copperas, and indigo. My sister wears
Smocks made of currant-bags.
SEA. I'll not endure it:
Let's show ourselves. [*Aside.*]
WARE. Stay: hear all first. [*Aside.*]

[1] [An allusion which has been often explained.]

[2] About the year 1631, Archbishop Laud, under the patronage of Charles I., undertook the repairing and rebuilding of St Paul's. On this occasion the king went to the cathedral, and, after divine service was performed, solemnly promised to exert his best endeavours to repair the ruins which time, or the casualties of weather, had made therein. In consequence of this scheme, many applications were made to noblemen and gentlemen for their assistance, and, on their refusal to contribute, some were very severely censured, and even fined.

NEW. Thy uncle was such another.
PLOT. I have heard
He still last left th' Exchange; and would commend
The wholesomeness o' th' air in Moorfields, when
The clock struck three sometimes.
PLOT. Surely myself,
Cypher, his factor, and an ancient cat
Did keep strict diet, had our Spanish fare,
Four olives among three. My uncle would
Look fat with fasting; I ha' known him surfeit
Upon a bunch of raisins, swoon at sight
Of a whole joint, and rise an epicure
From half an orange. [*They undisguise.*
WARE. Gentlemen, 'tis false.
Cast off your cloud. D'ye know me, sir?
PLOT. My uncle!
SEA. And do you know me, sir?
TIM. My father!
WARE. Nay,
We'll open all the plot; reveal yourself.
PLOT. Cypher, the waterman!
QUART. Salewit, away!
I feel a tempest coming.
[*Exit* QUARTFIELD *and* SALEWIT.
WARE. Are you struck
With a torpedo, nephew?
SEA. Ha' you seen too
A Gorgon's head, that you stand speechless? or
Are you a fish in earnest?
BRIGHT. It begins to thunder.
NEW. We will make bold to take our leaves.
WARE. What, is your captain fled?
SEA. Nay, gentlemen, forsake your company!
BRIGHT. Sir, we have business.
[*Exeunt* BRIGHT *and* NEWCUT.
SEA. Troth, it is not kindly done.

WARE. Now, Master Seathrift,
You see what mourners we had had, had we
Been wreck'd in earnest. My griev'd nephew here
Had made my cellar flow with tears; my wines
Had charg'd glass-ordnance; our funerals had been
Bewail'd in pottle-draughts.
SEA. And at our graves
Your nephew and my son had made a panegyric,
And open'd all our virtues.
WARE. Ungrateful monster!
SEA. Unnatural villain!
WARE. Thou enemy to my blood!
SEA. Thou worse than parricide!
WARE. Next my sins, I do repent I am thy uncle.
SEA. And I thy father.
WARE. Death o' my soul! Did I, when first thy father
Broke in estate, and then broke from the compter,
Where Master Seathrift laid him in the hole
For debt, among the ruins of the city
And trades like him blown up, take thee from dust,
Give thee free education, put thee in
My own fair way of traffic—nay, decree
To leave thee jewels, land, my whole estate;
Pardon'd thy former wildness; and couldst thou sort
Thyself with none but idle gallants, captains,
And poets, who must plot before they eat,
And make each meal a stratagem? Then could none
But I be subject of thy impious scoffs?
I swoon at sight of meat! I rise a glutton
From half an orange! Wretch, forgetful wretch!
'Fore Heaven, I count it treason in my blood
That gives thee a relation. But I'll take

A full revenge. Make thee my heir! I'll first
Adopt a slave brought from some galley; one
Which laws do put into the inventory,
And men bequeath in wills with stools and brass-
pots;
One who shall first be household-stuff, then my heir;
Or, to defeat all thy large aims, I'll marry.
Cypher, go, find me Bannswright;[1] he shall straight
Provide me a wife: I will not stay to let
My resolution cool. Be she a wench
That every day puts on her dowry, wears
Her fortunes, has no portion, so she be
Young, and likely to be fruitful, I'll have her:
By all that's good, I will: this afternoon!
I will about it straight.[1]

SEA. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* WAREHOUSE, CYPHER.

And as for you, Tim, mermaid, triton, haddock,
The wondrous Indian fish caught near Peru,
Who can be of both elements, your sight
Will keep you well. Here I do cast thee off,
And in thy room pronounce to make thy sister
My heir: it would be most unnatural
To leave a fish land. 'Las! sir, one of your
Bright fins and gills must swim in seas of sack,
Spout rich canaries up like whales in maps:[1]
I know you'll not endure to see my jack
Go empty, nor wear shirts of copperas-bags,
Nor fast in Paul's, you! I do hate thee now
Worse than a tempest, quicksand, pirate, rock,
Or fatal lake, ay, or a privy-seal.[2]

[1] Most of our ancient maps will sufficiently illustrate this image. The vacant spaces, occasioned by tracts of sea, are usually ornamented with these monsters spouting water.—*Steevens.*

[2] Among the illegal modes of raising money adopted by Charles I., after he determined to govern without a

Go, let the captain make you drunk, and let
Your next change be into some ape—'tis stale
To be a fish twice—or some active baboon:
And, when you can find money out, betray
What wench i' th' room has lost her maidenhead;
Can mount to the king, and can do all your feats,
If your fine chain and yellow coat come near
Th' Exchange, I'll see you. So I leave you.
[*Exit* SEATHRIFT.

PLOT. Now,
Were there a dext'rous beam and twopence hemp,
Never had man such cause to hang himself.

TIM. I have brought myself to a fine pass too. Now
Am I fit only to be caught, and put
Into a pond to leap carps, or beget
A goodly race of pick'rel.

SCENE IV.

Enter QUARTFIELD *and* SALEWIT.

QUART. How now, mad lads; what! is the storm broke up?

SALE. What, sad, like broken gamesters! Master Timothy,

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parliament, the borrowing of money by writs of privy-seal was one not the least burdensome and oppressive. The manner was to direct these writs to particular persons by name, requiring the loan of money, or plate to the amount of the money, to be paid or delivered to a particular person, for the king's use. The form of the writs may be seen in "The Parliamentary History," xiii., 84, where one of them is printed. [But in this passage this speaker also intends a play on the double meaning of *seal*.]

'Slight, who would think your father should lay wheels[1]
To catch you thus?
TIM. If ever I be drunk with captains more——
PLOT. Where's Bright and Newcut?
SALE. They were sent for to the Temple, but left word
They would be here at supper.
PLOT. They are sure friends to leave us in distress.
QUART. What a mad plot
These two old merchants had contriv'd, to feign
A voyage, then to hunt you out disguised,
And hear themselves abused?
SALE. We heard all.
QUART. If I had stay'd, they had paid me for a captain.
SALE. They had a fling at me. But do you think
Your uncle in this furious mood will marry?
PLOT. He deeply swore it: if he do, the sleight
Upon the cards, the hollow die, Park Corner
And Shooter's Hill, are my revenue.
TIM. Yes: and as for me, my destiny will be
To fight by th' day, carry my kitchen and
Collation at my back, wear orderly
My shirt in course, after't has been the shift
Of a whole regiment in the low countries;
And, after all, return with half a leg,
One arm, perchance my nose shot off, to move
Compassion in my father who, in pity
To so much ruin, may be brought to buy
Some place for me in an hospital, to keep me
From bridges, hill-tops, and from selling switches.

[1] Alluding to a method of catching pikes.—*Pegge.*

Enter ROSECLAP.

ROSE. Yonder's your uncle at the field-door, talking
With Bannswright, as hot and earnest for a wench
As a recover'd Monsieur.
QUART. What is this Bannswright?
SALE. A fellow much employed about the town,
That contrives matches: one that brings together
Parties that never saw or never met,
Till't be for good and all; knows to a penny
Estates and jointures: I'll undertake he has
Now lying by him (unprovided) some twenty
Widows of all fortunes that want husbands,
And men that want wives; and, at an hour's warning,
Can make things ready for the priest.
QUART. Let us
Devise to get him hither, and cross the match.
PLOT. I have great interest in him; the fellow loves me.
Could I speak with him, and draw him to be
An actor in't, I have a stratagem
That can redeem all, and turn the plot
Upon these sage heads.

Enter BANNSWRIGHT.

SALE. By Minerva, look! here's Bannswright!
PLOT. Master Bannswright!
BAN. Save you, gallants.
PLOT. You are employed, I hear, to find a wife out
For my young sprightly uncle.
BAN. Sir, he has
Retain'd me to that purpose: I just now
Came from him.

PLOT. And do you mean the match
Shall then proceed?
BAN. I have a lieger[1] wench
In readiness: he's gone to put himself
Into fit ornaments for the solemnity.
I'm to provide the priest and licence: we go
Some two hours hence to church.
QUART. Death! you pander,
Forbid the banns, or I will cut your wizzel,[2]
And spoil your squiring in the dark. I've heard
Of your lewd function, sirrah! You prefer
Wenches to bawdy-houses, rascal!
BAN. Good sir,
Threaten me not in my vocation.
PLOT. Why, Bannswright, you can be but paid.
Say I
Procure the wench, a friend of mine, and double
Your bargain. Such a fair reward, methinks,
Should make thee of my project. Thou dost know
My fortunes are engaged, and thou may'st be
The happy instrument to recover 'em.
Be my good angel once! I have a plot
Shall make thee famous.
QUART. By Mars, deny, and I
Will act a tragedy upon thee.
BAN. Gentlemen,
I am a friend to wit, but more to you, sir,
Of whose misfortunes I will not be guilty.
Though, then, your uncle has employ'd me, and
Has deeply sworn to wed this afternoon
A wife of my providing, if you can

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[1] [Probably, nimble, sprightly, Fr. *leger*; unless it should be in the sense indicated by Nares in his "Glossary" under Liedger, *i.e.*, resident; but Bannswright is not described as a pander.]

[2] A corruption, probably, of *wizand*, or *weazon*.—*Stevens.*

O'erreach the angry burgess, sir, and bring
His wisdom to the gin, show me the way;
I'll help to lay the trap.

QUART. Now thou art
An honest-hearted pimp: thou shalt for this
Be drunk in Vine-dee,[1] rascal; I'll begin
A runlet to thee.

BAN.[2] Gentlemen, let's in,
I'll tell you my design. You, Salewit, must
Transform yourself to a French deacon: I
Have parts for Bright and Newcut too. Mischief
Upon their absence!

SALE. We'll send for 'em.

BAN. And for Master Timothy, I have a project
Shall make his father everlastingly
Admire his wit, and ask him blessing.

QUART. Come,
Let's in and drink a health to our success.

TIM. I'm for no healths, unless the glass be less.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

SEATHRIFT, MISTRESS SEATHRIFT, MISTRESS HOLLAND, MISTRESS SCRUPLE.

SEA. I did commit her to your charge, that you
Might breed her, Mistress Scruple, and do require
Her at your hand. Here be fine tricks, indeed!
My daughter Susan to be stol'n a week,
And you conceal it. You were of the plot,
I do suspect you.

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[1] Perhaps he means to say *Vin de Dieu; i.e., Lacrymæ Christi.*—*Steevens.*

[2] [The old copy here, and again just below, has improperly Plotwell, for Bannswright must be supposed to maintain his disguise at present.]

MIS. SCR. Sir, will you but hear me meekly?
SEA. No, I'll never trust again
A woman with white eyes, that can take notes,
And write a comment on the catechism:
All your devotion's false. Is't possible
She could be gone without your knowledge?
MIS. SCR. Will you
Attend me, Mistress Seathrift? If my husband,
To wean her from love-courses, did not take
More pains with her than with his Tuesday lectures,
And if I did not every day expound
Some good things to her 'gainst the sin o' th' flesh,
For fear of such temptations, to which frail girls
Are very subject, let me never more
Be thought fit t' instruct young gentlewomen
Or deal in tent-stitch. Whoe'er 'twas that seduced her,
She took my daughter Emlin's gown and ruff,
And left her own clothes; and my scholars say,
She often would write letters.
SEA. Why, 'tis right:
Some silenc'd minister has got her. That I
Should breed my daughter in a conventicle!
MIS. SEA. Pray, husband, be appeas'd.
SEA. You are a fool.
MIS. SEA. You hear her mistress could not help it.
SEA. Nor your son help being a fish.
MIS. HOL. Why, sir, was he
The first that was abus'd by captains?
SEA. Go: you talk like prating gossips.
MIS. HOL. Gossips! 'slight, what gossips, sir?
MIS. SEA. What gossips are we? speak.
SEA. I'll tell you, since you'd know. My wife and you,

Shrill Mistress Holland, have two tongues, that when
They're in conjunction, are busier, and make
More noise than country fairs, and utter more tales
Than blind folks, midwifes, nurses. Then no show,
Though't be a juggler, 'scapes you : you did follow
The Elephant so long, and King of Sweden,
That people at last came in to see you. Then
My son could not be made a fish, but who
Should I find there, much taken with the sight,
But you two ! I may now build hospitals,
Or give my money to plantations. [*Exit* SEATHRIFT.

MIS. SEA. Let's follow him. Come, Mistress Scruple,

MIS. HOL. Just as your Sue left her school-mistress,
My Pen left me.

MIS. SCR. They'll come again, I warrant you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PLOTWELL, AURELIA.

PLOT. Sister, 'tis so projected, therefore make
No more demurs : the life of both our fortunes
Lies in your carriage of things well. Think therefore
Whether you will restore me, and advance
Your own affairs ; or else within this week
Fly this your lodging, like uncustom'd sinners,
And have your coach-horses transform'd to rent ;
Have your apparel sold for properties,[1]

[1] *i.e.*, To make some of the lesser necessaries of a theatre, *properties* being the usual term for them. So Bottom, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—

And you return to cut-work. By this hand,
If you refuse, all this must happen.
AUR. Well, sir,
Necessity, which hath no law, for once
Shall make me o' th' conspiracy; and since
We are left wholly to our wits, let's show
The power and virtue of 'em. If your Bannswright
Can but persuade my uncle, I will fit
Him with a bride.
PLOT. The scene is laid already:
I have transform'd an English poet into
A fine French teacher, who shall join your hands
With a most learned legend out of Rab'lais.
AUR. But for my true groom who, you say, comes hither
For a disguis'd knight, I shall think I wed
His father's counting-house, and go to bed
To so much bullion of a man. Faith, I've
No mind to him: brother, he hath not wit enough
To make't a lawful marriage.
PLOT. Y' are deceiv'd:
I'll undertake, by one week's tutoring,
And carrying him to plays and ordinaries,
Engaging him in a quarrel or two, and making
Some captain beat him, to render him a most
Accomplish'd gallant. Or say he be born, sister,
Under the city-planet, pray, what wise lady
Desires to match a wise knight? You'd marry some
Philosopher now, that should every night

"I will draw a bill of *properties*."

See a note on this passage.—*Steevens.*

Mr Steevens, in his note upon "Midsummer Night's Dream," (Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, v. 198), says that *dresses* were not included in the *properties* of theatres. Maine's authority is to the contrary, if Aurelia's apparel were to be used for the apparel of the actors.—*Collier.*

Lie with you out of Aristotle, and loose
Your maidenhead by demonstration.
Or some great statesman, before whom you must sit
As silent and reserv'd, as if your looks
Had plots on foreign princes; and must visit
And dress yourself by Tacitus. What he wants
In naturals, his fortunes will make up
In honours, Pen. When he's once made a lord,
Who'll be so saucy as to think he can
Be impotent in wisdom? She that marries
A fool is an Hermaphrodite; the man
And wife too, sister. Besides, 'tis now too late;
He'll be here presently, and comes prepar'd
For Hymen. I took up a footman for him,
And left him under three tiremen's hands, besides
Two barbers.

AUR. Well, sir, I must then accept him
With all his imperfections. I have
Procured a Sir John yonder,

PLOT. Who is't?

AUR. One that preaches the next parish once a week
Asleep for thirty pounds a year.

Enter a FOOTMAN.

FOOT. Here is a knight
Desires your ladyship will give him audience.

AUR. 'Tis no knight ambassador?

FOOT. He rather looks like a Knight o' th' Sun.

PLOT. 'Tis he.

AUR. Let him come in.

PLOT. If you be coy now, Pen, [*Exit* FOOTMAN.
You spoil all.

AUR. Well, sir, I'll be affable.

SCENE III.

Enter TIMOTHY *fantastically dressed, and a* FOOTMAN.

PLOT. Here he comes!
TIM. Sirrah, wait me in the hall,
And let your feet stink there: your air's not fit
To be endured by ladies.
PLOT. What! quarrel with your footman, sir?
TIM. Hang him, he casts a scent
That drowns my perfumes, and is strong enough
To cure the mother of palsy. Do I act
A knight well?
PLOT. This imperiousness becomes you,
Like a knight newly dubb'd, sir.
TIM. What says the lady?
PLOT. Speak lower. I have prepar'd her; show yourself
A courtier: now she's yours!
TIM. If that be all,
I'll court her as if some courtier had begot me
I' th' gallery at a masque.
PLOT. Madam, this gentleman
Desires to kiss your hands.
TIM. And lips too, lady.
AUR. Sir, you much honour both.
TIM. I know that,
Else I'd not kiss you. Yesterday I was
In company with ladies, and they all
Long'd to be touch'd by me.
AUR. You cannot cure
The evil, sir; nor have your lips the virtue
To restore ruins, or make old ladies young?
TIM. Faith, all the virtue that they have is, that
My lips are knighted. I am born, sweet lady,
To a poor fortune, that will keep myself

And footman, as you see, to bear my sword
In cuerpo[1] after me. I can at court,
If I would, show my gilt[2] i' th' presence; look
After the rate of some five thousands
Yearly in old rents; and, were my father once
Well wrapp'd in sear-cloth, I could fine for sheriff.
PLOT. Heart! you spoil all. [*Aside.*]
TIM. Why?
PLOT. She verily believ'd y' had ne'er a father.
[*Aside.*]
AUR. Lives your father then, sir?
That gentleman told me he was dead.
TIM. 'Tis true,
I had forgot myself: he was drowned, lady,
This morning, as he went to take possession
Of a summer-house and land in the Canaries.
PLOT. Now y' have recovered all.
TIM. D' you think I have
Not wit enough to lie? [*Aside.*]
PLOT. Break your mind to her;
She does expect it.
TIM. But, lady, this is not
The business which I came for.
AUR. I'm at leisure
To hear your business, sir.
PLOT. Mark that!
TIM. Indeed,
Sweet lady, I've a motion which was once

---

[1] *Cuerpo* is an undress: the Spaniards, from whom we borrowed the word, apply it to a person in a light jacket without his cabot or cloak.—Mr Gifford's note on the "Fatal Dowry," iii. 390. Cuerpo is the *body*, and *in cuerpo* means in body clothing.—*Collier.*

[2] *i.e.*, The gold on my apparel. So in "King Henry V."

"Our gayness and our *gilt* are all besmerch'd."

See a note on this passage, vi., 128, edit. 1778,—*Steevens.*

Or twice this morning in my mouth, and then
Slipp'd back again for fear.
AUR. Cowards ne'er won
Ladies or forts, sir.
TIM. Say then I should feel
Some motions, lady, of affection, might
A man repair Paul's with his heart, or put it
Into a tinder-box?
AUR. How mean you, sir?
TIM. Why, is your heart a stone or flint?
AUR. Be plain, sir, I understand you not.
TIM. Not understand me?
Y'are the [first] lady that e'er put a man
To speak plain English: some would understand
Riddles and signs. Say, I should love you, lady!
AUR. There should be no love lost, sir.
TIM. Say you so?
Then, by this air, my teeth e'en water at you:
I long to have some offspring by you. We
Shall have an excellent breed of wits:
I mean my youngest son shall be a poet; and
My daughters, like their mother, every one
A wench o' th' game. And for my eldest son,
He shall be like me, and inherit. Therefore
Let's not defer our joys, but go to bed
And multiply.
AUR. Soft, sir, the priest must first
Discharge his office. I do not[1] mean to marry,

Enter DORCAS *out of her Puritan dress.*

Like ladies in New England, where they couple
With no more ceremony than birds choose their mate
Upon St Valentine's day.
DOR. Madam, the preacher

[1] [Omitted in former edit.]

Is sent for to a churching, and doth ask
If you be ready: he shall lose, he says,
His chrysome [1] else.
AUR. O miracle! out of
Your little ruff, Dorcas, and in the fashion!
Dost thou hope to be saved?
DOR. Pray, madam, do not
Abuse me; I will tell you more anon.
PLOT. Tell him she's coming.
AUR. Sir, please you, partake
Of a slight banquet? [*Exit* DORCAS.
PLOT. Just as you are sat,
I'll steal the priest in.
TIM. Do.
PLOT. When you are join'd,
Be sure you do not oversee, but straight
Retire to bed: she'll follow.
'Tis not three o'clock i' th' afternoon.
TIM. 'Tis but drawing
Your curtains, and you do create your night.
All times to lovers and new-married folks
May be made dark.
TIM. I will, then. By this room,
She's a rare lady! I do almost wish
I could change sex, and that she might beget
Children on me.
PLOT. Nay, will you enter?
TIM. Lady,
Pray, will you show the way?
PLOT. Most city-like!
'Slid, take her by the arm, and lead her in.
TIM. Your arm, sweet lady. [*Exeunt.*

[1] [The christening-fee.] The chrysome was the white cloth thrown over the new-baptized child. This perhaps was the perquisite of the officiating clergyman. The child itself, however, was sometimes called a *chrysome*. See a note on "King Henry V.," vi., 52, edit. 1778.—*Steevens.*

SCENE IV.

BRIGHT, NEWCUT.

BRIGHT. But are you sure they're they?
NEW. I'll not believe
My treacherous eyes again, but trust some dog
To guide me, if I did not see his uncle
Coming this way, and Bannswright with him.
BRIGHT. Who?
The fellow that brings love to banns, and banns
To bare thighs 'bout the town?
NEW. The very same, sir;
The City-Cupid, that shoots arrows betwixt
Party and party. All the difference is,
He has his eyes, but they he brings together
Sometimes do not see one another, till
They meet i' th' church.
BRIGHT. What say you now, if Warehouse
Should in displeasure marry?
NEW. 'Tis so; this fellow
In's company confirms me. 'Tis the very business,
Why Plotwell has sent for us.
BRIGHT. Here they come:
Prythee, let's stand and overhear 'em.
NEW. Stand close, then.

SCENE V.

Enter WAREHOUSE, BANNSWRIGHT.

WARE. Madam Aurelia is her name?
BAN. Her father
Was, sir, an Irish baron, that undid
Himself by housekeeping.

WARE. As for her birth,
I could wish it were meaner: as many knights
And justices of peace as have been of
The family are reckoned into the portion.
She'll still be naming of her ancestors,
Ask jointure by the herald's book, and I,
That have no coat, nor can show azure lions
In fields of argent, shall be scorn'd; she'll think
Her honour wrong'd to match a man that hath
No 'scutcheons but them of his company,
Which once a year do serve to trim a lighter
To Westminster and back again.
BAN. You are mistaken, sir. This lady, as she is
Descended of a great house, so she hath
No dowry but her arms: she can bring only
Some libbards'[1] heads or strange beasts which, you know,
Being but beasts, let them derive themselves
From monsters in the globe, and lineally
Proceed from Hercules' labours, they will never
Advance her to a husband equal to
Herself in birth, that can give beasts too. She
Aims only to match one that can maintain
Her some way to her state. She is possess'd,
What streams of gold you flow in, sir.
WARE. But can she
Affect my age?
BAN. I ask'd her that, and told her
You were about some threescore, sir, and ten;
But were as lusty as one of twenty, or [*Aside.*]
An aged eunuch.
WARE. And what replied she?
BAN. She,

[1] *i.e.*, Leopards, animals often introduced into heraldic devices.

Like a true Lucrece, answer'd it was fit
For them to marry by the church-book, who
Came there to cool themselves; but to a mind
Chaste, and endued with virtue, age did turn
Love into reverence.

BRIGHT. Or sir-reverence. [*Aside.*]

NEW. Prythee, observe.

WARE. Is she so virtuous, then?

BAN. 'Tis all the fault she has: she will out-pray
A preacher at St Antlin's, and divides
The day in exercise. I did commend
A great precisian to her for her woman,
Who tells me that her lady makes her quilt
Her smocks before for kneeling.

WARE. Excellent creature!

BAN. Then, sir, she is so modest.

WARE. Too?

BAN. The least
Obscene word shames her; a lascivious figure
Makes her do penance, and she maintains the law,
Which forbids fornication, doth extend
To kissing too.

WARE. I think the time an age,
Till the solemnity be pass'd.

BAN. I have
Prepar'd her, sir, and have so set you out!
Besides, I told her how you had cast off
Your nephew; and, to leave no doubt that you
Would e'er be reconcil'd, before she went
To church, would settle your estate on her
And on the heirs of her begotten.

WARE. To make all sure,
We'll call upon my lawyer by the way,
And take him with us.

BAN. You must be married, sir,
At the French church: I have bespoke the priest;

One that will join you i' th' right Geneva form,
Without a licence.
WARE. But may a man
Wed in a strange tongue?
BAN. I have brought together
Some in Italian, sir; the language doth
Not change the substance of the match: you know
No licence will be granted; all the offices
Are beforehand brib'd by your nephew.
WARE. Well,
Let's to the lady straight. To cross him, I
Would marry an Arabian, and be at charge
To keep one to interpret, or be married
In China language, or the tongue that's spoke
By the Great Cham.
[*Exeunt* WAREHOUSE *and* BANNSWRIGHT.
BRIGHT. Now, Newcut, you perceive
My divination's true; this fellow did
Portend a wedding.
NEW. Plague o' th' prognostication!
Who'd think that madam were the party?
BRIGHT. O sir,
She'll call this wit, to wed his bags and lie
With some Platonic servant.
NEW. What if we,
Before we go to Plotwell, went to her,
And strived to dissuade her?
BRIGHT. Let's make haste,
They'll be before us, else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter TIMOTHY *unbuttoning himself*, AURELIA, PLOTWELL, DORCAS, FOOTMAN.

TIM. By this hand, lady, you shall not deny me:

Since we are coupled, I shall think the priest
Has not done all, as long as I'm a virgin.
AUR. Will you not stay till night, sir?
TIM. Night! No, faith;
I've sworn to get my first child by day: you may
Be quick by night.
PLOT. Madam, your knight speaks reason.
TIM. I will both speak and do it.
AUR. Well, sir, since
There is no remedy, your bed's prepar'd;
By that time you are laid, I'll come. Meantime,
I'll pray that gentleman to conduct you. There's
My footman to pluck off your stockings.
PLOT. Come, sir.
TIM. Sweet lady, stay not long.
PLOT. I'll promise for her.
[*Exeunt* TIMOTHY, PLOTWELL, *and* FOOTMAN.
DOR. Faith, I admire your temperance, to let
Your bridegroom go to bed, and you not follow.
Were I in your case, I should ha' gone first,
And warm'd his place.
AUR. Well, wench; but that thou hast
Reveal'd thyself unto me, I'd admire
To hear a saint talk thus. To one that knows not
The mystery of thy strange conversion, thou
Wouldst seem a legend.
DOR. Faith, I've told you all,
Both why I left my schoolmistress, who taught me
To confute curling-irons, and why I put
Myself on this adventure.
AUR. Well, wench, my brother
Has had his plots on me, and I'll contribute
My help to work thy honest ones on him:
Do but perform thy task well, and thou winn'st
him.
DOR. Let me alone; never was man so fitted
With a chaste bride, as I will fit his uncle.

Enter FOOTMAN.

FOOT. Madam, your knight doth call most fiercely for you. [*Exit.*

AUR. [TO DORC.] Prythee, go tell him some business keeps me yet,
And bid him stay himself with this kiss.

SCENE VII.

As they kiss, enter BRIGHT, NEWCUT.

BRIGHT. By your leave, madam! What, for practice' sake,
Kissing your woman? Lord, how a lady's lips
Hate idleness, and will be busied when
The rest lies fallow! and rather than want action,
Be kind within themselves, an't be t' enjoy
But the poor pleasure of contemplation.

NEW. And how do you find her, madam?

AUR. Stay, wench.

NEW. Lord!
Does it not grieve you now, and make you sigh,
And very passionately accuse nature,
And say she was too hard to make your woman
Able to kiss you only, and do no more?

BRIGHT. Is it not pity, but, besides the gift
Of making caudles, and using of her pencil,
She had the trick o' th' other sex?

AUR. Methinks
Your own good breeding might instruct you that
My house is not a new foundation, where
You might, paying the rate, approach, be rude,
Give freedom to your unwash'd mouths.

DOR. My lady
Keeps no poor nuns, that sin for victuals, for you,

With whom this dead vacation[1] you may trade
For old silk stockings and half-shirts. They say
You do offend o' th' score, and sin in chalk,[2]
And the dumb walls complain you are behind
In pension;[3] so that your distressed vestals
Are fain to foot their stockings, pay the brewer
And landlord's rent in woman-kind, and long
More earnestly for the term than Norfolk lawyers.

BRIGHT. Why, you have got a second, lady: your woman
Doth speak good country language.

NEW. Offers at wit, and shows teeth for a jest.

BRIGHT. We hear you are to marry an old citizen.

AUR. Then surely you were not deaf.

NEW. And do you mean his age—
Which hath seen all the kingdom buried thrice,
To whom the heat of August is December.
[*Exit* DORCAS.
Who, were he but in Italy, would save
The charge of marble vaults, and cool the air
Better than ventiducts—shall freeze between
Your melting arms? Do but consider, he
But marries you as he would do his furs,
To keep him warm.

AUR. But he is rich, sir.

BRIGHT. Then,
In wedding him you wed more infirmities
Than ever Galen wrote of: he has pains
That put the doctors to new experiments.
Half his diseases in the city bill

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[1] [Former edit., *vocation*.]

[2] [Run into debt. Scores used to be chalked up at taverns. Hence the proverb, "The tapster is undone by chalk!" From being a particular phrase, it became general.]

[3] [The allowance to a kept mistress.]

Kill hundreds weekly: alone [an] hospital
Were but enough for him.
NEW. Besides,
He has a cough that nightly drowns the bellman;
Calls up his family; all his neighbours rise,
And go by it, as by the chimes and clock.
Not four loam walls, nor sawdust put between,
Can dead it.
AUR. Yet he is still rich.
BRIGHT. If this
Cannot affright you, but that you will needs
Be blind to wholesome counsel, and will marry
One who, by th' course of nature, ought t' have been
Rotten before the queen's time, and in justice
Should now have been some threescore years a ghost,
Let pity move you. In this match you quite
Destroy the hopes and fortunes of a gentleman,
For whom, had his penurious uncle starv'd,
And pin'd himself his whole life, to increase
The riches he deserves t' inherit, it
Had been his duty.
AUR. You mean his nephew Plotwell?
A prodigal young man: one whom the good
Old man, his uncle, kept to th' inns-of-court,
And would in time ha' made him barrister,
And rais'd him to his satin cap and biggon,[1]
In which he might ha' sold his breath far dearer,
And let his tongue out at a greater price
Than some their manors. But he did neglect
These thriving means, followed his loose companions,
His Brights and Newcuts—two, they say, that live

[1] A *biggon* was a kind of coif formerly worn by men. It is now only in use for children.

By the new heresy, Platonic love;
Can take up silks upon their strengths, and pay
Their mercer with an infant.[1]

BRIGHT. Newcut!

NEW. Ay, I do observe her character. Well, then,
You are resolved to marry?

AUR. Were the man
A statue, so it were a golden one,
I'd have him.

BRIGHT. Pray, then, take along to church
These few good wishes. May your husband prove
So jealous to suspect that, when you drink
To any man, you kiss the place where his
Lips were before, and so pledge meetings: let him
Think you do cuckold him by looks; and let him
Each night, before you go to rest, administer
A solemn oath, that all your thoughts were chaste
That day, and that you sleep with all your hairs.

NEW. And, which is worse, let him forget he lay
With you himself; before some magistrate
Swear 'twas some other, and have it believ'd
Upon record.

Enter PLOTWELL.

PLOT. Sister, I've left your bridegroom
Under this key lock'd in, t' embrace your pillow.
Sure, he has ate eringoes, he's as hot—
He was about to fetch you in his shirt.

BRIGHT. How's this? His sister!

NEW. I conceive not this.

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[1] [Granting *infant* to be the right word, we are perhaps to suppose that illegitimate children were surreptitiously deposited on mercers' counters, occasionally, wrapped up as parcels. *Upon their strengths* appears to mean *upon their credit.*]

PLOT. My noble friends, you wonder now to hear
Me call her sister.
BRIGHT. Faith, sir, we wonder more
She should be married.
NEW. If't be your sister, we
Have labour'd her she should not match her uncle,
And bring forth riddles: children that should be
Nephews to their father, and to their uncle sons.
PLOT. I laugh now at your ignorance: why, these
Are projects, gentlemen: fine gins and projects.
Did Roseclap's boy come to you?
BRIGHT. Yes.
PLOT. I have
A rare scene for you.
NEW. The boy told us you were
Upon a stratagem.
PLOT. I've sent for Roseclap
And Captain Quartfield to be here: I have
Put Salewit into orders; he's inducted
Into the French Church: you must all have parts.
BRIGHT. Prythee, speak out of clouds.
PLOT. By this good light,
'Twere justice now to let you both die simple
For leaving us so scurvily.
NEW. We were
Sent for in haste by th' benchers to contribute
To one of 'em that's Reader.[1]

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[1] From Dugdale's "Origines Juridiciales," p. 207, &c., we learn that the office of a Reader at the Middle Temple was held at a great charge to the person who executed it. "His expences," says that author, "during this time of *reading*, are very great; insomuch, as some have spent above six hundred pounds in two dayes less than a fortnight, which now is the usual time of *reading*." It appears also that many gentlemen, who were put by their *reading*,

PLOT. Come with me;
I'll tell you then. But first I'll show you a sight
Much stranger than the fish.

Enter DORCAS.

DOR. Madam, here's Bannswright
And an old merchant to desire access.
AUR. Bid 'em come in. [*Exit* DORCAS.
PLOT. Gentlemen, fall off:
If we be seen, the plot is spoil'd. Sister,
Now look you do your part well.
AUR. I am perfect.
[*Exeunt* PLOTWELL, BRIGHT, NEWCUT.

SCENE VIII.

Enter BANNSWRIGHT, WAREHOUSE, DORCAS.

BAN. Madam, this is the gentleman I mention'd,
I've brought him here, according to my function,
To give you both an interview: if you
Be ready, the church and priest are.
AUR. Is this, sir,
The wealthy merchant?

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were removed from the Bar-table unto a table called, The Auncients Table; "And it is no disgrace," says the same author, "for any man to be removed hither; for by reason of the excessive chardge of *readings*, many men of great learning and competent practise, as well as others of less learning, but great estates, have refused to Read, and are here placed." To relieve the gentlemen who undertook this expensive office, it seems to have been usual to call upon the students for their assistance; and this circumstance is alluded to in the text. [The Ancients' Table is the same as the Benchers', and at Gray's Inn the Benchers are still called *Ancients*.]

BAN. Madam, this is he
That, if you'll wear the price of baronies,
Or live at Cleopatra's rate, can keep you.
AUR. Come you a suitor, sir, to me?
WARE. Yes, lady,
I did employ my speaker there, who hath,
I hope, inform'd you with my purpose.
AUR. Surely
Your speaker then hath err'd; I understood
Him for my woman: if you can like her, sir,
It being, for aught I hear, all one to you,
I've woo'd her for you. But, for myself, could you
Endow me with the stream that ebbs and flows
In waves of gold, I hope you do not think
I'd so much stain my birth, as to be bought
To match into a company. Sir, plainly,
I'm match'd already.
WARE. Bannswright, did not you
Tell me she'd have me?
BAN. Faith, sir, I have ears
That might deceive me; but I did dream waking,
If she were not the party. Madam, pray you,
One word in private.
AUR. I'll prevent you. 'Tis true,
My brother laid the scene for me; but since
We've chang'd the plot, and 'tis contriv'd my woman
Shall undertake my part. [*Aside.*]
BAN. I am instructed
I was mistaken, sir; indeed the lady
Spoke to me for her gentlewoman. How
Do you affect her, sir? you see she is
As handsome as her lady; and, her birth
Not being so high, she will more size with you.
WARE. I say, I like her best. Her lady has
Too much great house in her. . . . . .

BAN. 'Tis right; this you
May govern as you list. I'll motion't. Lady,
Pray, pardon our mistake; indeed our errand
Was chiefly to your gentlewoman.
AUR. Sir,
She's one, whose fortune I so much intend;
And yours, sir, are so fair that, though there be
Much disproportion in your age, yet I
Will overrule her, and she shall refer
Herself to be dispos'd by me.
WARE. You much oblige me, madam.
AUR. Dorcas, this is the merchant
I have provided for you: he is old,
But he has that will make him young, much gold.
DOR. Madam, but that I should offend against
Your care, as well as my preferment, I'd
Have more experience of the man I mean
To make my husband. At first sight to marry,
Must argue me of lightness.
AUR. Princes, Dorcas,
Do woo by pictures and ambassadors,
And match in absent ceremonies.
DOR. But
You look for some great portion, sir?
WARE. Fair mistress,
Your virtues are to me a wealthy dowry;
And if you love me, I shall think you bring
More than the Indies.
DOR. But, sir, 't may be,
You'll be against my course of life. I love
Retirement, must have times for my devotion,
Am little us'd to company, and hate
The vanity of visits.
WARE. This makes me
Love you the more.
DOR. Then I shall never trust you
To go to sea, and leave me: I shall dream

Of nought but storms and pirates; every wind
Will break my sleep.
WARE. I'll stay at home.
DOR. Sir, there
Is one thing more: I hear you have a nephew
You mean to make your heir; I hope you will
Settle some jointure on me.
WARE. He's so lost
In my intents that, to revenge myself,
I take this course. But, to remove your doubts,
I've brought my lawyer with blank deeds:
He shall put in your name; and I, before
We go to church, will seal 'em.
DOR. On these terms,
Where is your priest, sir?
WARE. He expects me at
The French Church, mistress.
AUR. Come, when you have seal'd, sir:
I'll bear a part in the solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V., SCENE 1.

PLOTWELL, AURELIA, BRIGHT, NEWCUT, QUARTFIELD, ROSECLAP, *two* FOOTMEN, CYPHER.

PLOT. Well, sister, by this hand, I was afraid
You had marr'd all; but I am well content
You have outreach'd me. If she do act it well now,
By Jove, I'll have her.
AUR. She hath studied all
Her cues already.
PLOT. Gentlemen, how do
You like the project?
BRIGHT. Theirs was dull and cold,
Compar'd to ours.

NEW. Some poet will steal from us,
And bring't into a comedy.
QUART. The jest
Will more inspire than sack.
PLOT. I have got Cypher
Over to our side too: he has been up and down
To invite guests to th' wedding.

Enter SALEWIT *like a Curate.*

How now, Salewit, are they gone home?
SALE. Yes, faith, for better for worse.
I've read a fiction out of Rab'lais to 'em
In a religious tone, which he believes
For good French liturgy. When I had done,
There came a christening.
PLOT. And didst thou baptize
Out of thy Rab'lais too?
SALE. No, faith; I left 'em
In expectation of their pastor.
BRIGHT. Newcut,
Who does he look like in that dress?
NEW. Hum! why
Like a Geneva weaver in black, who left [1]
The loom, and enter'd into th' ministry
For conscience' sake.
PLOT. Well, gentlemen, you all
Do know your parts: you, Captain and Banns-wright,
Go, get your properties. For you two, these

[1] Dr Warburton observes (note to "Henry IV.," Part I., act ii. sc. 4) that in the persecutions of the Protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion brought with them the woollen manufactory. These being Calvinists were joined by those of the same persuasion from other countries, and amongst the rest from Geneva.

Two mules shall carry you in greater state
And more ease than the fistula. You, sister,
We'll leave unto your knight, to come anon.
Roseclap and I will thither straight. You, Cypher,
Know what you have to do.

SALE. And as for me,
I'm an invited guest, and am to bless
The venison in French, or in a grace
Of broken English.

QUART. Before we do divide
Our army, let us dip our rosemaries [1]
In one rich bowl of sack to this brave girl,
And to the gentleman that was my fish.

ALL. Agreed, agreed.

PLOT. Captain, you shall dip first. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

WAREHOUSE, DORCAS.

WARE. My dearest Dorcas, welcome. Here you see
The house you must be mistress of, which with
This kiss I do confirm unto you.

DOR. Forbear, sir.

WARE. How! wife, refuse to kiss me?

DOR. Yes, unless
A sweeter air came from you; y' have turned my stomach.
I wonder you can be so rude to ask me,
Knowing your lungs are perish'd.

---

[1] *Rosemary* was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and was therefore distributed at marriages and funerals. See a note on "Hamlet," x. 355, edit. 1778.

WARE. This is rare,
That I should live to this great age, and never
Till now know I was rotten!
DOR. I shall never
Endure your conversation: I hope you have
Contriv'd two beds, two chambers, and two tables.
It is an article, that I should live
Retir'd—that is, apart.
WARE. But pray you, wife, are you in earnest?
DOR. D'you think I'll jest with age?
WARE. Will you not lie with me, then?
DOR. Did ever man
Of your hairs ask such questions? I do blush
At your unreasonableness.
WARE. Nay, then——
DOR. Is't fit I should be buried?
WARE. I reach you not.
DOR. Why, to lie with you were a direct emblem
Of going to my grave.
WARE. I understand you.
DOR. I'll have your picture set in my wedding-ring
For a Death's head.
WARE. I do conceive you.
DOR. I'd
Rather lie with an ancient tomb, or embrace
An ancestor than you. D'you think I'll come
Between your winding-sheets? For what? To hear you
Depart all night, and fetch your last groan; and
I' th' morning find a deluge on the floor;
Your entrails floating, and half my husband spit
Upon the arras.
WARE. I am married——
DOR. Then,
For your abilities, should twelve good women

Sit on these reverend locks, and on your heat
And natural appetite, they would just find you
As youthful as a coffin, and as hot
As the sultry winter that froze o'er the Thames—
They say the hard time did begin from you.
WARE. Good, I am made the curse of watermen.
DOR. Your humours come frost from you, and your nose
Hath icicles in June.
WARE. Assist me, patience!
Why, hear you, mistress—you that have a fever
And dog-days in your blood—if you knew this,
Why did you marry me?
DOR. Ha, ha, ha!
WARE. She laughs.
DOR. That your experienc'd age,[1] that hath felt springs
And falls this forty years, should be so dull
To think I have not them that shall supply
Your cold defects!
WARE. You have your servants, then,
And I am fork'd? hum!
DOR. Do you think
A woman young, high in her blood——
WARE. And hot
As goats or marmosites——
DOR. Apt to take flame at
Every temptation——
WARE. And to kindle at
The picture of a man——
DOR. Would wed dust, ashes,
A monument, unless she were——
WARE. Crack'd, tried, and broken up?
DOR. Right, sir, or lack'd a cloak?

[1] [Old copies, *ach.*]

WARE. Mischief and hell! and was there none to make
Your cloak but I?
DOR. Not so well-lin'd!
WARE. O, you
Stay'd for a wealthy cuckold; your tame beast
Must have his gilded horns?
DOR. Yes, sir; besides,
Your age being impotent, you would, I knew,
In conscience wink at my stol'n helps, if I
Took comfort from abroad.
WARE. Yes, yes; yes, yes!
You shall be comforted: I will maintain
A stallion for you.
DOR. I will have friends come to me.
So you'll conceal——
WARE. Alas! I'll be your pander;
Deliver letters for you, and keep the door.
DOR. I'll have a woman shall do that.
WARE. O impudence!
Unheard-of impudence!
DOR. Then, sir, I'll look
Your coffers shall maintain me at my rate.
WARE. How's that?
DOR. Why, like a lady; for I do mean
To have you knighted.
WARE. I shall rise to honour.
DOR. D'you think I'll have your factor move before me,
Like a device stirr'd by a wire, or like
Some grave clock wound up to a regular pace?
WARE. No, you shall have your usher, dame, to stalk
Before you, like a buskin'd prologue,[1] in
A stately, high, majestic motion, bare.

[1] The stately step and pompous manner, used by the prologue-speakers of the times, are still retained in delivering

DOR. I do expect it: yes, sir, and my coach,
Six horses and postillion; four are fit
For them that have a charge of children: you
And I shall never have any.
WARE. If we have,
All Middlesex is father.
DOR. Then I'll have
My footman to run by me when I visit,
Or take the air sometimes in Hyde Park.
WARE. You,
Besides being chaste, are good at races too:
You can be a jockey for a need?
DOR. Y' are pleasant, sir.
WARE. Why, hark you, hark you, mistress; you told me
You lov'd retirement, loved not visits, and bargain'd
I should not carry you abroad.
DOR. You! no.
Is't fit I should be seen at court with you?
Such an odd sight as you would make the ladies
Have melancholy thoughts.
WARE. You bound me, too,
I should not go to sea: you lov'd me so,
You could not be without me.
DOR. Not if you stay'd
Above a year; for should I, in a long voyage,
Prove fruitful, I should want a father to
The infant.
WARE. Most politicly kind,
And, like a whore, perfect i' th' mystery!
It is beyond my sufferance.

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the few lines used as a prologue in "Hamlet." These particularities seem to have been delivered traditionally to the present race of actors from their brethren in the seventeenth century.

DOR. Pray, sir, vex [not]:
I'll in and see your jewels, and make choice
Of some for every day, and some to wear
At masques. [*Exit.*
WARE. 'Tis very good. Two days
Of this I shall grow mad; or, to redeem
Myself, commit some outrage. O—O—O!

SCENE III.

Enter PLOTWELL *and* ROSECLAP.

PLOT. Sir, I am sorry such a light offence
Should make such deep impressions in you: but that
Which more afflicts me than the loss of my
Great hopes, is that y' are likely to be abused, sir;
Strangely abused, sir, by one Bannswright. I hear
You are to marry——
WARE. Did you hear so?
PLOT. Madam Aurelia's woman.
WARE. What of her, sir?
PLOT. Why, sir, I thought it duty to inform you,
That you would better match a ruin'd bawd;
One ten times cured by sweating and the tub,[1]
Or pain'd now with her fiftieth 'ache, whom not
The pow'r of usquebaugh, or heat of fevers
Quickens enough to wish; one of such looks,
The judges of assize, without more proof,
Suspect, arraign, and burn for witchcraft.
WARE. Why, pray?

[1] See a note on "Timon of Athens," edit. 1778, viii. 409. —*Steevens.*

PLOT. For she being pass'd all motions, impotence will be a kind of chastity, and you
Might have her to yourself: but here is one
Knows this to be——
WARE. An arrant whore?
ROSE. I see
You have heard of her, sir. Indeed she has
Done penance thrice.
WARE. How say you, penance?
ROSE. Yes, sir, and should have suffer'd——
WARE. Carting, should she not?
ROSE. The marshal had her, sir.
WARE. I sweat, I sweat!
ROSE. She's of known practice, sir: the clothes she wears
Are but her quarter's sins: she has no linen
But what she first offends for.
WARE. O bless'd Heaven,
Look down upon me!
PLOT. Nay, sir, which is more,
She has three children living; has had four.
WARE. How! children! Children, say you?
PLOT. Ask him, sir.
One by a Frenchman.
ROSE. Another by a Dutch.
PLOT. A third by a Moor, sir; born of two colours,
Just like a serjeant's man.
WARE. Why, she has known, then,
All tongues and nations?
ROSE. She has been lain with farther
Than ever Coriat travell'd, and lain in
By two parts of the map, Afric and Europe,
As if the state maintain'd her to allay
The heat of foreigners.
WARE. O, O, O, O!
PLOT. What ail you, sir?

WARE. O nephew, I am not well, I am not well!
PLOT. I hope you are not married?
WARE. It is too true.
ROSE. God help you, then!
WARE. Amen. Nephew, forgive me.
ROSE. Alas! good gentleman!
PLOT. Would you trust Bannswright, sir?
WARE. Nephew, in hell
There's not a torment for him. O that I could
But see that cheating rogue upon the rack now!
I'd give a thousand pound for every stretch,
That should enlarge the rogue through all his joints,
And but just show him hell, and then recall
His broken soul, and give him strength to suffer
His torture often. I would have the rascal
Think hanging a relief, and be as long
A-dying as a chopp'd eel, that the devil
Might have his soul by pieces! Who's here? a sailor?

SCENE IV.

Enter CYPHER, *like a sailor.*

CYPH. Are you, sir, Warehouse the rich merchant?
WARE. Sir, my name is Warehouse.
CYPH. Then you are not, sir,
So rich by two ships as you were.
WARE. How mean you?
CYPH. Your two ships, sir, that were now coming home
From Ormus, are both cast away: the wreck
And burden on the place was valued at
Some forty thousand pound. All the men perish'd

By th' violence of the storm: only myself
Preserv'd my life by swimming, till a ship
Of Bristol took me up, and brought me home
To be the sad reporter.
WARE. Was nothing sav'd?
CYPH. Two small casks; one of blue figs, the other
Of pickled mushrooms, which serv'd me for bladders,
And kept me up from sinking. 'Twas a storm
Which, sir, I will describe to you. The winds
Rose of a sudden with that tempestuous force——
WARE. Prythee, no more, I've heard too much. Would I
Had been i' th' tempest.
CYPH. Good your worship, give
A poor seafaring man your charity
To carry me back again. I'm come above
A hundred mile to tell you this.
WARE. Go in,
And let my factor, if he be come in,
Reward thee: stay and sup, too.
CYPH. Thank your worship. [*Exit* CYPHER.
WARE. Why should I not now hang myself? Or, if
It be a fate that will more hide itself,
And keep me from discredit, tie some weight
About my neck to sink me to the bottom
O' th' Thames, not to be found, [and so] to keep my body
From rising up and telling tales. Two wrecks,
And both worth forty thousand pound there! Why,
That landed here were worth an hundred. I
Will drown myself. I nothing have to do
Now in this world but drown myself.
PLOT. Fie! these

Are desperate resolutions. Take heart, sir;
There may be ways yet to relieve you.
WARE. How?
PLOT. Why, for your lost ships, say, sir, I should bring
Two o' th' Assurance Office that should warrant
Their safe return? 'Tis not known yet: would you
Give three parts to secure the fourth?
WARE. I'd give ten to secure one.
PLOT. Well, sir, and for your wife,
Say I should prove it were no lawful match,
And that she is another man's—you'd take
The piece of service well?
WARE. Yes, and repent
That when I had so good an heir begot
Unto my hand, I was so rash to aim
At one of my own dotage.
PLOT. Say no more, sir;
But keep the sailor, that he stir not. We'll
About it straight.
[*Exeunt* PLOTWELL *and* ROSECLAP.
WARE. How much I was deceiv'd
To think ill of my nephew, in whose revenge
I see the heavens frown on me! Seas and winds
Swell and rage for him against me; but I will
Appease their furies, and be reconciled.

SCENE V.

[*Manet* WAREHOUSE.] *Enter* SEATHRIFT, MISTRESS SEATHRIFT, MISTRESS HOLLAND, MISTRESS SCRUPLE.

MIS. SEA. Much joy to you, sir; you have made quick despatch.

I like a man that can love, woo, and wed,
All in an hour. My husband was so long
A-getting me; so many friends' consents
Were to be ask'd, that when we came to church,
'Twas not a marriage, but our times were out,
And we were there made free of one another.
MIS. HOL. I look'd to find you abed, and a young sheriff
Begot by this. My husband, when I came
From church, by this time had his caudle: I
Had not a garter left, nor he a point.
MIS. SCR. Surely, all that my husband did the first
Night we were married, was to call for one
Of his wrought caps more to allay his rheum.
MIS. HOL. We hear y' have match'd a courtier, sir: a gallant:
One that can spring fire in your blood, and dart
Fresh flames into you.
MIS. SEA. Sir, you are not merry:
Methinks you do not look as you were married.
MIS. HOL. You rather look as you had lost your love.
MIS. SCR. Or else, as if your spouse, sir, had rebuk'd you.
SEA. How is it, sir? You see I have brought along
My fiddlers with me; my wife and Mistress Holland
Are good wind-instruments. 'Tis enough for me
To put on sadness.
WARE. You, sir, have no cause.
SEA. Not I! Ask Mistress Scruple. I have lost
My daughter, sir: she's stol'n. Then, sir, I have
A spendthrift to my son.
WARE. These are felicities

Compar'd to me. You have not match'd a whore, sir,
Nor lost two ships at sea.
SEA. Nor you, I hope?
WARE. Truth is, you are my friends; I am abus'd,
Grossly fetch'd over. I have match'd a stew,
The notedst woman o' th' town.
MIS. SEA. Indeed, I heard
She was a chambermaid.
MIS. HOL. And they by their place
Do wait upon the lady, but belong
Unto the lord.
SEA. But is this true?
WARE. Here was
My nephew just now, and one Roseclap, who tell me
She has three children living; one dapple-grey,
Half Moor, half English: knows as many men
As she that sinned by th' calendar, and divided
The nights o' th' year with several men.
SEA. Bless me, goodness!
WARE. Then, like a man condemned to all misfortunes,
I have estated her in all I have.
SEA. How!
WARE. Under hand and seal, sir, irrecoverably.

SCENE VI.

Enter SALEWIT.

MIS. HOL. Look, Mistress Scruple, here's your husband.
SALE. Be the leave of the fair companée.
MIS. SCR. My husband!

His cold keeps him at home. Surely I take
This to be some Dutch elder.
SALE. Where is
The breed an breedgroom? O monsieur, I'm com't
To give you zhoy, and bless your capòn; where
Is your fair breed?
WARE. O Monsieur, you have join'd me
To a chaste virgin. Would, when I came to you,
Y' had used your ceremonies about my funeral.
SALE. Fooneral? Is your breed dead?
WARE. Would she were,
I'd double your fee, Monsieur, to bury her.
SALE. Ee can but leetle English.
WARE. No, I see you are but new come over.
SALE. Dover! Tere Ee landed.
WARE. Ay, sir, pray walk in; that door
Will land you in my dining-room.
SALE. Ee tank you. [*Exit.*
WARE. This is the priest that married us.
SEA. This is a Frenchman, is't not?
WARE. 'Twas at the French church.

SCENE VII.

Enter two FOOTMEN, *bearing the frame of a great picture. Curtains drawn.*

1ST FOOT. Set 'em down gently; so.
2D FOOT. They make me sweat.
Pictures, quoth you; 'slight, they have weight enough
To be the parties.
1ST FOOT. My lady, sir, has sent
A present to your wife.
WARE. What lady, pray?

1ST FOOT. Madam Aurelia, sir.
WARE. O!——
2D FOOT. Sir, they are
A brace of pictures, with which my lady prays
She will adorn her chamber.
WARE. Male pictures, pray,
Or female?
1ST FOOT. Why d'you ask?
WARE. Because, methinks,
It should be Mars and Venus in a net;
Aretine's postures,[1] or a naked nymph
Lying asleep, and some lascivious satyr
Taking her lineaments. These are pictures which
Delight my wife.
2D FOOT. These are night-pieces, sir.
MIS. HOL. Lord, how I long to see 'em! I have at home
The finest ravish'd Lucrece.
MIS. SCR. So have I
The finest fall of Babylon! There is
A fat monk spewing churches, save your presence.
MIS. HOL. Pray, will you open 'em?
1ST FOOT. My lady charged us
None should have sight of 'em, sir, but your wife.
WARE. Because you make so dainty, I will see 'em.
[*Draws the curtain; within are discovered* BRIGHT *and* NEWCUT.
2D FOOT. 'Tis out of our commission.
WARE. But not of mine. Hell and damnation!
1ST FOOT. How do you like 'em, sir?
MIS. HOL. Look, they are pictur'd in their clothes!

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[1] See [Randolph's Works, by Hazlitt, i. 209.] Aretine's *pictures*, there mentioned, were in fact Aretine's pictures of postures here alluded to.—*Collier.*

MIS. SEA. They stir, too.
2D FOOT. Sir, they are drawn to life; a master's hand
Went to 'em, I assure you.
WARE. Out, varlets, bawds!
Panders, avoid my house! O devil! are you
My wife's night-pieces? [*They come out.*
BRIGHT. Sir, you are rude, uncivil,
And would be beaten.
NEW. We cannot come in private
On business to your wife, but you must be
Inquisitive. Sir, thank God 'tis in your own house;
The place protects you.
BRIGHT. If such an insolence
'Scape unreveng'd, henceforth no ladies shall
Have secret servants.
NEW. Here she comes; we'll ask
If she gave you commission to be so bold.
WARE. Why this is far beyond example rare.
Now I conceive what is Platonic love:
'Tis to have men, like pictures, brought disguised,
To cuckold us with virtue. [*They whisper.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter DORCAS.

DOR. He would not offer't, would he?
BRIGHT. We have been
In danger to be searched: hereafter we
Must first be question'd by an officer,
And bring it under hands we are no men,
Or have nought dangerous about us, before
We shall obtain access.
NEW. We do expect

In time your husband, to preserve you chaste,
Should keep you with a guard of eunuchs, or
Confine you, like Italians, to a room
Where no male beast is pictur'd, lest the sight
Of aught that can beget should stir desires.
DOR. I mar'l, sir, who did license you to pry,
Or spy out any friends that come to me;
It shows an unbred curiosity,
Which I'll correct hereafter. You will dare
To break up letters shortly, and examine
My tailor, lest, when he brings home my gown,
There be a man in't. I'll have whom I list,
In what disguise I list, and when I list,
And not have your sour eyes so saucy to peep,
As if you, by prevention, meant to kill
A basilisk.
WARE. Mistress, do what you list,
Send for your couch out, lie with your gallants there
Before us all: or, if you have a mind
To fellows that can lift weights, I can call
Two footmen too.
SEA. You are too patient, sir:
Send for the marshal, and discharge your house.
MIS. SEA. Truly a handsome woman! what pity 'tis
She is not honest. [*Aside.*]
MIS. HOL. Two proper gentlemen, too.
Lord, that such pictures might be sent to me!
[*Aside.*]

SCENE IX.

Enter PLOTWELL *and* ROSECLAP, *with* BANNSWRIGHT *and* QUARTFIELD *disguised.*

WARE. O nephew, welcome to my ransom! here

My house is made a new erection; gallants
Are brought in varied forms. Had I not look'd
By providence into that frame, these two
Had been convey'd for night-pieces and landskips
Into my chaste bride's chamber. Till now, she took
And let herself out; now she will be able
To hire and buy offenders.

PLOT. I'll ease you, sir;
We two have made a full discovery of her.

ROSE. She's married to another man, sir.

WARE. Good nephew, thou art my blessed angel.
Who are these two?

PLOT. Two that will secure your ships,
Sent by the office. Seal you, sir: th' have brought
Th' assurance with 'em.

WARE. Nephew, thou were't born
To be my dear preserver.

PLOT. It is duty, sir,
To help you out with your misfortunes. Gentlemen,
Produce your instruments. Uncle, put your seal,
And write your name here; they will do the like
To the other parchment. So, now deliver.

[*They subscribe, seal, and deliver interchangeably.*

WARE. I do deliver this as my act and deed.

BAN., QUART. And we this, as our act and deed.

PLOT. Pray, gentlemen,
Be witness here. Upon a doubtful rumour
Of two ships wreck'd, as they return'd from Ormus,
My uncle covenants to give three parts
To have the fourth secured. And these two here,

[SEATHRIFT, ROSECLAP, BRIGHT, *and* NEWCUT *subscribe as witnesses.*

As delegates of the office, undertake

At that rate to assure them. Uncle, now
Call forth the sailor, and send for the priest
That married you.

Enter SALEWIT *and* CYPHER.

WARE. Look, here they come.
PLOT. First then,
Not to afflict you longer, uncle; since
We now are quiet, know all this was my project.
WARE. How!
PLOT. Your two ships are richly landed: if
You'll not believe me, here's the sailor who,
[CYPHER *undisguises.*
Transform'd to Cypher, can tell you.
CYPH. 'Tis very true, sir.
I hired this travelling case of one o' th' sailors
That came in one of 'em: they lie at Blackwall.
Troth, I in pity, sir, to Master Plotwell,
Thought it my duty to deceive you.
WARE. Very well, sir;
What, are these masquers too?
PLOT. Faith, sir, these [*Exit* CYPHER.
Can change their forms too. They are two friends,
[*They undisguise.*
Worth threescore thousand pounds, sir, to my use.
WARE. Bannswright and Captain Quartfield!
QUART. Nay, old boy,
Th' hast a good pennyworth on't. The jest is worth
Three parts of four.
BAN. Faith, sir, we hope you'll pay
Tonnage and poundage into th' bargain.
WARE. O, you are a precious rogue! you ha' preferr'd me
To a chaste Lucrece, sirrah!
BAN. Your nephew, sir,

Hath married her with all her faults. They are
New-come from church.
WARE. How!
PLOT. Wonder not, sir: you
Were married but in jest. 'Twas no church-form,
But a fine legend out of Rab'lais.
SALE. Troth,
This reverend weed cast off, I'm a lay poet,
[SALEWIT *undisguises.*
And cannot marry, unless't be in a play—
In the fifth act or so; and that's almost
Worn out of fashion too.
MIS. SEA. These are the two
That show'd my son. [*Aside.*]
MIS. HOL. Let's have our money back. [*Aside.*]
PLOT. But, uncle, for the jointure you have made her
I hope you'll not retract. That and three parts
Of your two ships, besides what you will leave
Us at your death, will make a pretty stock
For young beginners.
WARE. Am I o'erreach'd so finely?
SEA. But are you married, sir, in earnest?
PLOT. Troth
We have not been abed yet, but may go,
And no law broken.
SEA. Then I must tell you, sir,
Y' have wrong'd me; and I look for satisfaction.
PLOT. Why, I beseech you, sir?
SEA. Sir, were not you
Betroth'd once to my daughter?
MIS. SEA. And did not I
And Mistress Holland help to make you sure?
PLOT. I do confess it.
SEA. Bear witness, gentlemen, he doth confess it.
PLOT. I'll swear it too, sir.

SEA. Why,
Then, have you match'd this woman?
PLOT. Why! because
This is your daughter, sir. I'm hers by conquest
For this day's service.
SEA. Is't possible I should
Be out in my own child so?
MIS. SEA. I told you, husband.
MIS. SCR. Surely my spirit gave me it was she;
And yet to see, now you have not your wire
Nor city ruff on, Mistress Sue, how these
Clothes do beguile! In truth, I took you for
A gentlewoman.
SEA. Here be rare plots indeed!
Why, how now, sir, these young heads have outgone us.
Was my son o' th' plot too?
PLOT. Faith, sir, he
Is married too. I did strike up a wedding
Between him and my sister.

Enter TIMOTHY *and* AURELIA.

Look, sir!
They come without their maidenheads.[1]
SEA. Why, this
Is better still. Now, sir, you might have ask'd
Consent of parents.
TIM. Pray forgive me, sir.
I thought I had match'd a lady, but she proves——
SEA. Much better, sir: I'd chide you as a fish,
But that your choice pleads for you.

[1] In the old copies the name of Penelope (*i.e.*, Aurelia) is placed before this line, but it seems to belong to Plotwell, and to be a continuation of what he has just before said.—*Collier.*

TIM. Mother, pray
Salute my wife, and tell me if one may not
Lie with her lips: nay, you too, Mistress Holland,
You taught her to make shirts and bone-lace; she's
Out of her time now.
MIS. HOL. I release her, sir.
WARE. I took your sister for a lady, nephew.
PLOT. I kept her like one, sir. My Temple scores
Went to maintain the title out of hope
To gain some great match for her; which you see
Is come to pass.
WARE. Well, Master Seathrift,
Things are just fallen out as we contriv'd 'em:
I grieve not I'm deceiv'd. Believe me, gentlemen,
You all did your parts well; 'twas carried cleanly;
And though I could take some things ill of you,
Fair mistress, yet 'twas plot, and I forget it.
Let's in and make 'em portions.
SEA. Lead the way, sir.
BAN. Pray stay a little.
WARE. More revelations yet?
BAN. I all this while have stood behind the curtain.
You have a brother, sir, and you a father.
PLOT. If he do live, I have.
BAN. He in his time
Was held the wealthiest merchant on th' Exchange.
WARE. 'Tis true, but that his shipwrecks broke him.
BAN. And
The debt for which he broke I hear you have
Compounded.
SEA. I am paid it.
BAN. Then I thank you.
[BANNSWRIGHT *undisguises.*
WARE. My brother Plotwell!

BAN. Son, I wish you joy.
PLOT. O my bless'd stars! my father!
BAN. And to you, fair mistress,
Let it not breed repentance that I have,
For my security, to 'scape your father,
Awhile descended from myself to this
Unworthy shape. Now I can cast it off,
And be my true self. I have a ship which fame
Gave out for lost, but just now landed too,
Worth twenty thousand pounds, towards your match.
SEA. Better and better still.
WARE. Well, what was wanting
Unto our joys, and made these nuptials
Imperfect, brother, you by your discovery
Have fully added.

Enter CYPHER.

CYP. Sir, the two sheriffs are
Within, and have both brought their wives.
WARE. The feast
Intended for my wedding shall be yours.

To which I add—*May you so love to say,*
When old, your time was but one marriage-day.

THE EPILOGUE AT WHITEHALL.

THE author was deceiv'd; for, should the parts
And play which you have seen plead rules and arts,
Such as strict critics write by, who refuse
T' allow the buskin to the Comic Muse;
Whose region is the people, every strain
Of royalty being tragic, though none slain;
He'd now, Great Sir, hold all his rules untrue,
And think his best rules are the Queen and You.
He should have search'd the stories of each age,
And brought five acts of princes on the stage;
He should have taken measure, and rais'd sport
From persons bright and glorious as your court,
And should have made his argument to be
Fully as high and great as they that see.
Here, he confesseth, you did nothing meet,
But what was first a comedy i' th' street:
Cheapside brought into verse; no passage strange
To any here that hath been at th' Exchange.
Yet he hopes none doth value it so low,
As to compare it with my Lord Mayor's Show.
'Tis so unlike that some, he fears, did sit,
Who, missing pageants, did o'ersee the wit.
Since then his scene no pomp or highness boasts,
And low things grac'd show princes princes most,
Your royal smiles will raise't, and make him say,
He only wrote, your liking made, the play.

THE EPILOGUE AT BLACKFRIARS.

ONCE more the Author, ere you rise, doth say,
Though he have public warrant for his play,
Yet he to the King's command needs the King's writ
To keep him safe, not to be arraign'd for wit.
Not that he fears his name can suffer wrack
From them who sixpence pay and sixpence crack,
To such he wrote not; though some parts have been
So like here, that they to themselves came in.
To them who call't reproof to make a face,
Who think they judge, when they frown i' th' wrong place,
Who, if they speak not ill o' th' poet, doubt
They lose by the play, nor have their two shillings out;
He says, he hopes they'll not expect he'd woo,
The play being done, they'd end their sour looks too.
But before you, who did true hearers sit,
Who singly make a box, and fill the pit,
Who do[1] this comedy read, and unseen,
Had throng'd theatres and Blackfriars been,
He for his doom stands: your hands are his bays,
Since they can only clap who know to praise.

[1] [Old copy, *to*.]

THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON.

EDITION.

The Queene of Arragon. A Tragi-Comedie. London Printed by Tho. Cotes, for William Cooke, and are to be sold at his shop at Furnivals Inne gate in Holburne 1640. *Folio.*

INTRODUCTION.

WILLIAM HABINGTON, the son of Thomas Habington,[1] of Hendlip, in the county of Worcester, Esq., was born at the seat of his father, on the 4th, or, as others say, the 5th, of November 1605.[2] He received his educa-

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[1] This Thomas Habington was born 26th October 1560, and married Mary, the sister of Lord Mounteagle, the lady who is supposed to have written that letter to her brother which occasioned the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. For harbouring Garnet and Alchorne, two Popish priests, he is said to have been condemned to die, but by the intercession of Lord Mounteagle he was reprieved and pardoned. He lived many years afterwards, not dying until the 8th of October 1647, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years. Wood says he surveyed the county of Worcester, and made a collection of most of its antiquities. He also translated "The Epistle of Gildas, the most ancient British author," 12°, 1638, and had a considerable hand in the "History of Edward IV.," published by his son.

[2] In a poem on p. 104 of his "Castara," 1640, Habington claims alliance with several noble families—

> "Now I resolve, in triumph of my verse,
> To bring great *Talbot* from that foreign herse
> Which yet doth to her fright his dust enclose:
> Then to sing *Herbert*, who so glorious rose
> With the fourth Edward, that his faith doth shine
> Yet in the faith of noble *Pembroke's* line.

tion at St Omers and Paris, and at the former of these places was earnestly solicited to become one of the order of the Jesuits. On his return from Paris, being then at man's estate, he was instructed at home in matters of history by his father, and became an accomplished gentleman. He married Lucia, daughter of William Lord Powis, and is charged by Wood with running with the times, and being not unknown to Oliver Cromwell. He died the 30th of November 1654, and was buried in the vault at Hendlip, by the bodies of his father and grandfather.

Besides the play now republished, he was the author of—

1. Poems, under the title of "Castara," 4°, 1634; 12°, 1635, 1640.[1] They are divided into three parts, each under a different title, suitable to the subject: the first, written when he was suitor to his wife, is ushered in by a character of a mistress, written in prose: the second contains verses written to her after marriage; after which is a character of a friend, before several

Sometimes my swelling spirits I prepare
To speak the mighty *Percy*, nearest heir
In merits, as in blood, to Charles the Great:
Then *Derby's* worth and greatness to repeat;
Or *Morley's* honour, or *Mounteagle's* fame,
Whose valour lives eternis'd in his name:
But while I think to sing those *of my blood*,
And my *Castaras*," &c.

—*Collier.*

[1] Mr Park, in a MS. note to a copy of these poems, in 1640, observes, "The first and second parts of these poems were printed in 1634, 4°; again (with additions) in 1635, 12°; and the third part was added in 1640. He is said to have entitled his collection "Castara" in compliment to his mistress, Lucia, daughter of Lord Powis, who became his wife." This is evident from a poem on p. 102 of the edition of 1640, addressed to Lord Powis, where he speaks of his daughter as Castara.—*Collier.*

funeral elegies: and the third consists of Divine Poems, preceded by the portrait of a holy man.[1]

2. "Observations upon History." 8°, 1641.

3. "History of Edward IV., King of England," f°, 1640, written and published at the desire of King Charles I.[2]

Wood observes that the MSS. which our author and his father left[3] were then in the hands of the former's son, and might be made useful for the public, if in the possession of any other person.[4]

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[1] Phillips, speaking of Habington ("Theatrum Poetarum," 1675), says "that he may be ranked with those who deserve neither the highest nor the lowest seat in the theatre of fame." Mr Park is of opinion "that this character of him is rather below par; for he appears (as an amatory poet) to have possessed a superior degree of unaffected tenderness and delicacy of sentiment to either Carew or Waller, with an elegance of versification very seldom inferior to his more famed contemporaries." Perhaps Habington's "amiable piety," rendered him a peculiar favourite with Mr Park.—*Collier.*

[2] Phillips, in his "Theatrum Poetarum," complains that this work is written in a style "better becoming a poetical than a historical subject."—*Collier.* [In "Jonsonus Virbius," verses to the memory of Ben Jonson, 1638, is a poem by W. Abington.]

[3] The collections he made of the antiquities, &c., of Worcestershire, formed the foundation of Dr Nash's history of that county.—*Collier.*

[4] The following is from "Wit's Recreations," 1640—

"To Mr William Habington, on his 'Castara,' a Poem.

Thy Muse is chaste, and thy Castara too;
'Tis strange at Court: and thou hadst power to woo
And to obtain what others were denied,
The fair Castara for thy virtuous bride.
Enjoy what you dare wish, and may there be
Fair issues branch from both to honour thee."

—*Gilchrist.*

THE PROLOGUE AT COURT.

HAD not obedience o'errul'd the Author's fear
And judgment too, this humble piece had ne'er
Approach'd so high a majesty: not writ
By the exact and subtle rules of wit,
Ambitious for the splendour of this night,
But fashion'd up in haste for 's own delight.
This by my lord [1] with as much zeal as e'er
Warm'd the most loyal heart, is offer'd here,
To make this night your pleasure, although we,
Who are the actors, fear 'twill rather be
Your patience; and if any mirth, we may
Sadly suspect, 'twill rise quite the wrong way.
But you have mercy, sir; and from your eye,
Bright madam, never yet did lightning fly;
But vital beams of favour, such as give
A growth to all who can deserve to live.
Why should the author tremble then, or we
Distress our hopes, and such tormentors be
Of our own thoughts? since in those happy times
We live, when mercy's greater than the crimes.

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[1] Meaning, most likely, the Earl of Pembroke, at whose instance the play was represented before the King and Queen at court.—*Collier.*

THE PROLOGUE AT THE FRIARS.

ERE we begin, that no man may repent
Two shillings and his time, the Author sent
The prologue with the errors of his play,
That, who will, may take his money and away.
First for the plot, it's no way intricate
By cross deceits in love, nor so high in state,
That we might have given out in our playbill,
This day's "The Prince," writ by Nick Machiavil.
The language too is easy, such as fell
Unstudied from his pen: not like a spell
Big with mysterious words, such as enchant
The half-witted, and confound the ignorant.
Then what must needs afflict the amorist,
No virgin here in breeches casts a mist
Before her lover's eyes: no ladies tell,
How their blood boils, how high their veins do swell.
But, what is worse, no bawdy mirth is here
(The wit of bottle-ale and double-beer),
To make the wife of citizen protest,
And country-justice swear 'twas a good jest.
Now, sirs, you have the errors of his wit:
Like or dislike, at your own perils be't.

THE ACTORS' NAMES.

THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON.
DECASTRO, *General of the Forces of Arragon, in love with the queen.*
OSSUNA, *friend to Decastro.*
FLORENTIO, *General of the Forces of Castile, enamoured of the queen.*
VELASCO, *a great commander under Florentio.*
ASCANIO, *the King of Castile disguised.*
LERMA, *a nobleman privy to his disguise.*
ONIATE, *a sober courtier.*
SANMARTINO, *a half-witted lord.*
BROWFILDORA, *dwarf to Sanmartino.*

FLORIANA, *wife to Sanmartino.*
CLEANTHA, *a witty court-lady.*

CAPTAIN.
SERVANTS.
Several SOLDIERS.

THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON.[1]

ACT I., SCENE 1.

Enter SANMARTINO *and* CLEANTHA.

CLE. My lord, let's change the subject: love is worn
So threadbare out of fashion, and my faith
So little leans to vows——
SAN. The rage of time
Or sickness first must ruin that bright fabric
Nature took pride to build.
CLE. I thank my youth then
For the tender of your service; 'tis the last
Good turn it did me. But by this my fears
Instruct me, when the old bald man, call'd Time,
Comes stealing on me, and shall steal away
What you call beauty, my neglected face
Must be enforc'd to go in quest for a new
Knight-errant.
SAN. Slander not my constant faith,

[1] This play being by the author communicated to Philip Earl of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain of the Household to King Charles I., he caused it to be acted at court, and afterwards published against the author's consent. It was revived at the Restoration, when a Prologue and Epilogue, written by the author of "Hudibras," were spoken. —See Butler's "Remains," vol. i. p. 185.

Nor doubt the care Fate hath to stop the motion
Of envious Time, might it endanger so
Supreme a beauty.
CLE. Sure, my lord, Fate hath
More serious business, or divines make bold
T' instruct us in a schism. But grant I could
Induce myself (which I despair I shall)
To hear and talk that empty nothing Love,
Is't now in season, when an army lies
Before our city-gates, and every hour
A battery expected? Dear my lord,
Let's seal our testament, and prepare for heaven;
And, as I am inform'd by them who seem
To know some part o' th' way, Love's not the nearest
Path that leads thither.
SAN. Madam, he is but
A coward lover whom or death or hell
Can fright from's mistress: and, for danger now
Threat'ning the city, how can I so arm
Myself, as by your favour proof against
All stratagems of war?
CLE. Your lordship then
Shall walk as safe as if a Lapland witch
(You will not envy me the honour of
The metaphor) preserv'd you shot-free. But
Who is your confessor? Yet spare his name;
His function will forgive the glory of it:
Sure he's ill-read in cases to allow
A married lord the freedom of this courtship.
SAN. Can you think, madam, that I trust my sins
(But virtues are those loves I pay your beauty)
To th' counsel of a cassock? Who hath art
To judge of my confession, must have had
At least a privy chamberer to his father.
We of the court commit not, as the vulgar,

Dull, ignorant sins: then, that I'm married, madam,
Is rather safety to our love.
CLE. My heart!
How sick am I o' th' sudden! Good my lord,
Call your dwarf hither.
SAN. Garragantua! boy.

Enter BROWFILDORA.

CLE. Prythee, thy pedigree?
SAN. Madam, what mean you?
CLE. O, anything, but to divert from love:
Another word of courtship, and I swoon.
BROW. My ancestors were giants, madam; giants,
Pure Spanish, who disdain'd to mingle with
The blood of Goth or Moor. Their mighty actions,
In a small letter, nature printed on
Your little servant.
CLE. How so very little?
BROW. By the decay of time, and being forc'd
From fertile pastures to the barren hills
Of Biscay: even in trees you may observe
The wonder which, transplanted to a soil
Less happy, lose in growth. Is not the once
Huge body of the Roman empire now
A very pigmy?
CLE. But why change you not
That so gigantic name of Browfildora?
BROW. Spite of malignant nature, I'll preserve
The memory of my forefathers: they shall live
In me contracted.
SAN. Madam, let's return
To the love we last discours'd on.
CLE. This, my lord,
Is much more serious. What coarse thing is that?

Enter ONIATE *and* FLORIANA.

FLO. I owe you, sir, for the pleasure of this walk.

ONI. Madam, it was to me the highest honour.
[*Exit* ONIATE.

CLE. Welcome, O, welcome, to redeem me!—
What
Can the best wit of woman fancy we
Have been discoursing of?

FLO. Sure, not of love?

CLE. Of that most ridiculous hobby-horse, love;
That fool that fools the world; that spaniel love,
That fawns [the more] the more 'tis kick'd!

SAN. Will you betray me?

CLE. Thy lord hath so protested, Floriana,
Vowed such an altar to my beauty, swore
So many oaths, and such profane oaths too,
To be religious in performing all
That's impious towards heaven, and to a lady
Most ruinous.

FLO. Good Cleantha, all your detraction
Wins no belief on my suspicion.

CLE. Be credulous, and be abus'd. Floriana,
There's no vice so great as to think him virtuous.
Go mount your milk-white steed, Sir Lancelot,
Your little squire attends you there: in suburbs
Enchanted castles are, where ladies wait
To be deliver'd by your mighty hand;
Go and protest there.

SAN. I thank your favour, madam.
[*Exit* SANMARTINO.

CLE. It is not so much worth, sir. Come, we'll follow.

FLO. But stay, Cleantha. Prythee, what begot

That squeamish look, that scornful wry o' the mouth,
When Oniate parted?
CLE. Why, thou hadst
So strange a fellow in thy company,
His garb was so uncourtly, I grew sick.
FLO. He is a gentleman; and, add to that,
Makes good the title.
CLE. Haply he may so,
And haply he's enamour'd on thy beauty.
FLO. On mine, Cleantha?
CLE. Yes, dear Floriana;
Yet neither danger to thy chastity,
Nor blemish to thy fame: custom approves it.
But I owe little to my memory,
If I e'er saw him 'mong the greater ladies:
Sure, he's some suburb-courtier.
FLO. He's noble,
And hath a soul—a thing is question'd much
In most of the gay youths whom you converse with.
CLE. But how disorderly his hair did hang.
FLO. Yet 'twas his own.
CLE. How ill turn'd up his beard;
And for his clothes——
FLO. Though not fresh every morning,
Yet in the fashion.
CLE. Yes, i' th' sober fashion,
Which courtiers wear who hope to be employ'd,
And aim at business. But he's not genteel;
Not discomposed enough to court a lady.
FLO. His thoughts are much more serious.
CLE. Guard me, Fortune!
I would not have the court take notice that
I walked one hour with that state-aphorism
Each autumn to renew my youth. Let us
Discourse with lords, whose heads and legs move more

Than do their tongues, and to as good a sense;
Who, snatching from my hand a glove, can sigh,
And print a kiss, and then return it back;
Who on my busk,[1] even with a pin, can write
The anagram of my name, present it humbly,
Fall back, and smile.

FLO. Cleantha, I perceive
There is small hope of thy conversion;
Thou art resolv'd to live in this heresy.

CLE. Yes; since 'tis the religion of our sex:
Sweet Floriana, I will not yet suffer
For unregarded truth court persecution.

Enter OSSUNA *and* ONIATE, *with divers* SOLDIERS.

But what are they appear there?

FLO. We'll away.

[*Exeunt* FLORIANA *and* CLEANTHA.

OSS. This is the place for interview. You, who are
Deputed for this service from the Lord
Florentio, use such caution as befits
Your charge. Howe'er, your general's person's safe,
The Lord Decastro having pass'd his word.

ONI. Yet 'tis my wonder that Florentio,
A soldier so exact, practis'd in all
The mysteries of war and peace, should trust
Himself, where th' enemies' faith must best secure him.

OSS. The great Decastro, sir, whom our late king
Deputed regent at his death, and whom
The kingdom judgeth fit to marry with
His only heir the present queen (though she

[1] See note to "Lingua," act ii. sc. 2.

Disdain his love and our desires) hath proved
To time and fortune that he fears no danger,
But what may wound his honour. How can then
Florentio (though he now sit down before
Our city with so vast an army) choose
A place for interview by art and nature
So fortified, as where Decastro's faith
Makes it impregnable?

ONI. Distrust, my lord,
Is the best councillor to great designs:
Our confidence betrays us. But between
These two are other seeds of jealousy,
Such as would almost force religion break
Her tying vows, authorise perjury,
And make the scrupulous casuist say, that faith
Is the fool's virtue. They both love the queen:
Decastro building on his high deserts,
And vote of Arragon; Florentio, on
The favour he gain'd from her majesty
When here he lived employed by his great master,
King of Castile.

OSS. Such politic respects
May warrant the bad statesman to dark actions;
But both these generals by a noble war
Resolve to try their fate.

ONI. But here, my lord,

Enter SANMARTINO.

Is a full period to all serious thought.
This lord is so impertinent, yet still
Upon the whisper.

OSS. He's a mischief, sir,
No court is safe from.

ONI. What fine tricks he shows
Each morning on his jennet, but to gain
A female vision from some half-op'd window:

And if a lady smile by accident,
Or but in scorn of him, yet he (kind soul)
Interprets it as prophecy to some
Near favour to ensue at night.
Oss. I wonder
What makes him thought a wit?
Oni. A copper wit,
Which fools let pass for current: so false coin,
Such very alchemy that, who vents him
For aught but parcel-ass, may be in danger.
Look on him, and in little there see drawn
The picture of the youth is so admired
Of the spruce sirs, whom ladies and their women
Call the fine gentleman.
Oss. What are those papers,
With such a sober brow he looks upon?
Oni. Nor platform [1] nor intelligence; but a prologue
He comes to whisper to one of the maids
I' th' privy chamber after supper.
Oss. I praise the courage of his folly yet,
Whom fear cannot make wiser.
San. My good lord,
Brave Oniate, saw you not the general?
Oni. He's upon entrance here. And how, my lord?
I saw your lordship turning over papers!
What's the discovery?
San. It may import
Decastro's knowledge. Never better language
Or neater wit: a paper of such verses,
Writ by th' exactest hand.
Oss. In time of business,
As serious as our safety, to intrude
The dreams of madmen!

[1] [Programme of policy.]

SAN. My judicious lord,
It, with the favour of your lordship, may
Concern the general: such high rapture
In admiration of the queen, whom he
Pretends to love! How will her majesty
Smile on his suit, when in the heat of business
He not neglects this amorous way to woo her?

Enter DECASTRO.

DEC. No man presume t' advance a foot. My lord
Ossuna, I desire your ear.
SAN. My lord,
I have a piece here of such elegant wit.
DEC. Your pardon, good my lord; we'll find an hour
Less serious to advise upon your papers,
And then at large we'll whisper.
SAN. As you please,
My lord: you'll pardon the error of my duty.
[*Exit* SANMARTINO.
OSS. The queen, my lord, gave free access to what
I spoke o' th' public; but when I began
To mention love——
DEC. How? did she frown, or with
What murdering scorn heard she Decastro named?
Love! of thy labyrinth of art what path
Left I untrodden? Humbly I have labour'd
To win her favour; and when that prevail'd not,
The kingdom in my quarrel vow'd to empty
The veins of their great body.
OSS. Sir, her heart
Is mightier than misfortune. Though her youth,
Soft as some consecrated virgin wax,
Seem easy for impression, yet her virtue

Hard as a rock of diamond, breaks all
The battery of the waves.
DEC. Unkind and cruel!
OSS. She charg'd me tell you that a faithless Moor,
Who had gain'd honour only by the ruin
Of what we hold religious, sooner she
Would welcome to her bed, than who t' his queen
And Love had been a rebel.
DEC. How a rebel?
The people's suffrage, which inaugurates princes,
Hath warranted my actions.
OSS. But she answers,
The subtle arts of faction, not free vote,
Commanded her restraint.
DEC. May even those stars,
Whose influence made me great, turn their aspècts
To blood and ruin, if ambition rais'd
The appetite of love. Her beauty hath
A power more sovereign than the Eastern slave
Acknowledg'd ever in his idol king.
To that I bowed a subject: but when I
Discover'd that her fancy fix'd upon
Florentio (General now of th' enemy's army),
I let the people use their severe way,
And they restrain'd her.
OSS. But, my lord, their guilt
Is made your crime. Yet all this new affliction
Disturbs her not to anger, but disdain.
DEC. She hath a glorious spirit. Yet the world,
The envious world itself, must justify,
That howsoever fortune yielded up
The sceptre to my power, I did but kiss it,
And offer'd it again into her hand.

Enter FLORENTIO, VELASCO, *and others.*

ONL. My lord, the general of Castile, Florentio.
DEC. He's safely welcome. Now let each man keep
At a due distance. I have here attended
Your lordship's presence.
FLO. O my lord, are we,
Whom love obligeth to the same allegiance,
Brought hither on these terms?
DEC. They're terms of honour,
And I yet never knew to frame excuse,
Where that begot the quarrel.
FLO. Yet methinks
We might have found another way to it.
We might have sought out danger, where the proud,
Insulting Moor profanes our holy places.
The noise of war had been no trouble then;
But now too much 'twill fright the gentle ear
Of her we both are vow'd to serve.
DEC. That love,
Which arms us both, bears witness that I had
Much rather have encounter'd lightning, than
Create the least distraction to her peace.
But since the vote of Arragon decrees
That my long service hath the justest claim
To challenge her regard, thus I must stand
Arm'd to make good the title.
FLO. This vain language
Scarce moves my pity. What desert can rise
So high to merit her? Were each short moment
O' th' longest-liv'd commander lengthen'd to
An age, and that exposed to dangers mighty,
As cowards frame them, can you think his service
Might challenge her regard? Like th' heavenly bounty,

She may distribute favour; but 'tis sin
To say our merits may pretend a title.
DEC. You talk, sir, like a courtier.
FLO. But, my lord,
You'll find a soldier in this arm which, strengthen'd
By such a cause, may level mountains high,
As those the giants (emblems of your thoughts)
Piled up to have scal'd heaven.
DEC. That must be
Decided by the sword: and if, my lord,
Our interview hath no more sober end
Than a dispute so froward, let us make
The trumpet drown the noise.
FLO. You shall not want
That music. But before we yielded up
Our reason unto fury, I desired
We might expostulate the ground of this
So fatal war, and bring you to that low
Obedience nature placed you in.
DEC. My ear attends you.
FLO. Where is then that humble zeal
You owe a mistress, if you can throw off
That duty which you owe her as your queen?
What justice (that fair rule of human actions)
Can you pretend for taking arms?
DEC. Pray, forward.
FLO. I'll not deny (for from an enemy
I'll not detract) during her nonage, when
The public choice and her great father's will
Enthron'd you in the government, you manag'd
Affairs with prudence equal to the fame
You gain'd: and when your sword did fight her quarrel,
'Twas crown'd with victory.
DEC. I thank your memory.
FLO. But hence ambition and ingratitude
Drew only venom: for by these great actions

You labour'd not t' advance her state or honour,
But subtly wrought upon the people's love—
A love begot by error, following still
Apparency, not truth.
DEC. You construe fairly.
FLO. The sun is not more visible, when not
One cloud wrinkles the brow of heaven; for
On that false strength you had i' th' multitude
You swell'd to insolence, dared court your queen,
Boasting your merit like some wanton tyrant
I' th' vanity of a new conquest. And,
When you perceiv'd her judgment did instruct her
To frown on the attempt, profanely, 'gainst
All laws of love and majesty, you made
The people in your quarrel seize upon
The sacred person of the fairest queen
Story e'er boasted.
DEC. Have you done, my lord?
FLO. Not yet. This injury provok'd my master
To raise these mighty forces for her rescue,
And named me general: whose aim is not
A vain ambition, but t' advance her service.
Ere we begin to punish, take this offer:
Restore the queen to liberty, with each
Due circumstance that such a majesty
May challenge, freely to make choice of whom
She shall advance to th' honour of her bed.
If your deserts bear that high rate you mention,
Why should you doubt your fortune? On these terms
The king, King of Castile, may be induced
To pardon the error of your ruin.
DEC. Thus,
In short, my answer. How unlimited
Soe'er my power hath been, my reason and
My love have circumscrib'd it. True, the queen
Stands now restrain'd: but 'tis by the decree

Of the whole kingdom, lest her error should
Persuade her to some man less worthy.
FLO. How!
DEC. Less worthy than myself; for so they judge
The proudest subject to a foreign prince.
But when you mention love, where are your blushes?
What can you answer for the practising
The queen's affection, when embassador
You lay here from Castile, pretending only
Affairs importing both the kingdoms? Nor
Can you, my lord, be tax'd by your discretion,
That by the humblest arts of love you labour
To win so bright a beauty, and a queen
So potent. Your affection looks not here
Without an eye upon your profit.
FLO. Witness, Love!
DEC. No protestation. If you will withdraw
Your forces from our kingdom, and permit
Us to our laws and government, that peace,
Which hath continued many ages sacred,
Stands firm between us. But if not——
FLO. To arms!
DEC. Pray stay, my lord. Doth not your lordship see
Th' advantage I have in the place? With how
Much ease I may secure my fortune from
The greatest danger of your forces?
FLO. Ha!
'Twas inconsiderate in me: but I trusted
To th' honour of your word, which you'll not violate.
DEC. Go safely off, my lord. And now be dumb
All talk of peace: we'll parley in the drum.
[*Exeunt several ways, the drum beating.*

ACT II., SCENE 1.

Enter SANMARTINO, CAPTAIN, SOLDIER, *and* BROWFILDORA.

CAPT. Come on, you Atlases of Arragon:
You by whose powers the Castilian cloud
Was forc'd to vanish. We have ferk'd Florentio
In the right arm; made the enamour'd Don
Retire to doleful tent.
SAN. We sallied bravely.
CAPT. Thou didst i' th' sally fight like lightning, Conde;
Let the air play with thy plume, most puissant peer.
No Conde Sanmartino now, but Conde
St George, that Cappadocian man-at-arms.
Thou hast done wonders, wonders big with story,
Fit to be sung in lofty epic strain;
For writing which the poet shall behold,
That which creates a Conde, gold; gold which
Shall make him wanton with some suburb muse,
And Hippocrene flow with Canary billow.
Th' art high in feat of arms.
SAN. Captain, I think I did my part.
CAPT. Base is the wight that thinks:[1]
Let Condes small in spirit drink harsh sherry,
Then quarrel with promoting knights, and fine for't:
Thou art in mettle mighty, tough as steel,
As Bilboa or Toledo steel. Fight on,
Let acres sink, and bank of money melt;

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[1] A sort of parody on the exclamation of Pistol in "Henry V.," act ii. sc. 1—

"Base is the slave that pays!"

Mr Steevens, in a note on the passage, points out a similar expression in Heywood's "Fair Maid of the West."—*Collier.*

Forsake thy lady's lap, and sleep with us
Upon the bed of honour, the chill earth.
'Tis that will make thee held a potent peer,
'Mong men o' th' pike, of buff, and bandolier.
SAN. Thou speak'st brave language, captain.
CAPT. I'll maintain
'Tis Arragonian, Conde.
BROW. Captain Cedar,
Though in thy language lofty, give a shrub
Leave to salute thee. Sure, we two are near
In blood and great attempt. Don Hercules
Was, as I read in Chaldean chronicle,
Our common ancestor; Don Hercules,
Who rifled nymph on top of Apennine.
CAPT. Small imp, avaunt!
BROW. Stout sturdy oak, that grows
So high in field of Mars, O, let no tempest
Shake thee from hence! And now I have with labour
Attain'd thy language, I'll thy truchman[1] be.

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[1] *i.e.*, Thine interpreter. *Trucheman*, Fr. See Cotgrave. —*Steevens.*

The word is not very common in our old writers, but it is found [in two or three plays printed in the present series, and] in a passage quoted in "England's Parnassus," 1600, [from Greene's "Menaphone," 1589]—

"Seld speaketh love, but sighes his secret paines;
Teares are his *truch-men*: words do make him tremble."

Again, in Whetstone's "Heptameron," 1582: "For he that is the *Troucheman* of a stranger's tongue may well declare his meaning, but yet shall marre the grace of his tale." —*Collier.*

[In "England's Parnassus," 1600, is the following line from James I.'s "Essayes of a Prentise," 1584—

"Dame Nature's trunchmen, heavens interpreta true;"

and Park, in his reprint of the book, not knowing the meaning of *trouchman*, supposed *trunchman* to be misprinted for *trenchman*.]

Interpret for thee to those smaller souls,
Who wonder when they understand not: souls
Whom courtiers' gaudy outside captivates
And plume of coronel.
CAPT. I must expire,
Not talk to fish. Seest thou that man of match?
Though small in stature, mighty he's in soul,
And rich in gifts of mind, though poor in robes:
Reward, like Philip's heir, his daring arm,
Which fetch'd thee off from danger. Once again,
Most doughty Don, adieu.
BROW. Great Don Saltpetre,
I am the servant of thy fam'd caliver.
SAN. These are strong lines. Now, friend, art thou o' th' garrison?
SOL. If 't please your lordship.
SAN. It doth not please me,
It is indifferent: I care not what thou art.
Art thou extremely poor?
SOL. If 't please your lordship.
SAN. No, not that neither. Why should I malign
So far thy fortune as to wish thee poor?
'Twere safer for my purse if thou wert rich;
Then all reward were base.
SOL. If 't please your lordship.
SAN. O, no more prologue! Prythee, the first scene:
To the business, man.
SOL. Then I must tell your lordship,
I scorn that wealth makes you thus wanton, and
That wit which fools you. Did the royal favour
Shine but on you, without enlarging warmth
To any other, I in this torn outside
Should laugh at you, if insolent.
SAN. This is saucy.

SOL. I tell thee, petulant lord, I'll cut thy throat,
Unless thou learn more honour.
SAN. What shall I do?

Enter FLORIANA *and* CLEANTHA.

But see Cleantha! Not to be made Grandee,
Would I she should discover me in parley
With such coarse clothes. There, fellow, take that gold,
And let me see thy face no more. Away!
SOL. There 'tis again. I will not owe one hour
[*Throws back the money.*
Of mirth to such a bounty: I can starve
At easier rate, than live beholden to
The boast of any giver. Lord! I scorn
Thee, and that gold which first created thee.
[*Exit* SOLDIER.
FLO. That soldier seem'd to carry anger in
His look, my lord.
SAN. What should his anger move me?
CLE. O no, my lord: the world speaks wonders of
Your mighty puissance.
FLO. 'Tis my joy y'are safe.
But why adventured you into this quarrel?[1]
CLE. The queen will hardly thank your valour, since
They of Castile profess'd themselves her soldiers.
SAN. The queen must pardon courage; men who are
Of daring spirit, so they may but fight,
Examine not the cause.
FLO. She doth expect us. [*Exit.*

[1] This question, by an error of the press, Dodsley and Reed both allowed to be given to Florentio.—*Collier.*

CLE. I will attend her here, for here she gives
Decastro audience. I must not lose
This lord yet, it so near concerns my mirth.
SAN. Madam, I wonder with what confidence
You, after such an injury, dare endanger
Discourse with me.
CLE. I injure you, my lord,
Whose favour I have courted with more zeal
Than well my sex can warrant; triumph not
Too much upon my weakness, 'cause you have
Got victory o'er my heart; take not delight
To make my grief your sport.
SAN. Be witty still,
And keep me for a trophy of your pride.
I hope to see that beauty at an ebb;
Where will be then your overflow of servants?
You'll then repent your pride.
CLE. O never, never;
If you'll particularise your vows to me—
You, who to th' title of the courtly lord
Have added that of valiant; and beshrew me,
She's no good housewife of her fame that wants
A daring servant.
SAN. This perhaps may work. [*Aside.*
CLE. If she live single, he preserves her name,
And scarce admits a whisper that the jealous
May construe points at her; and if she marry,
He awes the husband, if by chance or weakness
She have offended.
SAN. This cannot be fiction. [*Aside.*
CLE. Then, if she use but civil compliment
To a courtier bachelor, he straight bespeaks
The licence and the favours, and calls in
Some wit into his counsel for the poesy;
While I feel no temptation to such folly
But with a married lord.
SAN. How, gentle madam?

CLE. Our walks are privileg'd, our whispers safe,
No fear of laying contracts to my charge,
Nor much of scandal: and if there be cause,
Who is so fond a gamester of his life,
As merely out of spleen to stake it? But,
My lord, I now suspect you constru'd ill
That language I used to your lady, when
I told her of your love: but I presume
You were not so dull-sighted as in that
Not to discern the best disguise for love.
SAN. What a suspicious ass was I! How captious!
I ne'er mistrusted my own wit before.
Mischief, how dull was I!
CLE. Pray turn your face
Away. Now know, when worth and valour are
Led on by love, to win my favour. But—
The queen!

Enter QUEEN, DECASTRO, OSSUNA, FLORIANA, *&c.*

SAN. Divine Cleantha! Noblest lady!
DEC. Ossuna, let me beg thy care: though we
Bravely repuls'd the enemy, they seem
To threaten a new assault.
OSS. Command your servant.
DEC. Bear then a vigilant eye, and by your scouts
Learn if they any new attempt prepare.
[*Exit* OSSUNA.
May't please your majesty, command these many
Ears from your presence.
QUEEN. Good my lord, you who
Have power to guide your queen, may make our presence
Or full or empty, as you please.

DEC. Then with
Your licence, madam, they may all withdraw.
QUEEN. Not with our licence. If your usurped greatness
Will banish all attendance from our person,
I must remain alone; but not a man
Stir hence with our good liking.
DEC. If your will
(Averse from sober counsel) would submit
To safe advice——
QUEEN. You have instructed it
To more obedience than I guess my birth
Did e'er intend. But pray, my lord, teach me
To know my fault, and I will find amendment,
If not repentance, for it.
DEC. Then, great madam,
I must acquaint you that the supreme law
Of princes is the people's safety, which
You have infring'd, and drawn thereby into
The inward parts of this great state a most
Contagious fever.
QUEEN. Pray, no metaphor.
DEC. You have invited war to interrupt,
With its rude noise, the music of our peace:
A foreign enemy gathers the fruit
The sweat and labour of your subjects planted:
In the cool shadow of the vine we prun'd
He wantonly lies down, and roughly bids
The owner press the grape, that with the juice
His blood may swell up to lascivious heats.
QUEEN. My lord, I answer not th' effects of war;
But I must pay Castile all thankful service
For his fair charity.
DEC. Do you then, madam,
Reckon on mischief as a charity?
QUEEN. Yes, such a mischief as is merciful,

And I a queen oppress'd. But how dares he,
Whose duty ought with reverence obey,
And not dispute the counsels of his princess,
Question my actions? Whence, my lord, springs this
Ill-tutor'd privilege?
DEC. From the zeal I owe
The honour of our nation, over which
Kings rule but at the courtesy of time.
QUEEN. You are too bold; and I must tell your pride,
It swells to insolence: for, were your nature
Not hood-wink'd by your interest, you would praise
The virtue of his courage, who took arms
To an injur'd lady's rescue.
DEC. 'Twas ambition,
Greedy to make advantage of that breach
Between you and your people, arm'd Castile.
Unpitied else you might have wept away
The hours of your restraint.
QUEEN. Poor erring man!
Could thy arts raise a tempest blacker yet,
Such as would fright thyself, it could not for
One moment cloud the splendour of my soul,
Misfortune may benight the wicked; she,
Who knows no guilt, can sink beneath no fear.
DEC. Your majesty mistakes the humble aim
Of my address. I come not to disturb
Th' harmonious calm your soul enjoys: may pleasure
Live there enthron'd, till you yourself shall woo
Death to enlarge it! May felicities,
Great as th' ideas of philosophy,
Wait still on your delight! May fate conspire
To make you rich and envied!
QUEEN. Pray, my lord,

Explain the riddle. By the cadence of
Your language, I could guess you have intents
Far gentler than your actions.
DEC. If your care,
Great madam, would convey into your heart
The story of my love: my love, a flame——
QUEEN. Leave off this history of love and flame,
And honestly confess your fears, my lord,
Lest Castile should correct you.
DEC. Correct me!
No, madam, I have forc'd them t' a retreat,
And given my fine young general cause to wish
He had not left his amorous attempts
On ladies to assault our city.
QUEEN. But he is not wounded?
DEC. Not to death, perhaps;
But certainly w' have open'd him a vein,
Will cure the fever of his blood.
QUEEN. O, stay!
DEC. Torment! And doth she weep? I might have fall'n
Down from some murdering precipice to dust,
And miss'd the mercy of one tear, though it
Would have redeem'd me back to life again.
Accurs'd be that felicity that must
Depend on woman's passion. [*Aside.*]
QUEEN. [*Solil.*] Florentio!
If in my quarrel thou too suddenly
Art lost i' th' shades of death, O, let me find
The holy vault where thy pale earth must lie,
There will I grow and wither.
DEC. This is strange!
My heart swells much too big to be kept in.
[*Aside.*]
QUEEN. [*Solil.*] But if that providence, which rules the world,

Hath, to preserve the stock of virtue, kept
Thee yet alive——
DEC. And what, if yet alive?
Pray, recollect your reason, and consider
My long and faithful service to your crown;
The fame of my progenitors, and that
Devotion the whole kingdom bears me. How
Hath nature punish'd me, that, bringing all
The strength of argument to force your judgment,
I cannot move your love?
QUEEN. My lord, you plead
With so much arrogance, and tell a story
So gallant for yourself, as if I were
Exposed a prize to the cunning'st orator.
DEC. No, madam, humbler far than the tann'd slave
Tied to th' oar, I here throw down myself [*Kneels.*
And all my victories. Dispose of me
To death; for what hath life merits esteem?
What tie, alas! can I have to the world,
Since you disdain my love?
FLO. Will you permit
The general kneel so long?
QUEEN. Fear not, Floriana;
My lord knows how to rise, though I should strive
To hinder it.
DEC. Here, statue-like, I'll fix
For ever, till your pity (for your love
I must despair) enforce a life within me.

Alarum, and enter OSSUNA.

OSS. O my lord!
To arms, to arms! The enemy, encouraged
By a strange leader, wheel'd about the town,
And desperately surpris'd the careless guard.
One gate's already theirs.

DEC. Have I your licence?
QUEEN. To augment your own command, and keep me still
An humble captive.
DEC. Madam, your disdain
Distracts me more than all th' assaults of fortune!
[*Exeunt all but the* QUEEN, FLORIANA, *and* CLEANTHA.
QUEEN. My fate, O, whither dost thou lead me? Why
Is my youth destin'd to the storms of war?
What is my crime, you heavenly Powers, that it
Must challenge blood for expiation?
CLE. Madam!
QUEEN. Fortune! O cruel! for, which side soe'er
Is lost, I suffer; either in my people
Or slaughter of my friends. No victory
Can now come welcome: the best chance of war
Makes me howe'er a mourner.
CLE. Madam, you
Have lost your virtue, which so often vow'd
A clear aspèct, what cloud soever darken'd
Your present glory.
QUEEN. I had [such] thoughts, Cleantha;
But they are vanish'd. What shall we invent
To take off fear and trouble from this hour?
Poor Floriana, thou art trembling now
With thought of wounds and death, to which the courage
Of thy fierce husband, like a headstrong jade,
May run away with him. But clear thy sorrows:
If he fall in this quarrel, thou shalt have
Thy choice 'mong the Castilian lords; and (give
My judgment faith) there be brave men among them.
FLO. Madam, I have vowed my life to a cloister,
Should I survive my lord.

QUEEN. And thou art fearful
Thou shalt be forc'd to make thy promise good!
Alas, poor soul! enclosure and coarse diet,
Much discipline and early prayer, will ill
Agree with thy complexion. There's Cleantha,
She hath a heart so wean'd from vanity,
To her a nunnery would be a palace.

CLE. Yes, if your majesty were abbess, madam:
But cloister up the fine young lords with us,
And ring us up each midnight to a masque,
Instead of matins, and I stand prepar'd
To be profess'd without probation. [*Drum beats.*

FLO. Hark! what noise is that?

QUEEN. 'Tis that of death and mischief.
My griefs! but I'll dissemble them [*Aside.*]—Yet why,
Cleantha, being the sole beauteous idol
Of all the superstitious youth at court,
Remain'st thou yet unmarried?

CLE. Madam, I
Have many servants, but not one so valiant,
As dares attempt to marry me.

QUEEN. There's not a wit, but under some feign'd name
Implores thy beauty: sleep cannot close up
Thy eyes, but the sad world benighted is,
Or else their sonnets are apocryphal:
And when thou wak'st, the lark salutes the day,
Breaking from the bright east of thy fair eyes.
And if 'mong thy admirers there be some
Poor drossy brain, who cannot rhyme thy praise,
He wooes in sorry prose.

Enter SERVANT.

SER. Half of the city
Already is possess'd by th' enemy!

Our soldiers fly from the assailants, who
With moderation use their victory.
So far from drawing blood, th' abstain from spoil.
QUEEN. My comforts now grow charitable. This
Is the first dawning of some happier fortune.
[*Aside.*]
FLO. Where did you leave my lord?
SER. Retiring hither.
QUEEN. And your good nature will in time, Cleantha,
Believe all flattery for truth.
CLE. In time
I shall not: but for the present, madam, give
Leave to my youth to think I may be prais'd,
And merit it. Hereafter, when I shall
Owe art my beauty, I shall grow perhaps
Suspicious there's small faith in poetry.
QUEEN. Can'st thou think of hereafter? Poor Cleantha!
Hereafter is that time th' art bound to pray
Against: hereafter is that enemy
That without mercy will destroy thy face;
And what's a lady then?
CLE. A wretched thing!
A very wretched thing! So scorn'd and poor,
'Twill scarce deserve man's pity; and I'm sure
No arms can e'er relieve it.
QUEEN. Floriana,
You yield too much to fear: misfortune brings
Sorrow enough; 'tis envy [1] to ourselves
T' augment it by prediction.

Enter SANMARTINO.

CLE. See, your lord!

[1] [Spite, hatred.]

SAN. Fly, madam, fly! The army of Castile,
Conducted by an unknown leader, masters
The town. Decastro, yielding up his fate
To the prevailing enemy, is fled.
CLE. And shall the queen fly from her friends, my lord?
SAN. You have reason, madam. I begin to find
Which way the gale of favour now will blow.
I will address to the most fortunate.
[*Exit* SANMARTINO.
QUEEN. Some music, there! my thoughts grow full of trouble.
I'll re-collect them.
CLE. May it please you, madam,
To hear a song presented me this morning?
QUEEN. Play anything.

SONG.[1]

Not the Phœnix in his death,
Nor those banks, where violets grow,
And Arabian winds still blow,
Yield a perfume like her breath.
But O! marriage makes the spell:
And 'tis poison, if I smell.

The twin-beauties of the skies
(When the half-sunk sailors haste
To rend sail, and cut their mast),
Shine not welcome as her eyes.
But those beams, than storms more black,
If they point at me, I wrack.

[1] In the old folio, 1640, this song, and another song in act iv., are, as was not unusual at the time, appended at the conclusion of the play. They are here inserted in their right places.—*Collier.*

Then, for fear of such a fire,
Which kills worse than the long night
Which benumbs the Muscovite,
I must from my life retire.
But, O no! For, if her eye
Warm me not, I freeze and die.

During the song [*the* QUEEN *falls into a slumber, and*] *enter* ASCANIO, LERMA, SANMARTINO, *&c.*

ASC. Cease the uncivil murmur of the drum!
Nothing sound now, but gentle; such as may not
Disturb her quiet ear. Are you sure, Lerma,
Th' obedient soldier hath put up his sword?
LER. The citizen and soldier gratulate
Each other, as divided friends new meeting:
Nor is there execution done, but in pursuit
Of th' enemy without the walls.
ASC. 'Tis very well. My lord, is that your queen?
SAN. It is the queen, sir.
ASC. Temper'd like the orbs
Which, while we mortals weary life in battle,
Move with perpetual harmony. No fear
Eclipseth the bright lustre of her cheek,
While we, who (infants) were swath'd up in steel,
And in our cradle lull'd asleep by th' cannon,
Grow pale at danger.
SAN. I'll acquaint her, sir,
That you attend here.
ASC. Not for a diamond
Big as our Apennine. She's heavenly fair;
And, had not nature plac'd her in a throne,
Her beauty yet bears so much majesty,
It would have forc'd the world to throw itself
A captive at her feet. [*The* QUEEN *wakes.*] But see, she moves!

I feel a flame within me, which doth burn
Too near my heart; and 'tis the first that ever
Did scorch me there.
SAN. Madam, here's that brave soldier
Which reinforc'd the army of Castile:
His name as yet unknown.
ASC. And must be so.
Nor did I merit name before this hour
In which I serve your majesty. Enjoy
The fortune of my sword, your liberty;
And, since your rebel subjects have denied
Obedience, here receive it from us strangers.
QUEEN. I know not, sir, to whom I owe the debt,
But find how much I stand oblig'd.
ASC. You owe it
To your own virtue, madam, and that care
Heaven had to keep part of itself on earth
Unruin'd. When I saw the soldier fly,
Sent hither from Castile to force your rescue,
Their general hurt almost to death, I urg'd
Them with the memory of their former deeds,
Deeds famed in war; and so far had my voice
(Speaking your name) power to confirm their spirits,
That they return'd with a brave fury, and
Yield you up now your humbled[1] Arragon.
QUEEN. My ignorance doth still perplex me more:
And to owe thanks, yet not to know to whom,
Nor how to express a gratitude, will cloud
The glory of your victory, and make
Me miserable however.
ASC. I must penance
My blood with absence, for it boils too high. [*Aside.*

[1] [Old copy, *your own humbl:d.*]

When we have order'd your affairs, my name
Shall take an honour from your knowledge, madam.
QUEEN. You have corrected me. Sir, we'll expect
The hour yourself shall name, when we may serve.
ASC. I'm conquer'd in my victory! But I'll try
A new assault, and overcome or die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III., SCENE 1.

Enter VELASCO *and* ONIATE.

ONI. My lord, it shows a happy discipline,
Where the obedient soldier yields respect
To such severe commands, now when victory
Gives licence to disorder.
VEL. Sir, our general,
The Lord Florentio, is a glorious master
In th' art of war: and though time makes him not
Wise at th' expense of weakness or diseases, yet
I have beheld him by the easy motion
But of his eye repress sedition,
When it contemned the frown of majesty;
For never he who by his prince's smile
Stood great at court attained such love and awe
With that fierce viper, the repining people.
ONI. Our kingdom owes its safety to that power.
For how dejected look'd our magistrates
When conquest gave admittance to the soldier!
But how their fears forsook them when they saw
Your entry with such silence!
VEL. Sir, Castile
Aim'd not at spoil or ruin in this war,
But to redress that insolence your queen
Did suffer under in Decastro's pride.
ONI. And yet auxiliaries oft turn their swords
To ruin whom they come to rescue.

VEL. The barbarous keep no faith in vows: but we—
We of Castile, though flattering advantage
Persuade to perjury, have still observ'd
Friendship inviolate, no nation suffering,
To which we give our oath.
ONI. You speak, my lord,
Your glories nobly. And it is our joy,
Your general's wound but frighted us.
VEL. The surgeons
Affirm there is no danger, and have licensed
His visit to the queen.
ONI. 'Tis thought, howe'er,
His love had not obey'd such a restraint,
Though death had threaten'd him. But in his health
Consists the common safety, since those forces
Decastro in the morning did expect,
Ere you the town assaulted, are discover'd,
To which he fled, expell'd the city.
VEL. Sir,
We shall contemn, and with ease break that army,
Whose general we have vanquished, having won
The city and your queen into our power.

Enter SANMARTINO.

SAN. Save you, my lord. Sir, your most obedient:
And how likes your good lordship the great acts
Of the strange cavalier? Was not his conduct
Most happy for you in the late assault?
VEL. He happily supplied the office of
Our general: howe'er, your city had
Been ours; for though our Spanish forces may
At first seem beaten, and we to retreat
Awhile, to animate a giddy enemy,

Yet we recover by our art and patience
What fortune gives away. This unknown leader
(I know not how to style him) press'd among
Our soldiers, as they were returning back
After a small repulse: encouraged them,
(Though it was much superfluous) and got honour
Perhaps not so deservingly; but 'twas well.

ONI. Your soldiers speak his glory even with wonder.

VEL. The ignorant are prone to it: but, sir,
I think in our whole army there fought none
But who had equal spirit. Fortune may
Bestow success according to her dotage:
I answer not for that.

SAN. This is pure Castile.
But what is his birth, country, quality,
And whither is he bound?

VEL. I seldom trouble
My language with vain questions. Some report
(It not imports who are the authors) that
His country's Sicily, his name Ascanio
(Or else some sound like that): that he's a lord
(But what's an island-lord?) and that he came
Into our continent to learn men and manners:
And well he might; for the all-seeing sun
Beholds no nation fiercer in attempt,
More staid in counsel.

ONI. He's of a brave presence:
I never saw more majesty in youth;
Nor never such bold courage in a face
So fashion'd to delight.

SAN. The queen commends him
Almost with wonder.

VEL. Did the queen regard
A man unknown?

ONI. His merits spoke his worth,
And well might challenge a particular eye.

SAN. But his, as if in that dumb oratory
He hoped to talk all the history of love,
Still fix'd upon her.
VEL. Your most humble servant.
[*Exit* VELASCO.
ONI. This is abrupt.
SAN. What most politic flea
Is got into his Donship's ear?
ONI. Now must
The Junto sit till midnight, till they rack
Some strange design from this intelligence.

Enter CLEANTHA, *and offers to go out.*

SAN. Nay! on my honour, madam!
CLE. Good my lord!
SAN. Benight us not so soon! That short-liv'd day
That gives the Russian in the winter hope
Of heat, yet fails him, not so suddenly
Forsakes the firmament. Stay, fairest madam,
That we may look on you and live.
CLE. My lord, I fear you two were serious.
SAN. Never I, upon my conscience, madam.
ONI. No, I'll swear;
Nor none of the whole form of you at court,
Unless the stratagem be for a mistress,
A fashion, or some cheating-match at tennis.
CLE. But happily[1] that gentleman had business.
His face betrays my judgment if he be
Not much in project.

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[1] Peradventure. Dr Johnson observes that in this sense *happily* is written erroneously for *haply*—[a distinction surely without a difference, since both are the same, *haply* being merely a contracted form of the other.]

"One thing more I shall wish you to desire of them, who *happily* may peruse these two treatises."—*Digby.*

SAN. You mistake him, madam.
Though he talk positive, and bustle 'mong
The sober lords, pretend to embassies
And state-designs all day; he's one of us
At night; he'll play, he'll drink,—you guess the rest.
He'll quarrel too, then underhand compound.
Why, for a need he'll jeer and speak profane;
Court, and then laugh at her he courted. Madam,
Forgive him his pretence to gravity,
And he's an absolute cavalier.
CLE. My lord,
He owes you for this fair certificate;
Yet I fear your character's beyond his merit.
ONI. Madam, dissemble not so great a virtue;
Nor, to obey the tyranny of custom,
Become the court's fair hypocrite. I know
This vanity for fashion-sake you wear,
And all those gaieties you seem t' admire
Are but your laughter.
CLE. Sir, your charity
Abuseth you extremely.
ONI. Come, you cannot
Disguise that wisdom, which doth glory in
The beauteous mansion it inhabits. Madam,
This soul of mine, how coarse soe'er 'tis cloth'd,
Took the honour to admire you, soon as first
You shin'd at court: nor had a timorous silence
So long denied me to profess my service,
But that I fear'd I might be lost i' the crowd
Of your admirers.
CLE. Nor can I perceive
Any strong hope now to the contrary.
ONI. Nor I: but give me licence t' undeceive
The world, that so mistakes you. This young lord
Flatters his folly that indeed you are

Sick of that humour you but counterfeit;
Believes y' are frail and easy; since, if not,
His courtship were without design.
CLE. My lord,
What means the gentleman? He hopes to talk me
Into a virtue I ne'er practis'd yet,
And much suspect I never shall.
SAN. Pray, madam,
Pardon his ignorance: 'tis want of breeding.
ONI. Pardon your mirth, fair madam, and brush off
This honour'd dust that soils your company;
This thing whom nature carelessly obtruded
Upon the world to teach that pride and folly
Make titular greatness th' envy but of fools,
The wise man's pity.
SAN. Sir, your words are rude.
ONI. Sure, no, my lord: perhaps in times of yore
They might be construed so, when superstition
Worshipp'd each lord an idol. Now we find,
By sad experience, that you are mere men,
If vice debauch you not to beasts.
SAN. The place is privileg'd, sir.
ONI. I know it is, and therefore speak thus boldly.
If you grow hot, you have your grots, my lord,
And in your villa you may domineer
O'er th' humble country-gentleman, who stands
Aloof and bare.
CLE. My lord, leave off the combat;
Y' are hardly match'd. And see, the Lord Florentio!

Enter FLORENTIO *and* VELASCO.

The queen attends his coming. Sir, you'll find
A more convenient school to read this lecture.

ONI. But none so beautiful to hear me.

[*Exeunt, several ways,* SANMARTINO, CLEANTHA, *and* ONIATE.

FLO. And are you sure, my lord, he durst presume
To look up at her?

VEL. Yes, and she commends
His person and his spirit.

FLO. 'Twas too much
T' observe his person. Sure, his spirit's great,
And well may challenge the queen's memory.
I have not seen him yet.

VEL. Nor I, my lord.

FLO. He had a fortune gentler far than mine.
In envy of that service which I vowed
To Arragon, Heaven used a stranger's arm
In this great action: I was judged a thing
Unfit for use.

VEL. Your glory was the greater,
Your courage even opposing 'gainst your fate
In the attempt.

FLO. But yet, mistaken man
Esteems the happy only valiant.
And if the queen, Velasco, should smile on
His merits, and forget that love I have
With such religion paid her——But these doubts
Are impious, and I sin if I but listen
To their disloyal whispers. And behold,

Enter the QUEEN, FLORIANA, CLEANTHA, &c.

She opens, like a rock of diamond,
To th' curious search of th' almost bankrupt merchant!
So doth the pilot find his star, when storms
Have even sunk his bark. Divinest madam!

QUEEN. Welcome, my lord! But pardon me my joys,
If I must interrupt you with a sigh.
I cannot look upon Florentio's arm,
But I must grieve it bled for me.
FLO. O, spare
The treasure of those tears! Some captive king,
Whom fortune hath lock'd up in iron, wants
One such to buy his freedom. Madam, all
Those streams of blood which flow to warm my earth,
Lest it congeal to death, cannot compare
For value with the least drop shed for you,
For such a quarrel made inestimable.
QUEEN. The war, I see, hath only been the field
To exercise your fancy. Your discourse
Shows that the court was kept beneath your tent;
Yet cannot I, my lord, be jealous, but
'Tis mingled with some love.
FLO. 'Tis a pure love,
Unmix'd as is the soul. The world perhaps
May judge a kingdom hath enamour'd me,
And that your titles dress you forth, to raise
My appetite up higher. Pardon love,
If it grow envious even of your fortune,
And that I'm forc'd to wish you had been daughter
Of some poor mountain-cottager, without
All dowry but your own beauty.[1] Then I might

[1] Habington has the same thought in his "Castara," edit. 1640, p. 51—

"Would Castara were
The daughter of some mountain-cottager,
Who, with his toil worn out, could dying leave
Her no more dowre than what she did receive
From bounteous nature; her would I then lead
To th' temple, rich in her own wealth."

—*Steevens.*

Have showed a flame untainted with ambition,
And courted you; but now the circumstance
Of greatness seems to challenge more than I
Have power to give, and, working up my love,
I serve my fortune.

QUEEN. You have not, my lord,
Found me uneasy to your vows: and, when
The troubled stream of my tempestuous state
Shall meet a perfect calm, you then shall know
How worthy I esteem your virtue.

FLO. Speak but those words again, and seat me in
An orb above corruption! O, confirm
Your thoughts but with a promise.

QUEEN. How, a promise!
I shall repent my favour if I hear
A syllable which sounds like that. Upon
My marriage-day I have vowed to bring myself
A free oblation to the holy altar;
Not, like a fearful debtor, tender low[1]
To save my bond. My lord, I must not hear
One whisper of a promise.

FLO. I'm silent,
And use me as your vassal; for a title
More glorious I shall never covet. But——

QUEEN. No jealousy, my lord.

Enter LERMA.

LER. Your majesty
Is great in mercy; and I hope a stranger
Shall meet it, if his speech be an offence.

QUEEN. Your pleasure, sir?

LER. The Lord Ascanio charg'd [*Kneels.*
Me fall yet lower, if the earth would license;

[1] [Old copy, *love.*]

For to so high a majesty obedience
Cannot bend down enough: then he commanded,
I, in his name, should beg the honour for him,
Before he take his journey from your country,
To kiss your hand.

QUEEN. Pray, sir, let's know the hour;
But let it not be sudden. Years should sweat
In preparation for his entertainment,
And poets rack invention, till it reach
Such praises as would reach the victories
Of th' old heroes.

LER. Madam, if his arm
Did actions worthy memory, it receiv'd
An influence from your quarrel, in the which
A dwarf might triumph o'er an army. But
He humbly craves his audience may not be
With crowd and noise, as to embassadors;
But with that silence which befits his business,
For 'tis of moment.

QUEEN. Sir, we will obey
His own desires, though ours could wish his welcome
With a full ceremony. I attend him. [*Exit* LERMA.

FLO. Madam, this stranger——

QUEEN. Pray, my lord, let love
Not interrupt your business. I believe,
The army which Decastro so expected
Being now arriv'd, your soldiers tired, the city
Ill-settled in her faith, much counsel will
Be needful. When your leisure shall permit,
Our joy shall be to see you.

FLO. I'm all obedience.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* FLORENTIO *at several doors.*

Manet SANMARTINO *and* CLEANTHA.

SAN. And when, sweet madam, will you crown
our joys?

Let's not, like riotous gamesters, throw away
The treasure of our time: appoint the hour,
The hour which must wear garlands of delight,
By which we'll make't the envy of the age.
CLE. My lord, what mean you?
SAN. What all fine lords mean
Who have plenty, youth and title.
CLE. But my fame!
SAN. 'Tis the fool's bugbear.
CLE. Then my conscience!
SAN. A scarecrow for old wives, whom wrinkles make
Religious.
CLE. What will the court say?
SAN. Why, nothing.
In mercy to themselves, all other ladies
Will keep your counsel.
CLE. But will you not boast it?
SAN. I'll be degraded first.
CLE. Well, I'm resolv'd.
SAN. But when, sweet madam? Name
The moment.
CLE. Never: for now I weigh things better;
The antidote 'gainst fear is innocence.
SAN. Will you delude my hopes then? Pity, madam,
A heart that withers if denied this favour.
CLE. In pity I may be induced to much;
And, since you urge compassion, I will meet.
SAN. Where, excellent madam?
CLE. I' th' sycamore-walk.
SAN. The minute! O, the minute!
CLE. An hour hence.
SAN. Felicity! fit for thy envy, Love!
You will not fail now, madam?
CLE. To be such,
As you shall count that hour your happiest. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BROWFILDORA *and* ONIATE.

ONI. This is a challenge! Prythee, my small friend,
May not a man take th' height of my lord's spirit,
Looking on thee?
BROW. Pray, sir, leave off your mirth,
And write my lord your answer.
ONI. Little sir,
I never learnt that pretty quality:
I cannot write; only by word of mouth——
BROW. Your place, sir?
ONI. The market-place.
BROW. 'Tis fantastic: and my lord will take it ill.
Your weapons, sir.
ONI. Two English mastiffs, which
Are yet but whelps, and not transported hither:
So that the time will be, I know not when.
BROW. Your sport is dangerous. If my lord forgive you,
I must resent th' affront as to myself,
And will expect a most severe account.
ONI. Thou less, though[1] angrier, thing than wasp, farewell. [*Exeunt*.

Enter QUEEN *and* ASCANIO.

QUEEN. I am inform'd, my lord, that you have business,
And 'tis of moment?
ASC. Great as that of Nature's
In her most mighty work, Creation.
For to preserve from dissolution equals

[1] [Old copy, *thought*.]

The gift of our first being. Not to hold
Your majesty in riddles, 'tis to beg
Your pardon for a soldier doom'd to die;
Inevitably doom'd, unless your mercy
Step between him and death.

QUEEN. My lord, we use
T' examine well the fact for which he is
To suffer, ere we pardon. There be crimes
Of that black quality which often makes
Mercy seem cruel.

ASC. That's the fear which frights
Me to this paleness: sure, his crime is great;
But fondly I, presuming on the service
My fortune lately did you, gave my vow
Ne'er to forsake your ear with earnest prayers,
Till you had granted.

QUEEN. Would you had not vowed;
For by the practice of my enemies
My fame is 'mong the people yet unsettled,
And my capacity for government
Held much too feeble. Should I then by this
Provoke them to disdain me, I might run
Apparent hazard even of ruin, now
War so distracts our kingdom. But, my lord,
Your merits are too ponderous in the scale,
And all respects weigh light—you have his pardon.

ASC. Your hand on that. The down on the
swan's bosom, [*Kisses and holds it.*
Not white and soft as this: here's such a dew
As drops from bounteous heaven in the morning,
To make the shadowy bank pregnant with violets.

QUEEN. My lord!

ASC. I kiss'd it, and the Phœnix seem'd
(The last of the whole race) to yield a perfume
More sweet than all his dying ancestors
Breath'd from their funeral piles. O, shrink not
back!

My life is so concomitant with love,
That if you frown on either, both expire,
And I must part for ever hence.
QUEEN. How strange appears this ecstasy!
My lord, I fear
Your brain feels some disturbance: if I cause it,
I will remove the object.
ASC. Pardon, madam,
The error of my fancy (which oft seems
To see things absent), if my tongue did utter
What misbecame your ear; and do not forfeit
Your servant to perpetual misery,
For want of a short patience.
QUEEN. No, my lord;
I have the memory of your great deeds
Engrav'd so deep, no error can have power
To raze them from a due respect. You begg'd
To have a pardon: speak th' offender's name.
ASC. Th' offender's name is Love; his crime high treason;
A plot, how to surprise and wound your heart:
To this conspirator I have given harbour,
And vow'd to beg your mercy for him.
QUEEN. How!
ASC. And if you break your grant, I will hereafter
Scorn all your sex, since the most excellent
Is cruel and inconstant.
QUEEN. Pray, my lord,
Go recollect your reason, which your passion
Hath too much scatter'd. Make me not have cause
To hate whom I would ever strive to honour.
ASC. Madam, you haply scorn the vulgar earth,
Of which I stand compacted: and because
I cannot add a splendour to my name,
Reflective from a royal pedigree,

You interdict my language: but be pleas'd
To know, the ashes of my ancestors,
If intermingled in the tomb with kings,
Could hardly be distinguish'd. The stars shoot
An equal influence on the open cottage,
Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nurs'd,
And on the cradle, where the prince is rock'd
With care and whisper.

QUEEN. And what hence infer you?

ASC. That no distinction is 'tween man and man,
But as his virtues add to him a glory,
Or vices cloud him.

QUEEN. But yet Heaven hath made
Subordination and degrees of men,
And even religion doth authorise us
To rule, and tells the subject 'tis a crime,
And shall meet death, if he disdain obedience.

ASC. Kind Heaven made us all equal, till rude strength
Or wicked policy usurp'd a power:
And for religion, that exhorts t' obey
Only for its own ease.

QUEEN. I must not hear
Such insolence 'gainst majesty; and yet
This less offends than love.

ASC. If reason bends
You not to mercy, let my passion plead,
And not meet death from her, in whose fair quarrel
I could each moment bring a life to th' hazard.
Philosophy hath taught me that content
Lives under the coarse thatch of labourers
With much more quiet than where the fam'd hand
Of artists to the life have richly drawn
Upon the roofs the fictions of the gods.

How happy then might I lengthen my life,
With some fair country girl, so ignorant
She knew not her own beauties, rather than
Endanger death and scorn in your denial,
And in your grant nothing but pomp and envy!
QUEEN. My lord, be wise, and study that best content.
This bold presumptuous love hath cancell'd all
The bonds I owed your valour: henceforth hope
Not for that usual favour I show strangers,
Since you have thus abus'd it. Would I might
With safety have appear'd more grateful. [*Exit.*
ASC. She's gone, as life from the delinquent, when
Justice sheathes up her sword. I fain would have
Conceal'd love's treason, but desire t' obtain her
Put me to th' torture, till each nerve did crack,
And I confess'd, then died upon the rack. [*Exit.*

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

Enter CLEANTHA *and* FLORIANA.

FLO. Thy pride is such a flatterer of thy beauty,
That no man sighs by accident, but thou
Dost pity as enamour'd.
CLE. Floriana!
Not so kind-natur'd, surely. I have put
The sighs of courtiers in a scale, and find
Some threescore thousand may weigh down a feather;
I have tried their tears which, though of briny taste,
Can only season the hearts of fools, not women.
Their vows are like their duels, ever grounded
Upon the idlest quarrel.

FLO. This experience
Perhaps instructs you to; but yet your pride,
I fear, is over-easy to believe.
'Tis merely to fly idleness that my lord
Hath troubled you with courtship: if the queen
Would make a statesman, she might cure a lover.
Want of employment made him dream on beauty,
And yours came first t' his fancy.
CLE. I begin
To think his making love but vanity,
And a mistake in wit.
FLO. And you begin
Perhaps to fear it?
CLE. True, perhaps I do;
For though we care not for the lover, yet
We love the passion: though we scorn the offering,
We grieve to see it thrown away, and envy,
If consecrated to another. Woman
Hath no revenge 'gainst th' injury of custom,
Which gives man superiority, but thus
To fool it to subjection.
FLO. Yet, Cleantha,
I could have wish'd your charity had spar'd
This triumph o'er my lord.
CLE. You see I take
The next way to redeem him. This the hour,
And this the place. Here he resolves to raise
A trophy in my ruin: and behold—

Enter SANMARTINO, *winding up his watch.*

The just man of his promise! Not a minute
He fails when sin's the payment.
FLO. I'll endanger
His virtue to a blush, and happily
Convert an infidel.

CLE. This is my province,
Nor shall you envy me the honour of
A work so meritorious. Let him walk
Awhile, and sin with his own fancy; then
I'll undertake him, and if there be need,
Be you prepared to assist me.
FLO. Thou dost build
Such forts on the opinion of thy wit!
[*Exeunt* FLORIANA *and* CLEANTHA.
SAN. 'Tis a full hour, and half a minute over,
And yet she not appears! How we severe
Strict creditors in love stand on the minute,
But yet the payment never comes unwelcome;
Until the gold through age grow foul and rusty,
We stand not on a grain or two too light.

Enter BROWFILDORA.

Now your discovery?
BROW. My lord, I have
Made search in every alley, every arbour,
Not left a bush wherein my littleness
Could creep without due scrutiny; and yet
No whispering of taffaty: no dazzling
Of your bright mistress forc'd me to a wink.
I saw no mortal beauty.
SAN. Sure, she'll not
Be so unworthy to delude me now!
BROW. But I had a more prosperous fate in love.
My lord, I met my mistress.
SAN. You a mistress!
BROW. A mistress, to whose beauty I have paid
My vows, most fervent vows, e'er since I was
Of stature fit to be an amorist.
SAN. One of the maids-of-honour to Queen Mab?
BROW. Your lordship guesses near; for she is
one

O' th' chamberers to her Fairy Majesty:
A lady of most subtle wit, who, while
She puts a handkerchief or gorget on,
Her little highness holds intelligence
Abroad, and orders payment for the spies.
She raiseth factions, and unites the angry:
She's much upon design.

SAN. Where found you her?

BROW. Walking alone, under the shadow of
A tulip, and inveighing 'gainst court-arts,
'Cause one of Oberon's grooms had got from her
The monopoly of transporting gnats—
A project she long aim'd at.

SAN. No more fooling:
I am grown angry with my patience.
Boy, sing those verses were presented me
This morning.

BROW. I will creep behind a bush,
And then for voice vie with the nightingale:
If seen, I am so bashful.

SAN. Take your way.

SONG (*without*).

Fine young folly, though you were
That fair beauty I did swear,
Yet you ne'er could reach my heart;
For we courtiers learn at school
Only with your sex to fool;
Y'are not worth the serious part.

When I sigh and kiss your hand,
Cross my arms, and wond'ring stand,
Holding parley with your eye:
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the sun ne'er shot such fires;
All is but a handsome lie.

When I eye your curl or lace,
Gentle soul, you think your face
Straight some murder doth commit;
And your virtue doth begin
To grow scrupulous of my sin,
When I talk to show my wit.

Therefore, madam, wear no cloud,
Nor to check my love grow proud;
In sooth I much do doubt,
'Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath, perfumes the air,
And your clothes that set you out.

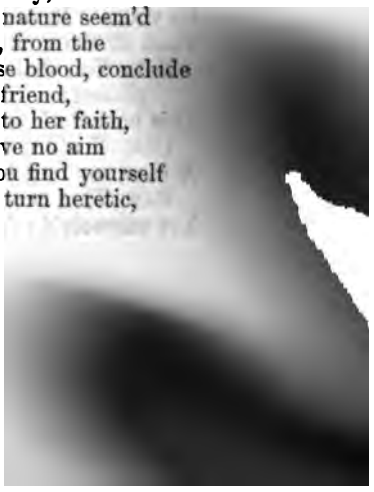
Yet though truth has this confess'd,
And I vow I love in jest:
When I next begin to court,
And protest an amorous flame,
You will swear I in earnest am:
Bedlam! this is pretty sport.

As the song ends, enter CLEANTHA *veiled.*

She breaks forth like the morning in a cloud.
'Tis for the safety of my eyes you veil
The glory of your beauties, which else might
Dazzle, not catch the sight; but I discern
A fair Cleantha through this gloominess.
Appear and speak, bright madam. Why such silence?
O, famish not my ear, which greedily
Longs to devour the music of your language:
Is it to teach me that delight must be
Entomb'd in secrecy, or else to show
How mad a spendthrift I'm to talk away
The treasure of this hour? Come, fair, unveil.

CLE. O, give me leave yet to retain my blushes.

SAN. Deceit of timorous modesty! Traitors
To love your blushes are: your fears are envious
Of your delights. Let's vanish hence, and ne'er
To th' vulgar eye appear, till we,
Grown old in pleasure, be transform'd t' a vine
Or ivy, so for ever to entwine.
CLE. Then I unveil.
SAN. O, fly into my arms,
As a rich odour to the ravish'd sense!
Perfume me with thy kisses.
CLE. Stay, my lord!
Actions of moment (as I take this is)
Must be maturely thought on. I have call'd
My reason to account.
SAN. Your reason, madam!
CLE. Yes, my good lord: that only doth distinguish
A woman from brute beasts; or, what's more sensual,
A vain loose man. What sin scandals my carriage,
To give encouragement to this presumption?
What privileg'd this attempt?
SAN. That tempting beauty.
CLE. It is a traitor then to my pure thoughts;
And, to preserve your eye, would it were wrinkled:
I could much easier suffer the reproach
Of age than your bold courtship. If a lady
Be young and sportive, use curiosity,
And perhaps art, to help where nature seem'd
Imperfect in her work, will you, from the
False argument of your own loose blood, conclude
Her guilty? Or, if she select a friend,
Whose innocence gives warrant to her faith,
Will you infer their whispers have no aim
But that of brothels? 'Cause you find yourself
Nought but loose flesh, will you turn heretic,
And thence deny the soul?



SAN. This language, madam,
Sounds nothing to the purpose of our meeting.
CLE. More to the benefit. But in your patent,
'Mong all the privileges of a Conde,
Where find you lust inserted? Without which,
Till age hath made you wise or impotent,
You think your honour is defective. 'Cause
Your clothes are handsome and mine too, must we
Deform our minds? Is it sufficient motive
To sin, if opportunity and youth
Persuade us? Such as you are those foul plagues
Infect the air which breathes our fame, and make
The cautious sirs o' th' country shun us.
SAN. Madam!
CLE. When we admit you to our bed-chamber,
Powder, or haply bathe before you; what
Of honour's here more than a groom may boast
Our maids are tir'd with? Yet this with a smile
Is whisper'd to your friend, and you infer
How easy a more near approach will be.
My lord, learn virtue, and your wit may then
Not serve you to so fond a purpose. If
That courage you are famed for be no slander,
Go to the wars. 'Twill be a far less maim
To lose an eye there than your honour here.
If peace enamour you, and the court, live honest:
And hope the heir, who shall succeed you, may
Be yours. Revenge destroys more chastity
Than all the temptings of such lords as you.
SAN. You shall not talk me, madam, from that pleasure
This hour doth promise me.
CLE. You'll not commit
A rape, my lord?
SAN. That is a question as
Yet unresolv'd; for force is my last refuge.

CLE. Think on the danger; for the sin, I see,
Little distracts your conscience.
SAN. I propose
Felicity, which none can merit who
Refuse so poor a venture. Here I vow,
No prayer or art shall free you. If you will
Hazard a life devoted to your service,
I'll die your martyr.
CLE. Come, my lord, I'll free you
From all such hazard.
SAN. There spoke harmony!
CLE. I'll not be cruel. You shall have kisses, such
As will melt your soul into your lips: and what
Is sweetest, no repentance shall be th' issue

Enter FLORIANA *and* ONIATE.

Of your delight. Look here, my lord! She's yours.
SAN. No halter now nor tree convenient? O!
A steeple would be precious for my purpose!
But Oniate's there. I'll fight with him,
Be kill'd and be redeem'd. Sir, you receiv'd
A challenge from me! but return'd no answer.
ONI. My lord, I had other business; you'll excuse me.
SAN. What satisfaction do men give when challeng'd?
ONI. According to their spirit: if they be
Regardless of their fame, then they submit;
If not, they fight.
SAN. What, sir, will you then do?
ONI. Let me consider. Neither.
SAN. Come, you shall fight.
ONI. My lord, I will not.
SAN. Then you shall subscribe
Yourself a coward.

ONI. Not for the whole world!
Such an apparent lie would be a sin
Too heavy to my conscience. I subscribe
Myself a coward! If I should, no soldier
Would think but that my hand were counterfeited.
SAN. Then you must fight.
ONI. My lord, on no condition. Hope not for it.
SAN. Then you shall swear never to speak my name
But with respect.
ONI. Hereafter, if you can
Deserve it. For the present I must crave
Your pardon with much mirth to laugh at you.
SAN. Sir, I shall meet you.
ONI. It shall contradict
All my endeavours then.
SAN. I go, sir. But—— [*Exit* SANMARTINO.
CLE. For mercy sake, go with thy lord. Repentance
May turn to desperation.
FLO. I'll preserve him. [*Exit.*
CLE. Have you no business, sir, imports you more,
Than t' hold discourse with me? Troth, I shall pity
You want employment.
ONI. Madam, what can be
More serious?
CLE. Nothing more, if your design
Be to convert me: for I know you hold
All ladies in a schism who are young and proud.
ONI. Your pardon, madam. I believe you[1] cunning
Court-ladies choose some petty venial errors
To set perfection off; for should you not

[1] [Old copy, *in.*]

Usurp a handsome pride, your fame would lie,
Like unwall'd cities, open to the prey
Of each invading youth. Did you not show
A scorn, you would deserve it.
CLE. Sir, take heed.
Hope not to win my favour by extolling
What in our better thoughts we ourselves condemn.
I am so wearied out with vows and oaths,
With impious praises and most tedious flattery,
That nothing but plain-speaking truth can gain
On my affection.
ONI. Madam, your affection?
CLE. Pray, sir, do not comment upon the word;
It doth portend no danger to you.
ONI. And if it did, where's the beatitude?
For though I grant your virtues great as beauty
Can entertain, and foolish I resolv'd
To captivate my stock of life t' a woman,
Yet would I not adventure on you, if
You did not vow to perform articles.
CLE. Suppose the business come to articles?
ONI. I' th' first then, you should covenant love; not squinting
On every finer youth or greater lord,
But looking straight on me.
CLE. To the second, sir.
ONI. No dotage on the court, so far that my
Estate must rue it; and no vanity
Be started up, but my fond lady must
Be melancholy, and take physic till
She get into it.
CLE. Why, you envy then
Us our own trouble; keep us from the expense,
And leave us to our discontent for penance.
ONI. No! I would have the mind serene: without
All passion, though a masque should be presented,
And you i' th' country. I must have you wise,

To know your beauty mortal, which you must
Preserve to warm my eye, not aid by arts,
To keep the courtier's wit in exercise.
From his so practis'd flattery your ear
Must turn with a brave scorn; and when his eye
Doth offer parley, seem so ignorant
As not to understand the language.
CLE. Sir,
You haply will debar us our she-friends too?
ONI. As secret enemies, who'll first betray you.
CLE. You'll not allow us, wearied of our husbands,
To send them on discovery of new worlds?
Or if we take a toy ourselves to travel,
Perhaps to Barbary or Tartary,
Or the remotest parts?
ONI. To Bedlam sooner.
CLE. Or, if our sex should warrant it by custom,
To play at tennis, or run at the ring,
Or any other martial exercise:
I fear me, scrupulous sir, you will condemn it
As dangerous to my honour?
ONI. Sure, I should.
CLE. I then perceive small hope of our agreement.
ONI. But I a confidence; for I discern
How much you loathe these follies you pretend.
CLE. Good sir, no more of this so kind mistake;
You'll find some other lady more deserves it,
And I aspire not to the honour.
ONI. I'll try yet farther.

[*Exeunt* ONIATE *and* CLEANTHA.

Enter LERMA *and* VELASCO.

LER. My lord, you offer nobly.

VEL. 'Tis a step
Beneath Florentio's greatness, whether you
His birth consider or his place. Sir, the queen
By nature's seated and her high deserts,
Where only mighty souls (such as the general's)
May offer to aspire.
LER. My lord, your lapse
To this proud language is so injurious, that
I must be forc'd to purge the humour. That
The Lord Florentio offers by a duel
To show no man can have fairer pretence
To serve the queen, must be allowed; but that
You dare cast disregard upon this lord,
Although a stranger, urgeth me t' intreat
You'd draw your sword.
VEL. It hath seen light, and made
Way through an army, when fond victory
Smil'd on our enemies: it hath done wonders,
When the thick troops of Moors invaded us.
It fears no opposition.
LER. Show th' effect of't.
VEL. Not in a cause so trivial. Each small breath
Disturbs the quiet of poor shallow waters;
But winds must arm themselves ere the large sea
Is seen to tremble. Pray your pardon, sir:
I must not throw away my courage on
A cause so trivial.
LER. As you please, my lord.
But, to omit all circumstance, you bring
A challenge to my Lord Ascanio:
The reason of the Lord Florentio's anger,
A rivalship in love.
VEL. You speak it right.
LER. I'll bring you back his resolution
Before you have attended many minutes.
VEL. Sir, 'twill be decent, for my nature knows

Not how to wait: and if no delays
Be used, 'twill show a fierce valour in him,
And happily prevent discovery.
For you may easily conjecture, that
A general's absence soon will wake the eye
Of the suspicious soldier.
LER. Is my lord
In readiness?
VEL. He walks not far from hence.
LER. You shall have use then but of a short patience. [*Exit.*
VEL. It will be grateful to us, sir. My lord!

Enter FLORENTIO.

FLO. And will Ascanio meet?
VEL. Immediately.
FLO. I had no other way; yet this is rough,
And justice whispers 'tis unsafe to tread it.
If to love her be sinful, what am I?
How dare I call his passion to the bar,
And nourish it myself? Why may not he,
Who hath as bold a fortune, entertain
As bold a love: and in the fate of war
Having outgone my service, why not then
Present it to the selfsame altar? But
We cannot harbour both in the same port;
Or he or I am shipwreck'd: for the storm
Is rais'd, and, to appease it, death must be
The sacrifice.

Enter LERMA.

VEL. My lord, here is the second.
This stranger dares not meet with your great spirit.

FLO. Suspect him not, my lord: he hath a courage
Above the sense of fear. Well, sir, your answer?
LER. My Lord Ascanio could have wish'd his life
Might have been destin'd to a happier purpose,
And charged me tell your lordship that he had
Much rather have been lost with common dust
In the cheap churchyard, than endanger'd fame
In this great duel.
FLO. Sir, explain his reasons.
LER. He calls to his sad thoughts the mischiefs, which
This kingdom needs must fall into, when you
Shall perish by his sword; for certainly
You cannot 'scape it, thus provoking death.
Then to what ruin may the queen, whose safety
You both have labour'd, be engag'd? He could
With patience almost suffer on his name
The infamy of coward, rather than
Hazard the quiet of her estate. But you——
FLO. Let me consider: 'tis an idle rage
That heats me to this quarrel. Let her fate
Remain unshaken, though she choose my foe
Into her love and bosom. If she live
Above the fear of ruin, I am mighty—
Mighty enough, though by my griefs grown feeble,
And weaken'd too: diseases fright the healthy.
I will refer my cause and life to her,
And ne'er dispute it by the sword.
VEL. My lord!
FLO. Velasco, I am safe enough against
The taint of coward. Spain bears witness that
I dare, as far as honour dares give warrant;
But in this cause——
VEL. My lord, you'll lose the glory

Of all your former actions, and become
The mirth of courtiers—empty things, who brawl,
Not fight, if you return after a challenge
Without performance.

FLO. 'Tis a serious truth.

VEL. Moreover, this young gentleman hath hope
To talk you from your resolution.
The Lord Ascanio will too much exult,
If this way too he can o'ercome you.

FLO. It must not be, sir: tell my lord I wait
His leisure.

LER. And your lordship shall not have
Reason to think it long. Prepare yourself.
His only prayer is now that, when he comes,
There may be no discourse to take up time;
He hath desire the business may be all:
What he can say hath been by me deliver'd. [*Exit.*

FLO. We will obey him. Tyrant Love! why is
Thy cruelty so wanton, to delight
In murder? Like that impious Roman prince,
Thou joy'st to smother whom thou lov'st in roses,
And stifle them with the choicest perfumes. But
This is no place for reason; she may hold
Dispute in sober schools, where study raises
The soul to knowledge: here's the theatre
For the brute part of man to fight his last.
I must redeem the laurel fortune crown'd
His temples with, or perish in th' attempt:
My fate decrees it.

Enter ASCANIO *and* LERMA.

LER. Here's my Lord Ascanio

FLO. Why doth he turn his face away, as if
He durst not look on danger? Do his fears
Now triumph o'er his courage?

LER. Put it to the trial. [*They fight.*
FLO. He's more than mortal, sure. He strikes like lightning,
Himself not passive. But I'll try again,
And disenchant the sorcerer. Ay, there
I reach'd him home: you bleed; open your doublet;
The wound, perhaps, is dangerous.
ASC. But a scratch.
FLO. Sure I have heard that voice, and seen that face!
Velasco, 'tis the king.
ASC. My lord, what mean you?
FLO. Some planet strike me dead, and fix this arm
A monument to tell posterity
The treason of my error! Mighty sir,
Show mercy to your creature, that my death
(Which hastily steals on me) may not be
Too foul for after-story.
ASC. Rise, Florentio,
This act cannot endure the name of treason.
FLO. Some surgeons, quick, to search the wound! O sir,
How do you feel yourself? Speak life, or I
Shall sink down to my centre.
ASC. Not a man
Stir hence: thy sword was loyal as thy thoughts,
And scarce hath pierc'd the skin. O my Florentio!
FLO. My lord and king! But why did you engage
Your sacred person into danger? 'Twas not well:
How many thousand lives depend on yours!
ASC. Envy o' th' greatness I possess'd without
The merit, and desire to know those perils
We wantonly our subjects cast upon
On every weak exception, wrought my youth

Into this action. Nor can I repent
Th' experience of this war.
FLO. But, O great sir,
Why did your majesty suffer this duel?
'Twas cruel and unkind. How easily
This hand might have committed sacrilege!
The very thought whereof, like some pale vision,
Congeals my blood.
ASC. Search not that wound too deep.
Florentio! I shall blush—blush like some lady
Surpris'd in sin—if you too far examine.
FLO. Conceal it not, great sir, though in the speaking
Poison steal through my ear. Be confident:
Unveil your thoughts.
ASC. You needs must hate me, then,
And will have justice to throw off that duty
You owe me as a subject. Let it be
Unspoken still, though smothering it be death.
FLO. Good Heaven defend! What is an army of us
Exposed to certain slaughter, if compared
To th' shortest moment that should serve your quiet?
And shall I live, and see my sovereign wear
A sorrow on his brow?
ASC. Florentio! thou
Art glorious in thy virtue. So was I,
Till looking on the queen I grew o' th' sudden
Darker than midnight.
FLO. O my cruel fate! [*Aside.*]
ASC. I grew a thief, a most ungrateful thief
In my designs, and labour'd to have stole
The jewel of thy life from thee; a jewel
Myself so freely had bestowed upon
The merits of thy youth.
FLO. My soul foresaw this.

ASC. How justly had I perish'd by thy sword!
How happy for my safety! Then had I
Been lost in my disguise, or died, my crime
Unknown unto the world. Now, if I live,
I must wade through a sea of injuries,
T' attain an unsafe haven.

Enter the QUEEN.

FLO. Cheer yourself,
Dread sir. Though, as I give the legacy,
I breathe my last, yet will I show a heart
Thankful to your great favours. Madam, here
Behold the Sovereign of Castile.
QUEEN. You have
Been cruel in your kindness, sir, to keep
So long your sacred person hid from us.
FLO. He is your lover, madam, and deserves
The title: whether you observe his youth,
So beauteous nature doats upon her work,
Or weigh his greatness, powerful to defend you
Should fate and all mankind conspire your ruin.
And add to that, he merits you, his sword
Having restored your freedom, when poor I
Was judg'd, like some old instrument of war,
Unfit for service. All my interest
I here resign to th' author of my fate;
My love I cannot, which must still remain
Companion to my life: but I'll take heed
My wound appear not, though it inward bleed.
[*Exit.*
ASC. I wait here, madam, and attend your sentence;
For 'tis my doom.
QUEEN. I am that sad wretch,
Stands trembling at the bar. I know your merit,
And know a gratitude, great as e'er was owing,

By an injured soul relieved: I duly weigh
That double tie, which doth oblige me yours.
First, when you sent your soldiers to my rescue;
Then, by exposing your most sacred person
To th' dangers of a war.

ASC. A trivial nothing.

QUEEN. What honour can come equal to my state,
As by so high a match? And 'gainst your person
The envious cannot find a quarrel.

ASC. Madam,
All this is circumstance the politic
Busy their fancy with. I bring a love,
An humble love, which is of value to
Ennoble the parch'd labourer, and force
An empress listen to his vows. Consider
In me nothing of fortune; only look
On that to which love new-created me.
If once receiv'd your servant, what's Castile
In the comparison? For princes are
Too bold, if they bring wealth and victory
To enter competition with those treasures
A lover aims at in his mistress' favour.
May I not hope your smile?

QUEEN. You must command it.

ASC. Then give me leave to whisper to my hopes
What strange felicities I shall enjoy.

QUEEN. But, sir, consider how you gave away
To your Florentio all that claim you might
Have to me, as so great a neighbouring prince.

ASC. It was a gift my ignorance made, which I
Was cosen'd in; for had my eye been honour'd
With sight of such a beauty, safer he
Might have petition'd for my sceptre, and
The grant had not so soon begot repentance.

QUEEN. But promises of princes must not be

VEL. 'Tis a step
Beneath Florentio's greatness, whether you
His birth consider or his place. Sir, the queen
By nature's seated and her high deserts,
Where only mighty souls (such as the general's)
May offer to aspire.
LER. My lord, your lapse
To this proud language is so injurious, that
I must be forc'd to purge the humour. That
The Lord Florentio offers by a duel
To show no man can have fairer pretence
To serve the queen, must be allowed; but that
You dare cast disregard upon this lord,
Although a stranger, urgeth me t' intreat
You'd draw your sword.
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Way through an army, when fond victory
Smil'd on our enemies: it hath done wonders,
When the thick troops of Moors invaded us.
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A challenge to my Lord Ascanio:
The reason of the Lord Florentio's anger,
A rivalship in love.
VEL. You speak it right.
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Before you have attended many minutes.
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And happily prevent discovery.
For you may easily conjecture, that
A general's absence soon will wake the eye
Of the suspicious soldier.
LER. Is my lord
In readiness?
VEL. He walks not far from hence.
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FLO. I had no other way; yet this is rough,
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If to love her be sinful, what am I?
How dare I call his passion to the bar,
And nourish it myself? Why may not he,
Who hath as bold a fortune, entertain
As bold a love: and in the fate of war
Having outgone my service, why not then
Present it to the selfsame altar? But
We cannot harbour both in the same port;
Or he or I am shipwreck'd: for the storm
Is rais'd, and, to appease it, death must be
The sacrifice.

Enter LERMA.

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This stranger dares not meet with your great spirit.

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Above the sense of fear. Well, sir, your answer?
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Might have been destin'd to a happier purpose,
And charged me tell your lordship that he had
Much rather have been lost with common dust
In the cheap churchyard, than endanger'd fame
In this great duel.
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LER. He calls to his sad thoughts the mischiefs, which
This kingdom needs must fall into, when you
Shall perish by his sword; for certainly
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Remain unshaken, though she choose my foe
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Mighty enough, though by my griefs grown feeble,
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And ne'er dispute it by the sword.
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The taint of coward. Spain bears witness that
I dare, as far as honour dares give warrant;
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Of all your former actions, and become
The mirth of courtiers—empty things, who brawl,
Not fight, if you return after a challenge
Without performance.

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VEL. Moreover, this young gentleman hath hope
To talk you from your resolution.
The Lord Ascanio will too much exult,
If this way too he can o'ercome you.

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Thy cruelty so wanton, to delight
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This is no place for reason; she may hold
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For the brute part of man to fight his last.
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He durst not look on danger? Do his fears
Now triumph o'er his courage?

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Himself not passive. But I'll try again,
And disenchant the sorcerer. Ay, there
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The wound, perhaps, is dangerous.
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Velasco, 'tis the king.
ASC. My lord, what mean you?
FLO. Some planet strike me dead, and fix this arm
A monument to tell posterity
The treason of my error! Mighty sir,
Show mercy to your creature, that my death
(Which hastily steals on me) may not be
Too foul for after-story.
ASC. Rise, Florentio,
This act cannot endure the name of treason.
FLO. Some surgeons, quick, to search the wound! O sir,
How do you feel yourself? Speak life, or I
Shall sink down to my centre.
ASC. Not a man
Stir hence: thy sword was loyal as thy thoughts,
And scarce hath pierc'd the skin. O my Florentio!
FLO. My lord and king! But why did you engage
Your sacred person into danger? 'Twas not well:
How many thousand lives depend on yours!
ASC. Envy o' th' greatness I possess'd without
The merit, and desire to know those perils
We wantonly our subjects cast upon
On every weak exception, wrought my youth

Into this action. Nor can I repent
Th' experience of this war.
FLO. But, O great sir,
Why did your majesty suffer this duel?
'Twas cruel and unkind. How easily
This hand might have committed sacrilege!
The very thought whereof, like some pale vision,
Congeals my blood.
ASC. Search not that wound too deep.
Florentio! I shall blush—blush like some lady
Surpris'd in sin—if you too far examine.
FLO. Conceal it not, great sir, though in the speaking
Poison steal through my ear. Be confident:
Unveil your thoughts.
ASC. You needs must hate me, then,
And will have justice to throw off that duty
You owe me as a subject. Let it be
Unspoken still, though smothering it be death.
FLO. Good Heaven defend! What is an army of us
Exposed to certain slaughter, if compared
To th' shortest moment that should serve your quiet?
And shall I live, and see my sovereign wear
A sorrow on his brow?
ASC. Florentio! thou
Art glorious in thy virtue. So was I,
Till looking on the queen I grew o' th' sudden
Darker than midnight.
FLO. O my cruel fate! [*Aside.*]
ASC. I grew a thief, a most ungrateful thief
In my designs, and labour'd to have stole
The jewel of thy life from thee; a jewel
Myself so freely had bestowed upon
The merits of thy youth.
FLO. My soul foresaw this.

ASC. How justly had I perish'd by thy sword!
How happy for my safety! Then had I
Been lost in my disguise, or died, my crime
Unknown unto the world. Now, if I live,
I must wade through a sea of injuries,
T' attain an unsafe haven.

Enter the QUEEN.

FLO. Cheer yourself,
Dread sir. Though, as I give the legacy,
I breathe my last, yet will I show a heart
Thankful to your great favours. Madam, here
Behold the Sovereign of Castile.
QUEEN. You have
Been cruel in your kindness, sir, to keep
So long your sacred person hid from us.
FLO. He is your lover, madam, and deserves
The title: whether you observe his youth,
So beauteous nature doats upon her work,
Or weigh his greatness, powerful to defend you
Should fate and all mankind conspire your ruin.
And add to that, he merits you, his sword
Having restored your freedom, when poor I
Was judg'd, like some old instrument of war,
Unfit for service. All my interest
I here resign to 'th' author of my fate;
My love I cannot, which must still remain
Companion to my life: but I'll take heed
My wound appear not, though it inward bleed.
[*Exit.*
ASC. I wait here, madam, and attend your
sentence;
For 'tis my doom.
QUEEN. I am that sad wretch,
Stands trembling at the bar. I know your merit,
And know a gratitude, great as e'er was owing,

By an injured soul relieved: I duly weigh
That double tie, which doth oblige me yours.
First, when you sent your soldiers to my rescue;
Then, by exposing your most sacred person
To th' dangers of a war.
ASC. A trivial nothing.
QUEEN. What honour can come equal to my state,
As by so high a match? And 'gainst your person
The envious cannot find a quarrel.
ASC. Madam,
All this is circumstance the politic
Busy their fancy with. I bring a love,
An humble love, which is of value to
Ennoble the parch'd labourer, and force
An empress listen to his vows. Consider
In me nothing of fortune; only look
On that to which love new-created me.
If once receiv'd your servant, what's Castile
In the comparison? For princes are
Too bold, if they bring wealth and victory
To enter competition with those treasures
A lover aims at in his mistress' favour.
May I not hope your smile?
QUEEN. You must command it.
ASC. Then give me leave to whisper to my hopes
What strange felicities I shall enjoy.
QUEEN. But, sir, consider how you gave away
To your Florentio all that claim you might
Have to me, as so great a neighbouring prince.
ASC. It was a gift my ignorance made, which I
Was cosen'd in; for had my eye been honour'd
With sight of such a beauty, safer he
Might have petition'd for my sceptre, and
The grant had not so soon begot repentance.
QUEEN. But promises of princes must not be

By after-arts evaded. Who dares punish
The breach of oath in subjects, and yet slight
The faith he hath made them keep?

ASC. But my Florentio
Hath given me back his interest.

QUEEN. That gift
Was like a vow extorted, which religion
Cancels, as forc'd from conscience.

ASC. But yourself
Are free, and never by an oath made his.

QUEEN. My resolution, grounded on his service,
Ties more than formal contracts.

ASC. I'll not urge
You farther, but by these, which never yet
Found passage through my eyes, not he nor all
Mankind, contracted to one heart, can harbour
A love that equals that I burn with. Madam,
Think on't; and let your thoughts find out that path
Which leads to mercy. [*Exit* ASCANIO.

QUEEN. How I am dazzled,
Plac'd on a precipice by tyrant Love!
The king is noble, and his merits claim
A retribution great as I can make.
He loves me, and yields only to Florentio,
In the priority of service. My sad soul!

Enter FLORENTIO, *looks on the* QUEEN, *sighs, and goes in again.*

Between these two I might stand distracted!
But, virtue, guide me: nor can I e'er stray
While that directs, and honour leads the way.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V., SCENE 1.

Enter DECASTRO *and his Army.*

DEC. My fortune yet forsakes me not. There's something
Whispers my soul that, though a storm did cloud
My morning, I shall set the envy of
My yet prevailing enemy. Had you,
My fellow-soldiers, not been three hours' march
From aiding us when the Castilian army
Made the assault, we had given their fate a check,
And taught them how unsafe it is to court
Dangers abroad. I must entreat your courage
To suffer for some moments; a short time
Will bring us the queen's answer; if she yield
(As reason may persuade her), we shall spare
Much loss of blood; if not, your valour will
Have liberty to show itself. Yet still
Remember, that the city's forc'd t' obey
A stranger; in their votes they fight for us.
Did no man see the Lord Ossuna since
Our fight i' th' morning?

CAPT. He appear'd not, since
We left the city to the enemy;
Which hath bred jealousy, my lord, that he
Chang'd with the present fortune.

DEC. Doubt him not:
He hath a heart devoted to the greatness
And safety of his country. Well, he may
Be lost i' th' number of the slain; but fate
Cannot enforce him stoop beneath the vow
Of rescuing Arragon from foreign arms.

Enter two common SOLDIERS *haling* OSSUNA *in as a hermit.*

What insolence is this? Unhand the man!
Methinks his habit should beget respect.
SOL. My lord, we guess he is some spy, he came
Skulking from th' enemy's camp. Pray, guard
Your person; mischief often lurks in shapes
As holy.
DEC. I allow your care, and thank it:
Leave him to me, and for awhile retire. [*Exeunt.*
OSS. Your lordship knows me not?
DEC. Ossuna, welcome!
Bless'd be thy better angel who preserv'd thee!
How happy to the fortune of this war
Art thou restor'd! I should have fought unarm'd,
Had I not had the fate t' embrace thee thus.
How was my friend preserv'd?
OSS. By virtue of
This sacred habit. In the midst of war
Disguis'd I thus escap'd, though close pursued
By some of the queen's faction. To this weed
I owe my safety.
DEC. Quickly throw it off,
And reinvest thy body in that steel,
With which thou still hast triumph'd. O my lord,
How oft have we, all bath'd in blood and sweat,
Through clouds of dust, found out the way to force
Back victory to our side, when Fortune seem'd
To doat on th' enemy! We two have grown
Like cedars up together, and made all
Seem shrubs to us, no man sleeping secure
But in our shadows.
OSS. Yes, we have been happy.

DEC. Thou speak'st so hollow, as there were a doubt
We might not be so still.
OSS. But there's no faith
In human fate. An emperor[1] did serve
As footstool to the conqueror, and are we
Better assur'd of destiny?
DEC. What strange
Unworthy faintness weakens his great soul
Who heretofore ne'er understood the language
Danger speaks in? Hath one defeat lost you
That mighty courage, which hath fix'd upon
Your name a glorious memory? Reassume
Yourself, my lord: let no degenerate fear
Benight the lustre of your former acts.
OSS. I call yourself and Arragon to witness,
My life hath yet been such, the reverend shades
Of my great ancestors need not look pale,
Or blush to know my story. To yourself,
To whose brave youth I tied my youth a servant,
I ever have perform'd all offices,
Due to so brave a friendship.
DEC. 'Tis confess'd.
OSS. And here I vow, setting aside those fears
Distract me as a Christian, I could smile,
Smile like some wanton mistress upon death,
Whatever shape it wears.
DEC. My lord, this war
Is warranted by casuists for lawful;
But they (you'll say) flatter the present state,
And make divinity serve human ends.
But in itself it's just: a war your judgment
Gave approbation to, and urg'd me first
To undertake. Therefore make good your own,
And throw off this unuseful habit.

[1] Bajazet and Tamerlane.

Oss. Never.
Dec. What said my friend?
Oss. By all things sacred, never.
In this I will grow old, and with the weight
Of years bend to the earth. In this I'll breathe
A happier air than you in all your soft
And varied silks.
Dec. Some coward devil, sure,
Possesseth him. [*Aside.*]
Oss. My lord, I am instructed
T' a patience far above your injuries;
Nor shall your scorn or anger triumph o'er
My resolution. I'm fix'd here, unmov'd
As is the centre.
Dec. I was much to blame:
This may be a brave virtue. Pray, my lord,
Give me your reasons why you tread this path,
So little beaten by the feet of courtiers?
I would not have the world mistake your aim,
And construe it to fear or melancholy.
Oss. That cannot shake me: he who by the card
O' th' world's opinion steers his course, shall harbour
In no safe port. But to your ear, my lord,
I give this free account. Seven winters pass'd,
When I set sail from Sicily, a storm
O'ertook the ship, so powerful, that the pilot
Gave up the stern to the ordering of the waves,
His art and hand grown useless; those kind stars
The sailors used t' invoke were lost i' th' tempest,
And nothing but a night, not to be seen,
Was seen by us. When every one began
T' advance himself toward death, as men condemn'd
To th' axe, when hope of pardon is shut out;
I, spite o' th' envious cloud, look'd up to heaven,

And darted my faith thither, vowing to
Forsake the flatter'd pomp and business of
The faithless world, if I with safety might
Attain the land.

DEC. Was not I there, my lord?

OSS. You were.

DEC. And made not I the selfsame vow?

OSS. Heaven hath recorded that we both did vow it—
O' th' sudden, night forsook us, and the loud
Unruly winds fled to their unknown dwellings;
When a soft breath 'gan whisper to our sails,
A calm was to ensue.

DEC. My memory
Afflicts me much. But these are feeble vows,
Made only by our fears: we ought to have
Our reason undismay'd, whene'er a promise
Can force performance.

OSS. I dispute it not—
Soon as I reach'd the shore, I courted on
Those vanities which had my youth enamour'd,
Yet still with some remorse. Honours betray'd me
Into a glorious trouble, and I grew
Proud of my burthen; but if Heaven had been
Severe to my delays in this diseas'd
Surfeit of pomp, my soul might have been call'd
T' her last account: and, O my lord, where then
Had breach of vow been safe?

DEC. These are sad thoughts.

OSS. But necessary. When the morning's loss
Made me search out a shape for flight, this habit
Itself presented, and again redeem'd me;
And know, I am resolv'd ne'er to forsake it,
Till in the vault my earth and it together
Shall wear away to dust.

DEC. My lord, you have

Good title to your virtue. Pray, retire
Into my tent: this sudden change, if known,
May much amaze the soldier, and endanger
The glory of th' attempt. I shall entreat
Your prayer, since you deny your arm.

OSS. My lord, may Heaven direct you!

[*Exit* OSSUNA.

DEC. What have I obtain'd
By all this sweat of business? Like the wind,
Prosperous ambition only swell'd my sail,
To give me courage to encounter with
A tempest. Early cares and midnight frights,
Faint hopes and causeless fears, successively,
Like billows, have moved in me. What a fool
Is human wisdom; what a beggar wealth;
How scorn'd a nothing that proud state we doat on!
Time laughs us out of greatness, and shuts up
Our wide designs in a dark narrow room,
Whence, when the valiant monarch shall creep forth,
He will, like some poor coward, hide his eyes,
And hope to skulk away. But these are thoughts,
And now 'tis time for action.

Enter SOLDIER.

SOL. If your lordship
Will please for some few moments to retire
Into your tent, her majesty in person
Will give you parley here.

DEC. In person, sir?
The favour bears some omen! She who in
The tempest of misfortune still did spread
Her sails at large, why doth she strike them now,
The wind so prosperous? This is a descent
Beneath her greatness.

SOL. I reach not, my lord,
The mysteries of princes; but this message
She charg'd me to return.
DEC. The acts of princes
Are govern'd often by as frail a passion
As those are of the vulgar: the same rage
That stirs two footmen to a fray, creates
War between kingdoms; but the zealous subject,
Gazing afar on th' actions of the proud,
Finds towers and lions in an empty cloud.
But I'll obey her leisure. Watch you here
Till you discover her advanc'd this way.
[*Exit* DECASTRO.

Enter ASCANIO, FLORENTIO.

FLO. Sir, you created me, and rais'd me up
To th' state of duke, when I was common dust;
And, had not fortune given me interest
I' th' favour of the queen, I had continued
In the worst fate of man, ingratitude.
Now I can boast I have restored you back
A love rich as the bounty you shower'd on me:
'Tis all the stock of my poor life.
ASC. Sad fate!
That I must wound thee to the heart to cure
My leprosy with thy blood. Florentio, search
I' th' stock of women; there's some other beauty.
FLO. O, no! no other.
ASC. I'll endow her with
The wealth of all Castile.
FLO. Poor empty nothing!
ASC. If sovereignty be the idol of thy soul,
I will divide my kingdom. Thou shalt reign
As independent as myself.
FLO. Great sir,
Continue but your favour, and my stars . . . .

Cannot afford a greatness equals it.
The treasures of th' ambitious are the scorn
Of those who seriously contemplate life.
My fortune's high enough: and now my thoughts
Grow temperate. Not for the empire of the east,
(Which yet retains the treasures man enjoy'd
Ere he grew black with sin), would I have wanted
This bless'd occasion to express the zeal
I owe my prince. Here, with as free a soul
I give her to your arms as e'er you threw
A smile upon my service.

ASC. Thanks, dear friend!
(That word must speak our loves). By this great gift
Thou hast redeem'd me from the torture, and
Possess'd me of the fairest.

FLO. O!

ASC. The fairest nature e'er made for wonder.

FLO. She is fair.

ASC. Enjoying her, thy king shall live, who else
Were desperate beyond cure. He shall be envied;
And every year, as age threatens decay,
He shall regain new life from her. Florentio,
Believe't, there's miracle in such a beauty.

FLO. Surely there is.

Enter QUEEN, SANMARTINO, ONIATE, CLEANTHA, FLORIANA.

And see sh' appears! how like some heavenly vision,
That kills with too much glory!

ASC. Stand still, and wonder with me.

QUEEN. Cleantha! O, the prodigy! And how
Wilt thou endure his serious face? Can'st thou,
Whom nothing tempted but wit parcel-gilt,
And the last fashion, suffer Oniate?

CLE. Madam, I undertake him for a penance :
Perhaps he was enjoin'd me.
QUEEN. It was Love
You went to shrift with then. And yet how that
Young wanton Idleness should counsel you
To this conversion, still is more my riddle.
CLE. The court is full of wonders, madam ; and
'Tis handsome to do things extravagant.
QUEEN. But how, in th' heat of war, your thoughts should be
So apt for Love's impression ?
CLE. Love will dance
As nimbly to the trumpet, fife, or drum,
As to those many violins which play
So loud at court. Moreover, it concern'd
My safety ; I so straitly was besieg'd,
And by so strong a Cæsar.
QUEEN. O my lord !
I am informed with how fierce a spirit
You do assault our ladies.
SAN. Pray, your mercy !
And if your majesty will please to banish
The art of making love quite from the court,
I'll not be out of fashion.
QUEEN. For your sake
I will contrive it so : and, good my lord,
Will you begin th' example, you will see
How soon the fine young lords will follow you.—
Your pardon, sir ; had I but seen your highness,
I had not lost so much of language from
A most expressive gratitude.
ASC. Madam, you pay a trivial debt with too great interest ;
For how contemn'd a slightness was my life
Until employ'd to serve you ?
FLO. She glanced this way,
And love's artillery played from her eye.

Unhappy bankrupt, what a kingdom have
I forfeited! So often in a calm
Some vessel, rich in freight and proud in sail,
Doth spring a sudden leak, and sinks for ever.
ASC. But, madam, is there hope your heart can yield
To an exchange in love? My title's good,
Florentio having given up his claim.

Enter DECASTRO, *&c.*

QUEEN. But, sir, th' estate is still my own; nor have
I need to sell it. But Decastro's here;
And if your majesty will deign your presence
Unto the parley, 'twill advance the honour
And purpose of our meeting.
ASC. I'm your servant.
QUEEN. My lord, you see how near the safety of
Our subjects toucheth us: we can stoop thus
Beneath our majesty, and enter parley
Even with a rebel.
DEC. Madam, 'tis in vain
To hold dispute 'gainst what you will condemn;
And it were insolence to boast my power
Or speak my right, now when the hearts of all men
Confirm the justice of my taking arms.
Cast but your eye on this vast body, which
The kingdom doth unite in my defence,
And see how ruinous is your error, that
Must lean to foreign succours.
QUEEN. 'Tis a refuge
Your practice forc'd me to.
DEC. But would your highness
Had lent a gentler ear to the safe counsel
Of him who had no crime but too much love!

FLO. My lord, that word fell rudely from your tongue,
And, I may say, unmannerly: 'tis duty
You owe the queen.
DEC. Right, sir; an humble duty,
Ambitious to expose my life to dangers,
Greater than any other soul dares fancy.
ASC. Pray stay, Florentio: this is now my cause,
And I (proud man) will tell you, your great heart
Doth want expansion to receive a love
Worthy her scorn.
DEC. And I will answer you,
Proud monarch of Castile, what mould
Soever nature casts me in, my mind
Is vaster than your empire; and I can
Love equally with him whose name did conquer
Kingdoms as large as yours.
ASC. Your majesty
Must license here my rage, to teach his folly
(Presumptuous folly) a submiss repentance.
DEC. Sir, here I stand prepar'd. [*A shout within.*
QUEEN. What noise is that?
ONI. The city's all in mutiny, and vow
To perish in the Lord Decastro's cause:
They're ready now to lay rude hands upon
The garrisons of Castile. Your majesty
Should hinder mischief, if you suddenly
Return, and by your presence stop their fury.
DEC. Pray, Oniate, take this signet: tell
The magistrates her majesty and I
Are now accorded, with a due regard
To th' public safety. Take some of my army,
To give authority to what you say.
Assure them all is well. [*Exit* ONIATE.
ASC. What means this wonder?
FLO. This speaks him noble, even to our envy.

QUEEN. My lord, in this you have oblig'd us. Pray,
Inform us of your thoughts, that we may study
To make this parley happy.
DEC. Mighty lady,
I find my love hath not been dress'd so smooth
To tempt your liking: and I must confess,
My passion (like the spleen of witches) hath
Begot whirlwinds and thunder. Would I might
Have found a softer way t' have wrought my ends!
For by your beauty (the most sacred oath
A lover can swear by) that was the mark,
The sole fair mark I aim'd at. For, if pride
Had oversway'd my love, I could have stood
O' th' level with that prince, so much your people
Were vow'd to my devotion.
QUEEN. O my lord,
You fairly speak your virtues.
DEC. And but view
The vastness and good order of my camp,
Your best towns sworn to run my fortune, and
You'll say 'twas love did beg this interview.
ASC. My lord, your language cannot fright us from
The queen's defence.
DEC. Great sir, she needs it not.
Down on your knees, my fellow-soldiers, and
With me bow to your sovereign: swear with me
Never to lift your arm 'gainst her command.
Thus as your subject; as your lover thus—
Thus to the earth I fall, and with my lips
Seal my obedience. [*Kisseth the ground.*
QUEEN. Pray, rise up, my lord.
Would I could merit thus much favour; but——
DEC. Pardon. I interrupt you—but you cannot

Find love to answer mine; nor will I force it.
Be happy in your choice, and wheresoe'er
You fix, shine ever glorious. From this hour
I'll never more disturb you.
QUEEN. Now beshrew me,
Methinks I feel compassion. [*Aside.*] Good my lord,
Write in that blank all your demands, and, by
The honour of a princess, I'll deny
Nothing you shall insert.
[*He looks on it, and returns it.*
DEC. There 'tis again,
The paper innocent as when you gave it.
QUEEN. My lord, you have writ nothing.
DEC. And 'tis nothing,
Now I have miss'd yourself, I can demand.
Fortune, contract thy treasure from all nations,
And gild it o'er with honour and with beauty,
Yet hast thou not the power to force one wish,
Now I have lost this lady.
ASC. A great spirit!
DEC. One humble prayer I have, which must not be
Denied: and 'tis, your majesty will give
Me leave ne'er more to see you.
QUEEN. O my lord——
DEC. My vow's irrevocable. I shall secure
Your kingdom best by absence, and my eye
Will never brook so rich a treasure made
The purchase[1] of another. To a cave,
Some undiscover'd cave, to which no path
Doth lead the wandering lover, I have vowed
The remnant of my days.

[1] [Prize.]

Enter OSSUNA.

FLO. A strange conversion!
And 'twill behove my fate to follow him.
DEC. My Lord Ossuna here and I have sworn
Our lives to solitude, which we'll observe
Religiously: and since I cannot prove
Possessor, I'll be conqueror, in love.
ASC. Pray stay, my lord. Behold Florentio there,
He hath outdone you: he, for love of me,
Hath done what you for love of heaven. All
The interest he had in that bright queen
He hath resign'd to me.
DEC. He hath paid you for your favours.
FLO. 'Tis confess'd: what's mine is yours.
ASC. Thanks, my Florentio; for with her my youth
May be still happy, and my age disdain
To know a weakness. From her eyes I may
Draw still new vital heat, and find what fools
Have studied for, th' elixir: in her arms
I may be safe 'gainst all invasion from
Abroad, or civil dangers nurs'd at home.
QUEEN. Your highness' pardon. I confess how high
Your merits rise in my esteem; but must not,
To honour your deserts, myself become
Unworthy after-story, blemish'd with
That scorn which still defames our sex, register'd
A most inconstant woman; or, what's much
More infamous, one who reserves her love
To serve her profit, and exposeth it
To the merchant that bids fairest.
ASC. Madam, spare that breath to clear
The air, when poison'd by contagion.
I know your settled thoughts, and that my power

Or title weighs not in your love. Florentio,
I will no longer rack you: though the queen
Be th' only fire e'er warm'd this heart, and I
Despair ever to love again, I will
Disdain to be unjust. I will not be
O'ercome in friendship: reassume thy right.

FLO. Sir, you undo me. In your injury
I was less wretched: like a bankrupt now,
Without all hope of payment, I must owe.

ASC. Th' ambition of my service, and disguise,
Was to advance your fortune, madam; nor
Can I attempt you farther, though the conquest
Would wreathe my temples with a prouder laurel
Than the addition of the world unto
My sceptre. Be safe in your choice, and happy.

QUEEN. This goodness grows even to a miracle.
In his behalf, sir, I must vow myself
A subject, and your servant.

ASC. O, command;
For I have nothing, madam, but obedience.
My kingdom shall be proud to share with yours
In danger, and I'll glory to be styled
Your soldier.

FLO. I am lost in wonder! Sir,
I know not how to entertain this blessing:
I fear my joys will be my ruin.

DEC. Be both happy;
And may time never father that black moment,
Which shall appear to you less fortunate!

ASC. Join then your hands for ever. He doth live
Mighty indeed, who hath power and will to give.

[*Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGUE AT COURT.

WE have nothing left us but our blushes now
For your much penance; and though we allow
Our fears no comfort, since you must appear
Judges corrupt, if not to us severe:
Yet in your majesty we hope to find
A mercy, and in that our pardon sign'd.
And how can we despair you will forgive
Them who would please, when oft offenders live?
And if we have err'd, may not the courteous say,
'Twas not their trade, and but the Author's play?

THE EPILOGUE AT THE FRIARS.

WHAT shall the Author do? It madness were
To entreat a mercy from you, who are severe
Stern judges, and a pardon never give;
For only merit with you makes things live.
He leaves you therefore to yourselves, and may
You gently 'quit, or else condemn, the play,
As in an upright conscience you'll think fit:
Your sentence is the life and death of wit.
The Author yet hath one safe plea, that though
A Middlesex jury on his play should go,
They cannot find the murder wilful, since
'Twas acted by command in his own defence.

THE ANTIQUARY.

EDITION.

The Antiquary. A Comedy, Acted by her maiesties Servants, at the Cock-Pit. Written by Shackerly Mermion, Gent. London. Printed by F. K. for I. W. and F. E. and are to be sold at the Crane, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1641. 4°.

INTRODUCTION.

SHAKERLEY MARMION was born at Aynho,[1] near Brackley, in the county of Northampton, where his father was lord of the manor, and in possession of a considerable estate. He received the early part of his education at the free school, at Thame, in the county of Oxford, under the care of Richard Boucher, commonly called Butcher, the master thereof. In the year 1617 he became a gentleman-commoner of Wadham College, in Oxford, and in 1624,[2] took the degree of Master of Arts. Anthony Wood[3] says that he was "a goodly proper gentleman, and had once in his possession seven hundred pounds per annum at least." The whole of this ample fortune he dissipated; after which he went

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[1] Some authorities state that he was born "about the beginning of January 1602," and this date seems consistent with the time when he was entered at Wadham College.—*Collier.*

[2] Langbaine, p. 345.

[3] "Athenæ Oxonienses," ii. 19. Oldys, in his MSS. notes on Langbaine, says it was our author's father who squandered away his fortune; but as he quotes no authority for this assertion, I have followed Wood's account.

into the Low Countries; but not meeting with promotion according to his expectation, he returned to England, and was admitted one of the troop raised by Sir John Suckling for the use of King Charles I. in his expedition against the Scots, in the year 1639: but falling sick at York, he returned to London, where he died in the same year.[1] Besides several poems, scattered about in different publications,[2] he wrote three plays,[3] viz.—

1. "Holland's Leaguer,[4] an excellent comedy, as it hath bin lately and often acted with great applause by the high and mighty Prince Charles his servants, at the private house in Salisbury Court, 1632." 4°.

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[1] Oldys' MSS. notes to Langbaine.

[2] [Among the rest, there are some verses by Marmion before Thomas Heywood's "Dialogues and Dramas," 1637.]

[3] "The Crafty Merchant; or, The Soldier'd Citizen," has also been attributed to Shakerley Marmion, but on no sufficient evidence, as well as a pastoral, called "The Faithful Shepherd," which Philips assigns to him. The first of these, which evidently was a comedy, was never printed.—*Collier.* ["The Crafty Merchant," which seems to have been originally entitled "The Merchant's Sacrifice," is in the list of plays destroyed, according to Warburton the herald, by the ignorance of his cook. It is there given to Marmion. See Lansd. MS. 807.]

[4] [In 1632, Nicholas Goodman published a prose tract entitled: "Holland's Leagver; or, an Historicall Discourse of the Life and Actions of Dona Britanica Hollandia," &c. See the full title in Hazlitt, p. 232. "Holland's Leaguer," it may be well to explain, was the name of one of the licensed stews in Southwark. It was a large detached building, and stood till within some hundred years ago on the site of Holland Street, Surrey Road. Boydell published a print in 1818, containing a view of it.]

To the *Dramatis Personæ* of this play the names of the several performers are added.[1]

2. "A Fine Companion,[2] acted before the king and queene, at White hall, and sundrie times with great applause, at the private house in Salisbury Court, by the Prince his servants. 1633." 4°.

3. "The Antiquary, a Comedy, acted by her Majesties servants, at the Cockpit. 1641." 4°.

He also published "Cupid and Psyche; or an epick

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[1] They may be worth subjoining in a note: they were, William Browne, Ellis Worth, Andrew Keyne, Matthew Smith, James Sneller, Henry Gradwell, Thomas Bond, Richard Fowler, Edward May, Robert Huyt, Robert Stafford, Richard Godwin, John Wright, Richard Fouch, Arthur Savill, and Samuel Mannery. The last six played the female parts in the play.—*Collier.*

[2] The Prologue is a short conversation between a Critic and the Author, which contains the following hit, perhaps at Ben Jonson:—

"CRITIC. Are you the author of this play?
AUTHOR. What then?
CRITIC. Out o' this poetry! I wonder what
You do with this disease, a seed of vipers
Spawn'd in Parnassus' pool; whom the world frowns on,
And here you vent your poison on the stage.
AUTHOR. What say you, sir?
CRITIC. Oh, you are deaf to all
Sounds but a *plaudite;* and yet you may
Remember, if you please, what entertainment
Some of your tribe have had, that have took pains
To be contemn'd and laugh'd at by the vulgar,
And then ascrib'd it to their ignorance.
I should be loath to see you move their spleens
With no better success, and then with some
Commendatory epistles, fly to the press
To vindicate your credit.
AUTHOR. What if I do?
CRITIC. By my consent, I'll have you
Banish'd the stage, proscrib'd and interdicted
Castalian water, and poetical fire."

—*Collier.*

poem of Cupid and his Mistress, as it was lately presented to the Prince Elector," 1637,[1] 1666.

Prefixed to this are complimentary verses by Richard Brome, Francis Tuckyr, Thomas Nabbes, and Thomas Heywood.

Wood says he left some things in MS. ready for the press, which were either lost or in obscure hands.

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[1] [In a copy now before me, which, a note on the fly-leaf says, sold at Sotheby's, in 1817, for £6, 16s. 6d., the date 1637 on the engraved title has been altered with the pen, the "7" being changed into "8." There is only one edition in 4°; but this circumstance has led to the mistaken notion that there were impressions in 1637 and 1638.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF PISA.[1]
LEONARDO, } *two courtiers.*
DONATO, }
VETERANO, *the Antiquary.*
GASPARO, *a magnifico of Pisa.*
LORENZO, *an old gentleman.*
MOCINIGO, *an old gentleman that would appear young.*
LIONEL, *nephew to the Antiquary.*
PETRUCIO, *a foolish gentleman, son to Gasparo.*
AURELIO, *a young gentleman.*
AURELIO'S FATHER, *in the disguise of a bravo.*
His BOY.
PETRO, *the Antiquary's boy.*

ÆMILIA, *wife to Lorenzo.*
LUCRETIA, *daughter to Lorenzo.*
ANGELIA, *sister to Lionel, in the disguise of a page.*
JULIA, } *two waiting-women.*
BACCHA, }
A COOK.
Two SERVANTS.

The Scene, Pisa.

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1 The scene, however, seems to be laid at Venice. The Rialto is mentioned in act i., and Venice is again spoken of in act iii. as where the transactions of the play are carried on.—*Pegge.*

[It may be added that there was never any *Duke of Pisa*, and that most of the names are Venetian.]

THE ANTIQUARY.[1]

ACT I., SCENE 1.

Enter LIONEL *and* PETRUCIO.

LIO. Now, sir, let me bid you welcome to your country and the longing expectation of those friends that have almost languished for the sight of you. [*Aside.*] I must flatter him, and stroke him too; he will give no milk else.

PET. I have calculated by all the rules of reason and art that I shall be a great man; for what singular quality concurs to perfection and advancement that is defective in me? Take my feature and proportion; have they not a kind of sweetness and harmony, to attract the eyes of the beholders? the confirmation of which many authentical judgments of ladies have sealed and subscribed to.

LIO. How do you, sir? are you not well?

PET. Next, my behaviour and discourse, according to the court-garb, ceremonious enough, more pro-

[1] Mr Samuel Gale told Dr Ducarel that this comedy was acted two nights in 1718, immediately after the revival of the Society of Antiquaries, and that therein had been introduced a ticket of a turnpike (then new), which was called a *Tessera*. —*Nott.*

mising than substantial, able to keep pace with the best hunting wit of them all: besides, Nature has blessed me with boldness sufficient and fortune with means. What then should hinder me? Nothing but destiny, villanous destiny, that chains virtue to darkness and obscurity. Well, I will insinuate myself into the court and presence of the duke; and if he have not the grace to distinguish of worth, his ignorance upon him!

LIO. What, in a muse, sir?

PET. Cannot a gentleman ruminate over his good parts, but you must be troubling of him?

LIO. Wise men and fools are alike ambitious: this travelling motion[1] has been abroad in quest of strange fashions, where his spongy brain has sucked the dregs of all the folly he could possibly meet with, and is indeed more ass than he went forth. Had I an interest in his disgrace, I'd rail at him, and perhaps beat him for it; but he is as strange to me as to himself, therefore let him continue in his beloved simplicity. [*Aside.*

PET. Next, when he shall be instructed of my worth and eminent sufficiencies, he cannot dignify me with less employment than the dignity of an

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[1] *Motion* is a *puppet.* In Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," act iv. sc. 5, Captain Pod, the celebrated owner of a puppet-show, and his *motion*, are mentioned.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," act ii. —

> "If he be that *motion* that you tell me of,
> And make no more noise, I shall entertain him."

In "The Queen of Corinth," by the same, act i. sc. 3—

> "Good friends, for half an hour remove your *motion*;"

and in Dekker's "Villanies Discovered by Lanthorne and Candle-light," 1620, ch. iv.: "This labour being taken, the master of the *motion* hearkens where such a nobleman, &c. The *motion* is presented before him."

embassador. How bravely shall I behave myself in that service! and what an ornament unto my country may I arrive to be, and to my kindred! But I will play the gentleman, and neglect them; that's the first thing I'll study.

LIO. Shall I be bold to interrupt you, sir?

PET. Presently I'll be at leisure to talk with you: 'tis no small point in state policy still to pretend only to be thought a man of action, and rather than want a colour, be busied with a man's own self.

LIO. Who does this ass speak to? surely to himself: and 'tis impossible he should ever be wise that has always such a foolish auditory. [*Aside.*

PET. Then, with what emulous courtship will they strive to entertain me in foreign parts; and what a spectacle of admiration shall I be made amongst those who have formerly known me! How dost thou like my carriage?

LIO. Most exquisite, believe me.

PET. But is it adorned with that even mixture of fluency and grace as are required both in a statist and a courtier?[1]

LIO. So far as the divine prospect of my understanding guides me, 'tis without parallel most excellent; but I am no professed critic in the mystery.

PET. Well, thou hast Linceus' eyes for observation, or could'st ne'er have made such a cunning discovery of my practice. But will the ladies,

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[1] A *statist* is a *statesman*. So in Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," act ii. sc. 3: "Next is your *statist's* face, a serious, solemn, and supercilious face, full of formal and square gravity."

And in "The Magnetick Lady," by the same, act i. sc. 7—

"He
Will screw you out a secret from a *statist*."

think you, have that apprehension to discern and approve of me?

LIO. Without question; they cannot be so dull or stony-hearted as not to be infinitely taken with your worth. Why, in a while, you shall have them so enamoured that they'll watch every opportunity to purchase your acquaintance; then again revive it with often banqueting and visits; nay, and perhaps invite others, by their foolish example, to do the like; and some, that despair of so great happiness, will inquire out your haunts, and walk there two or three hours together, to get but a sight of you.

PET. O infinite! I am transported with the thought on't! It draws near noon, and I appointed certain gallants to meet me at the five-crown ordinary: after, we are to wait upon the like beauties you talked of to the public theatre. I feel of late a strong and witty genius growing upon me, and I begin, I know not how, to be in love with this foolish sin of poetry.

LIO. Are you, sir? there's great hopes of you.

PET. And the reason is, because they say 'tis both the cause and effect of a good wit, to which I can sufficiently pretend: for Nature has not played the stepdame with me.

LIO. In good time, sir.

PET. And now you talk of time, what time of day is it by your watch?

LIO. I have none, sir.

PET. How, ne'er a watch? O, monstrous! how do you consume your hours? Ne'er a watch! 'tis the greatest solecism in society that e'er I heard of: ne'er a watch!

LIO. How deeply you conceive of it!

PET. You have not a gentleman, that's a true gentleman, without one; 'tis the main appendix

to a plush lining: besides, it helps much to discourse; for while others confer notes together, we confer our watches, and spend good part of the day with talking of it.

LIO. Well, sir, because I'll be no longer destitute of such a necessary implement, I have a suit to you.

PET. A suit to me? Let it alone till I am a great man, and then [*aside*] I shall answer you with the greater promise and less performance.

LIO. I hope, sir, you have that confidence I will ask nothing to your prejudice, but what shall some way recompense the deed.

PET. What is't? Be brief: I am in that point a courtier.

LIO. Usurp, then, on the proffer'd means;
Show yourself forward in an action
May speak you noble, and make me your friend.

PET. A friend! what's that? I know no such thing.

LIO. A faithful, not a ceremonious friend;
But one that will stick by you on occasions,
And vindicate your credit, were it sunk
Below all scorn, and interpose his life
Betwixt you and all dangers: such a friend
That, when he sees you carried by your passions
Headlong into destruction, will so follow you
That he will guide you from't, and with good counsel
Redeem you from ill courses; and, not flattering
Your idle humour to a vain expense,
Cares not to see you perish, so he may
Sustain himself awhile, and raise a fortune,
Though mean, out of your ruins, and then laugh at you.

PET. Why, be there any such friends as these?

LIO. A world:

They walk like spirits, not to be discern'd;
Subtle and soft like air; have oily balm
Swimming o'er their words and actions;
But below it a flood of gall.

PET. Well, to the purpose: speak to the purpose.

LIO. If I stand link'd unto you,
The Gordian knot was less dissoluble,
A rock less firm, or centre movable.

PET. Speak your demand.

LIO. Do it, and do it freely, then; lend me a hundred ducats.

PET. How is that? lend you a hundred ducats! Not a——I'll never have a friend while I breathe first: no, I'll stand upon my guard; I give all the world leave to whet their wits against me, work like moles to undermine me, yet I'll spurn all their deceits like a hillock. I tell thee I'll not buy the small repentance of a friend or whore at the rate of a livre.

LIO. What's this? I dare not
Trust my own ears, silence choke up my anger.
A friend and whore! are they two parallels,
Or to be nam'd together? May he never
Have better friend that knows no better how
To value them. Well, I was ever jealous[1]
Of his baseness, and now my fears are ended.
Pox o' these travels! they do but corrupt
A good nature, and his was bad enough before.

Enter ANGELIA.

PET. What pretty sparkle of humanity have we here? Whose attendant are you, my little knave?

ANG. I wait, sir, on Master Lionel.

[1] [Suspicious.]

LIO. 'Tis well you are come. What says the gentleman?

ANG. I delivered your letter to him. He is very sorry he can furnish you no better; he has sent you twenty crowns, he says, towards the large debt he owes you.

PET. A fine child! and delivers his tale with good method. Where, in the name of Ganymede, had'st thou this epitome of a servitor?

LIO. You'd little think of what consequence and pregnancy this imp is: you may hereafter have both cause to know and love him. What gentlemen are these?

Enter GASPARO *and* LORENZO.

PET. One is my father.

LOR. I hear your son, sir, is return'd from travel,
Grown up a fine and stately gentleman,
Outstrips his compeers in each liberal science.

GAS. I thank my stars he has improv'd his time
To the best use, can render an account
Of all his journey; how he has arriv'd,
Through strange discoveries and compendious ways,
To a most perfect knowledge of himself;
Can give a model of each prince's court,
And is become their pheer.[1] He has a mind
Equally pois'd, and virtue without sadness;
Hunts not for fame through an ill path of life;
But is indeed, for all parts, so accomplish'd
As I could wish or frame him.

LOR. These are joys,
In their relation to you, so transcendant,

[1] [Old copy, *fear*. *Feer* or *pheer* is a companion or friend.]

As than yourself I know no man more happy.
May I not see your son?

GAS. See where he stands,
Accompanied with young Lionel, the nephew
To Veterano the great antiquary.

LOR.[1] I'll be bold, by your favour, to endear
Myself in his acquaintance. Noble Petrucio,
Darling of Venus, minion of the Graces,
Let me adopt me heir unto your love:
That is, yours by descent, and which your father,
A grave wise man, and a magnifico,
Has not disdain'd.

PET. I am much bound to you for it.

LOR. Is that all?

PET. See the abundant ignorance of this age! he cites my father for a precedent. Alas! he is a good old man, and no more; there he stands, he has not been abroad, nor known the world; therefore, I hope, will not be so foolishly peremptory to compare with me for judgment, that have travelled, seen fashions, and been a man of intelligence.

LOR. Signior, your ear; pray, let's counsel you.

PET. Counsel me! the like trespass again; sure, the old man doats! Who counselled me abroad, when I had none but mine own natural wisdom for my protection? Yet I dare say I met with more perils, more variety of allurements, more Circes, more Calypsos, and the like, than e'er were feigned[2] upon Ulysses.

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[1] This speech seems more properly to belong to Lorenzo, to whom Gasparo has just pointed out his son standing with Lionel.—*Collier.* [It is given to Lorenzo in a copy of the original edition before me.—*H.*]

[2] [Query, should we read *foined*, thrust, as the speaker rather speaks of the adventures of Ulysses as a reality than a myth.]

LOR. It show'd great wisdom that you could avoid them.
Give o'er, and tempt your destiny no further;
'Tis time now to retire unto yourself:
Settle your mind upon some worthy beauty;
A wife will tame all wild affections.
I have a daughter who, for youth and beauty,
Might be desir'd, were she ignobly born;
And for her dowry, that shall no way part you.
If you accept her, here, before your friends,
I will betroth her to you.

PET. I thank you, sir, you'd have me marry your daughter; is it so?

LOR. With your good liking, not otherwise.

PET. You nourish too great an ambition. What do you see in me to make such a motion? No, be wise, and keep her; were I married to her, I should not like her above a month at most.

LOR. How! not above a month?

PET. I'll tell you, sir, I have made an experience that way on my nature: when I have hired a creature for my pleasure, as 'tis the fashion in many places, for the like time that I told you of, I have been so tired with her before 'twas out, as no horse like me; I could not spur my affection to go a jot further.

GAS. Well said, boy! thou art e'en mine own son; when I was young, 'twas just my humour.

LIO. You give yourself a plausible commends.

PET. I can make a shift to love: but, having enjoyed, fruition kills my appetite: no, I must have several objects of beauty to keep my thoughts always in action, or I am nobody.

GAS. Still mine own flesh and blood?

PET. Therefore I have chose honour for my mistress, upon whose wings I will mount up to the heavens; where I will fix myself a constellation,

for all this under-world of mortals to wonder at me.

GAS. Nay, he is a mad wag, I assure you, and knows how to put a price upon his desert.

PET. I can no longer stay to dilate on these vanities; therefore, gallants, I leave you. [*Exit.*

LOR. What, is he gone? Is your son gone?

GAS. So it seems. Well, gallants, where shall I see you anon?

LOR. You shall not part with us.

GAS. You shall pardon me; I must wait upon my son. [*Exit.*

LOR. Do you hear, signior? A pretty preferment!

LIO. O sir, the lustre of good clothes or breeding,
Bestow'd upon a son, will make a rustic
Or a mechanic father to commit
Idolatry, and adore his own issue.

ANG. They are so well match'd, 'twere pity to part them.

LOR. Well said, little one,
I think thou art wiser than both of them.
But this same scorn I do not so well relish;
A whoreson humorous fantastic novice,
To contemn my daughter! He is not worthy
To bear up her train.

LIO. Or kiss under it.
Will you revenge this injury upon him!

LOR. Revenge! Of all the passions of my blood,
'Tis the most sweet. I should grow fat to think on't,
Could you but promise.

LIO. Will you have patience?
Be rul'd by me, and I will compass it
To your full wish. We'll set a bait afore him,
That he shall seize as sharply as Jove's eagle
Did snatch up Ganymede.

LOR. Do but cast the plot,
I'll prosecute it with as much disgrace
As hatred can suggest
LIO. Do you see this page, then?
LOR. Ay, what of him?
LIO. That face of his shall do it.
LOR. What shall it do? Methinks he has a pretty innocent countenance.
LIO. O, but beware of a smooth look at all times.
Observe what I say: he is a syren above,
But below a very serpent. No female scorpion
Did ever carry such a sting, believe it.
LOR. What should I do with him?
LIO. Take him to your house,
There keep him privately, till I make all perfect.
If ever alchemist did more rejoice
In his projection, never credit me.
LOR. You shall prevail upon my faith beyond
My understanding: and, my dapper squire,
If you be such a precious wag, I'll cherish you.
Come, walk along with me. Farewell, sir.
LIO. Adieu. [*Exeunt* LORENZO *and* ANGELIA.
Now I must travel on a new exploit
To an old antiquary; he is my uncle,
And I his heir. Would I could raise a fortune
Out of his ruins! He is grown obsolete,
And 'tis time he were out of date. They say he sits
All day in contemplation of a statue
With ne'er a nose, and doats on the decays
With greater love than the self-lov'd Narcissus
Did on his beauty. How shall I approach him?
Could I appear but like a Sibyl's son,
Or with a face rugged as father Nilus
Is pictured on the hangings, there were hope
He might look on me. How to win his love

I know not. If I wist he were not precise,
I'd lay to purchase some stale interludes,
And give him them; books that have not attain'd
To the Platonic year, but wait their course
And happy hour, to be reviv'd again:
Then would I induce him to believe they were
Some of Terence's hundred and fifty comedies,
That were lost in the Adriatic sea,
When he return'd from banishment. Some such
Gullery as this might be enforced upon him.
I'll first talk with his man, and then consider.
[*Exit.*

Enter LORENZO, GASPARO, MOCINIGO, *and* ANGELIA.

LOR. How happ'd you did return again so soon, sir?

GAS. I'll tell you, sir. As I follow'd my son
From the Rialto, near unto the bridge,
We were encounter'd by a sort[1] of gallants,
Sons of clarissimos and procurators,
That knew him in his travels: whereupon
He did insinuate with his eyes unto me,
I should depart and leave them.

LOR. Seems he was asham'd of your company?

GAS. Like will to like, sir.

LOR. What grave and youthful gentleman's that with you?

GAS. Do you not know him?

LOR. No.

GAS. Not Signior Mocinigo?

LOR. You jest, I am sure.

GAS. Ay, and there hangs a jest:

[1] A company.

For, going to a courtesan this morning
In his own proper colour, his grey beard,
He had the ill-luck to be refus'd; on which
He went and dy'd it, and came back again;
And was again with the same scorn rejected,
Telling him that she had newly deni'd his father.

LOR. Was that her answer?

GAS. It has so troubled him,
That he intends to marry. What think you, sir,
Of his resolution?

LOR. By'r Lady, it shows
Great haughtiness of courage; a man of his years,
That dares to venture on a wife.

MOC. A man of my years! I feel
My limbs as able as the best of them;
And in all places else, except my hair,
As green as a bay-tree: and for the whiteness
Upon my head, although it now lie hid,
What does it signify, but like a tree that blossoms,
Before the fruit come forth? And, I hope, a tree
That blossoms is neither dry nor wither'd.

LOR. But pray, what piece of beauty's that you mean
To make the object of your love?

MOC. Ay, there
You pose me; for I have a curious eye,
And am as choice in that point to be pleased
As the most youthful. Here, one's beauty takes me;
And there, her parentage and good behaviour;
Another's wealth or wit; but I'd have one
Where all these graces meet, as in a centre.

GAS. You are too ambitious. You'll hardly find
Woman or beast that trots sound of all four:
There will be some defect.

MOC. Yet this I resolve on,
To have a maid tender of age and fair.
Old fish and young flesh, that's still my diet.[1]
LOR. What think you of a widow?
MOC. By no means:
They are too politic a generation;
Prov'd so by similes. Many voyages
Make an experienc'd seaman; many offices
A crafty knave; so many marriages
A subtle, cunning widow. No, I'll have one
That I may mould, like wax, unto my humour.
LOR. This doating ass is worth at least a million;
And, though he cannot propagate his stock,
Will be sure to multiply. I'll offer him my daughter.

---

[1] This is taken from Chaucer—

"But one thing warn I you, my frendis dere,
I woll no old wife have in no manere.
She shall not passin sixtene yere certeine,
Old fish, and yong flesh woll I have full faine."

—"Merchant's Tale," l. 930. Which Mr Pope hath modernised in the following manner—

"One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide our choice; This wife must not be old:
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed."

—"January and May," l. 99.

"For sondry scholis maketh sotill clarkis,
Woman of many scholis half a clark is:
But certainly a yong thing may men gye,
Right as men may warm wax with hondis plie."

—"Merchant's Tale," l. 943.

"No crafty widow shall approach my bed;
Those are too wise for batchelors to wed.
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice-married dames are mistresses o' th' trade;
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please."

—"January and May," l. 106.

By computation of age he cannot
Live past ten years; by that time she'll get strength
To break this rotten hedge of matrimony
And after have a fair green field to walk in,
And wanton, where she please. [*Aside.*] Signior, a word:
And by this guess my love. I have a daughter
Of beauty fresh, of her demeanour gentle,
And of a sober wisdom: you know my estate.
If you can fancy her, seek no further.

MOC. Thank you, signior: pray, of what age
Is your daughter?

LOR. But sixteen at the most.

MOC. But sixteen! Is she no more? She is too young, then.

GAS. You wish'd for a young one, did you not?

MOC. Not that I would have her in years.

GAS. I warrant you!

MOC. Well, mark what I say: when I come to her,
She'll ne'er be able to endure me.

LOR. I'll trust her.

GAS. I think your choice, sir, cannot be amended,
She is so virtuous and so amiable.

MOC. Is she so fair and amiable? I'll have her.
She may grow up to what she wants; and then
I shall enjoy such pleasure and delight,
Such infinite content in her embraces,
I may contend with love for happiness!
Yet one thing troubles me.

GAS. What's that?

MOC. I shall live so well on earth,
I ne'er shall think of any other joys.

GAS. I wish all joy to you; but 'tis in th' power
Of fate to work a miracle upon you.

You may obtain the grace, with other men,
To repent your bargain before you have well seal'd it.

LOR. Or she may prove his purgatory, and send him
To heaven the sooner.

GAS. Suchlike effects as these
Are not unheard of in nature.

MOC. For all these scruples,
I am resolv'd. Bring me, that I may see her;
Young handsome ladies are like prizes at a horse-race, where
Every well-breath'd gentleman may put in for his share. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DUKE *and* LEONARDO.

LEO. But are you resolved of this course, sir?

DUKE. Yes; we'll be once mad in our days, and do an exploit for posterity to talk of. Will you join with me?

LEO. I am at your grace's disposing.

DUKE. No grace, nor no respect, I beseech you, more than ordinary friendship allows of: 'tis the only bar to hinder our designs.

LEO. Then, sir, what fashion you are pleased to appoint me, I will be glad to put on.

DUKE. 'Tis well. For my part, I am determined to lay by all ensigns of my royalty for awhile, and walk abroad under a mean coverture. Variety does well; and 'tis as great delight sometimes to shroud one's head under a coarse roof as a rich canopy of gold.

LEO. But what's your intent in this?

DUKE. I have a longing desire to see the fashions of the vulgar, which, should I affect in mine own person, I might divert them from their humours.

The face of greatness would affright them, as Cato did the Floralia[1] from the theatre.

LEO. Indeed familiarity begets boldness.

DUKE. 'Tis true, indulgency and flattery take away the benefit of experience from princes, which ennobles the fortunes of private men.

LEO. But you are a duke, sir; and this descent from your honour will undervalue you.

DUKE. Not a whit. I am so toiled out with grand affairs and despatching of embassages, that I am ready to sink under the burden. Why may not an Atlas of state, such as myself, that bears up the weight of a commonwealth, now and then, for recreation's sake, be glad to ease his shoulders? Has not Jupiter thrown away his rays and his thunder to walk among mortals? Does not Apollo suffer himself to be deprived of his quiver, that he may waken up his muse sometimes, and sing to his harp.

LEO. Nay, sir, to come to a more familiar example: I have heard of a nobleman that has been drunk with a tinker, and of a magnifico that has played at blow-point.[2]

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[1] The Floralia or feast of Flora, Goddess of Flowers, were celebrated with public sports on the 5th of the Kalends of May. The chief part of the "solemnity was managed by a company of lewd strumpets, who ran up and down naked, sometimes dancing, sometimes fighting, or acting the mimic. However it came to pass, the wisest and gravest Romans were not for discontinuing this custom, though the most indecent imaginable: for Portius Cato, when he was present at these games, and saw the people ashamed to let the women strip while he was there, immediately went out of the theatre to let the ceremony have its course."—Kennet's "Roman Antiquities," p. 297.

[2] So in "The Return from Parnassus," act iii. sc. 1: "My mistress upon good days puts on a piece of a parsonage; and we pages *play at blow-point* for a piece of a parsonage."

DUKE. Very good; then take our degrees alike, and the act's as pardonable.

LEO. In a humour, sir, a man may do much. But how will you prevent their discovery of you?

DUKE. Very well; the alteration of our clothes will abolish suspicion.

LEO. And how for our faces?

DUKE. They shall pass without any seal of disguise. Who ne'er were thought on, will ne'er be mistrusted.

LEO. Come what will, greatness can justify any action whatsoever, and make it thought wisdom; but if we do walk undiscerned, 'twill be the better. It tickles me to think what a mass of delight we shall possess in being, as 'twere, the invisible spectators of their strange behaviours. I heard, sir, of an antiquary who, if he be as good at wine as at history, he is sure an excellent companion: and of one Petrucio, who plays the eagle in the clouds: and indeed divers others, who verify the proverb, *So many men, so many humours.*

DUKE. All these we'll visit in order: but how we shall comply with them, 'tis as occasion shall be offered; we will not now be so serious to consider.

LEO. Well, sir, I must trust to your wit to manage it. Lead on; I attend you. [*Exeunt.*

And in Donne ("Poems," 1719, p. 119)—

"Shortly, boys shall not *play*
At span-counter, or *blow-point*, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier."

ACT II., SCENE 1.

Enter AURELIO *and* MUSICIANS.

AUR. This is the window. Now, my noble Orpheus,
As thou affect'st the name of rarity,
Strike with the soul of music, that the sound
May bear my love on his bedewed wing,
To charm her ear: as when a sacrifice
With his perfumed steam flies up to heaven
Into Jove's nostrils, and there throws a mist
On his enraged brow. O, how my fancy
Labours with the success! [*Song above.*

Enter LUCRETIA.

LUC. Cease your fool's note there; I am not in tune
To dance after your fiddle. Who are you?
What saucy groom, that dares so near intrude,
And with offensive noise grate on my ears?
AUR. What more than earthly light breaks through that window?
Brighter than all the glittering train of nymphs
That wait on Cynthia, when she takes her progress
In pursuit of the swift enchased deer
Over the Cretan or Athenian hills;
Or when, attended with those lesser stars,
She treads the azure circle of the heavens.
LUC. Heyday, this is excellent! What voice is that?
O, is it you? I cry you mercy, sir:
I thought as much; these are your tricks still with me:
You have been sotting on't all night with wine,

And here you come to finish out your revels.
I shall be, one day, able to live private,
I shall, and not be made the epilogue
Of all your drunken meetings. For shame, away!
The rosy morning blushes at thy baseness.
Julia, go throw the music a reward,
And set them hence.

AUR. Divine Lucretia,
Do not receive with scorn my proffer'd service:
O, turn again, though from your arched brow,
Stung with disdain, and bent down to your eyen,
You shoot me through with darts of cruelty.
Ah, foolish man, to court the flame that burns him!

LUC. What would this fellow have?

AUR. Shine still, fair mistress;
And though in silence, yet still look upon me.
Your eye discourses[1] with more rhetoric
Than all the gilded tongues of orators.

---

[1] So in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," act iii. sc. 3: "You shall see sweet silent rhetorique and *dumb eloquence speaking in her eye;* but when she speaks herself, such an anatomy of wit, so fine wiz'd and arteriz'd, that 'tis the goodliest model of pleasure that ever was to behold."

Again, in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," act ii. sc. 2—

> "She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
> *Her eye discourses,* I will answer it."

And Pope, in his translation of the "Iliad"—

> "Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
> Silence that spoke, *and eloquence of eyes.*"

The lines in the text, as well as those quoted in the note, were all written subsequent to the publication of "The Complaint of Rosamond," by Samuel Daniel, whence the following stanza is extracted—

> "Ah beauty, syren, faire enchaunting good,
> Sweet *silent rhetorique of perswading eyes,*
> *Dombe eloquence,* whose power doth move the blood,
> More than the words or wisedome of the wise;
> Still harmonie, whose diapason lies
> Within a brow, the key which passions move,
> To ravish sense, and play a world in love."

LUC. Out of my pity, not my love, I'll answer.
You come to woo me, and speak fair ; 'tis well.
You think to win me too : you are deceiv'd.
For when I hate a person, all his actions,
Though ne'er so good, prove but his prejudice :
For flatteries are like sweet pills—though sweet,
Yet if they work not straight, invert to poison.
AUR. Why do you hate me, lady ? Was there ever
Woman so cruel to hate him that lov'd her ?
O, do not so degenerate from nature,
Which form'd you of a temper soft as silk;
And to the sweet composure of your body
Took not a drop of gall or corrupt humour !
But all your blood was clear and purified.
Then, as your limbs are fair, so be your mind :
Cast not a scandal on her curious hand,
To say she made that crooked or uneven;
For virtue is the best, which is deriv'd
From a sweet feature. Women crown their youth
With the chaste ornaments of love and truth.
LUC. This is a language you are studied in,
And you have spoke it to a thousand.
AUR. Never, never to any; for my soul is cut so
To the proportion of what you are,
That all the other beauty in the world
That is not found within your face, seems vile.
O, that I were a veil upon that face,[1]

[1] Borrowed from Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," act ii. sc. 2—

"O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek ;"

which, Mr Steevens observes, hath been ridiculed by Shirley in "The School of Compliment"—

"O that I were a flea upon that lip," &c.

To hide it from the world! methinks I could
Envy the very sun for gazing on you!
LUC. I wonder that a fellow of no worth
Should talk thus liberally: be so impudent,
After so many slightings and abuses
Extorted from me beyond modesty,
To press upon me still. Have not I told you
My mind in words, plain to be understood,
How much I hate you? Can I not enjoy
The freedom of my chamber, but you must
Stand in my prospect? If you please, I will
Resign up all, and leave you possession.
What can I suffer or expect more grievous
From the enforcement of an enemy?
AUR. Do not insult upon my sufferings.
I had well hop'd I should receive some comfort
From the sweet influence of your words or looks;
But now must fly, and vanish like a cloud,
Chas'd with the wind into the colder regions,
Where sad despair sits ever languishing;
There will I calculate my injuries,
Summ'd up with my deserts: then shall I find
How you are wanting to all good and pity,
And that you do but juggle with our sense;
That you appear gentle and smooth as water
When no wind breathes on it, but indeed
Are far more hard than rocks of adamant:
That you are more inconstant than your mistress,
Fortune, that guides you; that your promises
Are all deceitful; and that wanton Love,
Whom former ages, flattering their vice,
And to procure more freedom for their sin,
Have term'd a god, laughs at your perjuries.
LUC. You will do this? Why, do so. Ease your mind,
So I be free from you. There's no such torment
As to be troubled with an insolent lover

That will receive no answer: bonds and fetters,
Perpetual imprisonment, are not like it:
'Tis worse than to be seiz'd on with a fever,
A continual surfeit. For heaven's sake leave me,
And let me hear no more of you.

AUR. Is this the best reward for all my hopes,
The dear expenses of [my] youth and service,
Spent in the execution of your follies?
When not a day or hour but witness'd with me
With what great study and affected care,
More than of fame or honour, I invented
New ways to fit your humour; what observance,
As if you were the arbitress of courtship,
I sought to please you with: laid out for fashions,
And bought them for you; feasted you with banquets;
Read you asleep i' th' afternoon with pamphlets;
Sent you elixirs and preservatives,
Paintings and powders, that would have restor'd
Old Niobe to youth. The beauty you pretend to,
Is all my gift. Besides, I was so simple
To wear your foolish colours,[1] cry your wit up,
And judgment, when you had none, and swore to it;
Drank to your health whole nights in hippocras[2]
Upon my knees with more religion
Then e'er I said my prayers: which Heaven forgive me!

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[1] So in "Love's Labour's Lost," [Dyce's 2d edit. ii. 187]—

"And *wear* his *colours* like a tumbler's hoop."

See a note on this passage [in Dyce's Glossary].

[2] "A compound wine mixed with several kinds of spice."—Blount's "Glossographia." Kneeling to drink healths was formerly the common practice of drinkers. So in Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," act ii. sc. 2: "He is a great proficient in all the illiberal sciences; as cheating, drinking, swaggering, whoring, and such like; *never kneels but to drink healths*, nor prays but for a pipe of pudding tobacco."

LUC. Are these such miracles? 'Twas but your duty,
The tributary homage all men owe
Unto our sex. Should we enjoin you travel,
Or send you on an errand into France
Only to fetch a basket of musk-melons,
It were a favour for you. Put the case
That I were Hero, and you were Leander:
If I should bid you swim the Hellespont,
Only to know my mind, methinks you might
Be proud of the employment. Were you a Puritan,
Did I command you wait me to a play;
Or to the church, though you had no religion,
You might not question it.
AUR. Pretty, very pretty!
LUC. And then, because I am familiar,
And deign out of my nobleness and bounty
To grace your weak endeavours with the title
Of courtesy, to wave my fan at you,
Or let you kiss my hand, must we straight marry?
I may esteem you in the rank of servants,
To cast off when I please, ne'er for a husband.
AUR. If ever devil damn'd in a woman's tongue,
'Tis in thine. I am glad yet you tell me this;
I might have else proceeded, and gone on
In the lewd[1] way of loving you, and so
Have wander'd farther from myself: but now
I'll study to be wiser, and henceforth
Hate the whole gang of you; denounce a war,
Ne'er to be reconcil'd, and rejoice in it;
And count myself bless'd for't; and wish all men
May do the like to shun you. For my part,
If, when my brains are troubled with late drinking
(I shall have else the grace, sure, to forget you),

[1] [Foolish.]

Then but my labouring fancy dream of you,
I'll start, affrighted at the vision.
LUC. 'Las! how pitifully it takes it to heart!
It would be angry too, if it knew how.
AUR. Come near me none of you: if I hear
The sound of your approach, I'll stop my ears;
Nay, I'll be angry, if I shall imagine
That any of you think of me: and, for thy sake,
If I but see the picture of a woman,
I'll hide my face and break it. So farewell.
[*Exit* LUCRETIA.

Enter LORENZO, MOCINIGO, *and* ANGELIA.

LOR. What are you, friend, and what's your business?
AUR. Whate'er it be, now 'tis despatch'd.
LOR. This is rudeness.
AUR. The fitter for the place and persons then.
LOR. How's that?
AUR. You are a nest of savages: the house
Is more inhospitable than the quicksands:
Your daughter sits on that enchanted bay
Like a siren [1] to entice passengers,
Who, viewing her through a false perspective,
Neglect the better traffic of their life;
But yet, the more they labour to come near her,
The further she flies back; until at last,
When she has brought them to some rock or shelf,
She proudly looks down on the wreck of lovers.
LOR. Why, who has injur'd you?
AUR. No matter who:
I'll first talk with a sphinx, ere [I'll] converse with you.

[1] [Old copy, *A siren like.*]

LOR. A word. Expound your wrongs more to the full,
If you expect a remedy.
AUR. I'll rather
Seek out diseases, choose my death and pine,
Than stay to be cur'd by you. [*Exit.*

Enter ÆMILIA *and* LUCRETIA.

LOR. If you be so obstinate,
Take your course. Why, wife Æmilia,
Daughter Lucretia, what's the matter here
With this same fellow? Do you owe him money?
LUC. Owe him money, sir! Does he look like one
That should lend money? He is a gentleman,
And they seldom credit anybody.
LOR. Well, wife,
Where was your matron's wisdom, that should keep
A vigilant care upon your house and daughter,
And not have suffer'd her to be surpris'd
With every loose aspèct and gazing eye
That suck in hot and lustful motions?
You were best turn bawd, and prostitute her beauty.
ÆMI. You were best turn an old ass,
And meddle with your bonds and brokage.
LOR. What was his business?
LUC. To tell you true, sir, he is one of those,
Whom love and fortune have conspir'd to fool,
And make the subject of a woman's will.
His idle brain, being void of better reason,
Is fill'd with toys and humours; and, for want
Of other exercise, he takes great pains
For the expressing of his folly: sometimes
With starts and sighs, hung head, and folded arms,

Sonnets and pitiful tunes; forgetting
All due respect unto himself and friends
With doating on a mistress: she again
As little pitying him, whose every frown
Strikes him as dead as fate, and makes him walk
The living monument of his own sorrow.

LOR. I apprehend he came a-wooing to thee.
'Tis so, and thou didst scorn him, girl: 'twas well done.
I'll ease thee of that care: see, I have brought
A husband to thy hand. Look on him well;
A worthy man, and a clarissimo.

LUC. A husband, said you? Now Venus be propitious!
He looks more like the remedy of love,
A julip to cool it. She that could take fire
At such a dull flame as his eyes, I should
Believe her more than touchwood! [*Aside.*]

MOC. A ravishing creature!
If her condition answer but her feature,
I am fitted. Her form answers my affection;
It arrides[1] me exceedingly. I'll speak to her.
[*Aside.*]
Fair mistress, what your father has propos'd
In the fair way of contract, I stand ready
To ratify; and let me not seem less
In your esteem, because I am so easy
In my consent. Women love out of fancy,
Men from advice.

LUC. You do not mean in earnest?
Now Cupid deliver me!

MOC. How, not in earnest!

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[1] *i.e.*, Pleases me: a Latin phrase. So Cic. "Ad Att." 13, 21. "Inhibere illud tuum quod valde *arriserat*, vehementer displicet."

As I am strong and mighty in desires,
You wrong me to question it.
LUC. Good sir, consider
The infinite distance that is between us
In age and manners.
MOC. No distance at all:
My age is youthful, and your youth is aged.
LUC. But you are wise, and will you sell your freedom
Unto a female tyranny, in despair
E'er to be quit? You run a strange adventure,
Without perceiving what a certain hazard
A creature of my inclination
Is apt to draw you to.
MOC. I cannot think it.
LUC. 'Tis strange you'll not believe me, unless I lay
My imperfection open. I have a nature
Ambitious beyond thought, quite giv'n over
To entertainments and expense: no bravery
That's fashionable can escape me; and then,
Unless you are of a most settled temper,
Quite without passion, I shall make you
Horn-mad with jealousy.
MOC. Come, come, I know
Thou'rt virtuous, and speakest this but to try me.
You will not be so adverse to your fortune
And all obedience, to contradict
What your father has set down.
LUC. These are my faults
I cannot help, if you'll be so good
As to dispense with them.
MOC. With all my heart. I forgive thee before thou offend'st.
LUC. Then I am mighty stubborn and self-will'd,
And shall sometimes e'en long to abuse you:

And for my tongue, 'tis like a stone thrown down,
Of an impetuous motion, not to be still'd.
MOC. All these cannot dismay me; for, considering
How they are passions proper to your sex,
In a degree they are virtues.
LUC. O my fate!
He will not be terrified. Then, not to feed you
With further hopes, or pump for more excuses,
Take it in brief, though I am loth to speak,
But you compel me to it—I cannot love you.
LOR. How do you speed, sir? Is she tractable?
Do you approve of her replies?
MOC. I know not;
Guess you: she said she cannot love me; and 'tis
The least thing I should have mistrusted; I durst
Have sworn she would ne'er have made scruple on't.
LOR. Not love you! Come, she must and shall.
Do you hear, housewife?
No more of this, as you affect my friendship.
What, shall I bring here a right worshipful prætor
Unto my house, in hope you'll be rul'd,
And you prove recreant to my commands?
But, my vex'd soul, thou hast done a deed were able,
In the mere questioning of what I bid,
Were not I a pious and indulgent father,
To thrust thee, as a stranger, from my blood.
MOC. Be not too rash, sir: women are not won
With force, but fair entreaty. Have I been vers'd
Thus long i' th' school of love; know all their arts,
Their practices, their ways, and subtleties,
In all my encounters still return'd a victor,
And have not left a stratagem at last
To work on her affection, let me suffer.
LOR. Nay, and you have that confidence, I'll leave you.

MOC. Lady, a word in private with you.
[*Whisper.*

ÆMI. Pray, sweetheart,
What pretty youth is that?

LOR. Who, this same chicken?
He is the son of a great nobleman.
And my especial friend. His father's gone
Into the country to survey his lands,
And let new leases, and left him in charge
With me till his return.

ÆMI. Now, as I live,
'Tis a well-favour'd lad, and his years promise
He should have an ability to do,
And wit to conceal. When I take him single,
I'll try his disposition. [*Aside.*

MOC. This, for your sake,
I'll undertake and execute.

LUC. For my sake!
You shall not draw me to the fellowship
Of such a sin.

MOC. I know 'tis pleasing to thee,
And therefore am resolv'd.

LUC. I may prevent you.

LOR. What, are you resolv'd?

MOC. We are e'en at a point, sir.

LOR. What's more to be done, let's in and consider. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTIQUARY *and* PETRO.

ANT. Well, sirrah! but that I have brought you up, I would cashier you for these reproofs.

PET. Good sir, consider, 'tis no benefit to me: he is your nephew that I speak for, and 'tis charity to relieve him.

ANT. He is a young knave, and that's crime enough; and he were old in anything, though

'twere in iniquity, there were some reverence to be had of him.

PET. Why, sir, though he be a young knave, as you term him, yet he is your kinsman, and in distress too.

ANT. Why, sir, and you know again, that 'tis an old custom (which thing I will no way transgress) for a rich man not to look upon any as his kinsman in distress.

PET. 'Tis an ill custom, sir, and 'twere good 'twere repealed.

ANT. I have something else to look after. Have you disposed of those relics, as I bad you?

PET. Yes, sir.

ANT. Well, thou dost not know the estimation of what thou hast in keeping. The whole Indies, seeing they are but newly discovered, are not to be valued with them: the very dust that cleaves to one of those monuments is more worth than the ore of twenty mines!

PET. Yet, by your favour, sir, of what use can they be to you?

ANT. What use! Did not the Signiory build a state-chamber for antiquities? and 'tis the best thing that e'er they did: they are the registers, the chronicles, of the age they were made in, and speak the truth of history better than a hundred of your printed commentaries.

PET. Yet few are of your belief.

ANT. There's a box of coins within, most of them brass, yet each of them a jewel, miraculously preserved in spite of time or envy; and are of that rarity and excellence that saints may go a pilgrimage to them, and not be ashamed.

PET. Yet, I say still, what good can they do to you, more than to look on?

ANT. What good, thou brute! And thou wert

not worth a penny, the very showing of them were able to maintain thee. Let me see now, and you were put to it, how you could advance your voice in their commendation. Begin.

PET. All you gentlemen that are affected with such rarities,[1] the world cannot produce the like, snatched from the jaws of time, and wonderfully collected by a studious antiquary, come near and admire.

ANT. Thou say'st right: the limbs of Hippolitus were never so dispersed.

PET. First, those twelve pictures that you see there, are the portraitures of the Sibyls, drawn five hundred years since by Titianus of Padua, an excellent painter and statuary.

ANT. Very well.

PET. Then here is Venus all naked, and Cupid by her, on a dolphin: both these were drawn by Apelles of Greece.

ANT. Proceed.

PET. Then here is Hercules and Antæus; and that Pallas at length in alabaster, with her helmet and feathers; and that's Jupiter, with an eagle at his back.

ANT. Exceeding well!

PET. Then there's the great silver box that Nero kept his beard in.

ANT. Good again.

PET. And after decking it with precious stones, did consecrate it to the Capitol.

ANT. That's right.

PET. And there hangs the net that held Mars and his mistress, while the whole bench of bawdy deities stood spectators of their sport.

ANT. Admirable good!

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[1] [Old copy, *rarities, such.*]

PET. Then here is Marius to the middle,[1] and there Cleopatra with a veil over her face; and next to her, Marcus Antonius, the Triumvir; then he with half a nose is Corvinus, and he with ne'er a one is Galba.

ANT. Very sufficient!

PET. Then here is Vitellius, and there Titus and Vespasian: these three were made by Jacobus Sansovinus the Florentine.

ANT. 'Tis enough.

PET. Last of all, this is the urn that did contain the ashes of the emperors.

ANT. And each of these worth a king's ransom——

Enter DUKE *and* LEONARDO.[2]

DUKE. Save you, sir!

ANT. You are welcome, gentlemen.

DUKE. I come, sir, a suitor to you. I hear you are possessed of many various and excellent antiquities; and though I am a stranger, I would entreat your gentleness a favour.

ANT. What's that, sir?

DUKE. Only that you would vouchsafe me to be a spectator of their curiosity and worth, which courtesy shall engage me yours for ever.

ANT. For their worth I will not promise: 'tis as you please to esteem of them.

LEO. No doubt, sir, we shall ascribe what dignity belongs to them and to you their preserver.

ANT. You speak nobly; and thus much let me

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[1] "Et Curios jam dimidios, nasumque minorem
Corvini, et Galbam auriculis nasoque carentem?"
—Juvenal, Sat. VIII. edit. Ald. 1535—*Steevens.*

[2] Of course they are disguised, as appears from a preceding scene, although it is not mentioned here.—*Collier.*

tell you, to your edifying: the foolish doating on these present novelties is the cause why so many rare inventions have already perished; and (which is pity) antiquity has not left so much as a footstep behind her, more than of her vices.

LEO. 'Tis the more pity, sir.

ANT. Then, what raises such vanities amongst us, and sets fantastical fancies awork? What's the reason that so many fresh tricks and new inventions of fashions and diseases come daily over sea, and land upon a man that never durst adventure to taste salt water, but only the neglect of those useful instructions which antiquity has set down.

DUKE. You speak oracles, sir.

ANT. Look farther, and tell me what you find better or more honourable than age. Is not wisdom entailed upon it? Take the preheminence of it in everything—in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree.

LEO. All this is certain.

ANT. I confess to you, gentlemen, I must reverence and prefer the precedent times before these, which consumed their wits in experiments: and 'twas a virtuous emulation amongst them, that nothing which should profit posterity should perish.

LEO. It argued a good fatherly providence.

ANT. It did so. There was Lysippus, that spent his whole life in the lineaments of one picture, which I will show you anon: then was there Eudoxus the philosopher,[1] who grew old in the

[1] Of Cnidus. He flourished before the coming of Christ, about 388 years. Petronius Arbiter, in his *Satyricon*, writes: *Eum quidem in cacumine excellissimi montis consenuisse, ut astrorum cœlique motus deprehenderet.*

top of a mountain, to contemplate astronomy; whose manuscript I have also by me.

DUKE. Have you so, sir?

ANT. I have that, and many more; yet see the preposterous desires of men in these days, that account better of a mass of gold than whatever Apelles or Phïdias have invented!

DUKE. That is their ignorance.

ANT. Well, gentlemen, because I perceive you are ingenious, I would entreat you to walk in, where I will demonstrate all, and proceed in my admonition. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AURELIO *and* LIONEL.

LIO. 'Tis well, sir: I am glad you are so soon got free from your bondage.

AUR. Yes, I thank my stars, I am now my own man again; I have slept out my drunken fit of love, and am recovered. You, that are my friends, rejoice at my liberty.

LIO. Why, was it painful to you?

AUR. More tedious than a siege. I wonder what black leaf in the book of fate has decreed that misery upon man—to be in love; it transforms him to a worse monster than e'er Calypso's cup did: [or] a country gentleman among courtiers, or their wives among the ladies. A clown among citizens, nay, an ass among apes, is not half so ridiculous as that makes us. O that I could but come by it, how would I tear it, that never such a witched [1] passion should arise in any human breast again.

[1] [So the edits., and perhaps rightly, notwithstanding the fact that the word does not occur in the glossaries. At first sight, it would appear to be misprinted for *wicked*.]

LIO. You are too violent in your hate: you should never so fall out with a friend as to admit no hope of reconcilement.

AUR. I'll first be at peace with a serpent. Mark me, if thou hast care of thy time, thy health, thy fame, or thy wits, avoid it.

LIO. I must confess, I have been a little vain that way, yet never so transported, but when I saw a handsomer in place, I could leave the former and cleave to the latter. I was ever constant to beauty.

AUR. Hold thee there still, and if there be a necessity at any time that thou must be mad, let it be a short fury, and away: let not this paltry love hang too long upon the file; be not deluded with delays; for if these she-creatures have once the predominance, there shall be no way to torture thee but they'll find it out, and inflict it without mercy: they'll work on thy disposition, and if thou hast any good-nature, they'll be sure to abuse thee extremely.

LIO. Speak you this in earnest?

AUR. I know not what you call earnest, but before I'll endure that life again, I'll bind myself to a carrier, look out any employment whatever, spend my hours in seeing motions and puppet-plays, rook at bowling-alleys, mould tales, and vent them at ordinaries, carry begging epistles, walk upon projects, transcribe fiddlers' ditties.

LIO. O monstrous!

AUR. But since I have tasted the sweetness of my freedom, thou dost not know what quickness and agility is infused into me. I feel not that weight was wont to clog me, wherever I went; I am all fire and spirit, as if I had been stripped of my mortality! I hear not my thoughts whisper to me, as they were wont—Such a man is your rival;

There's an affront, call him to an account; Redeem your mistress's favour, Present her with such a gift, Wait her at such a place—none of these vanities.

LIO. You are happy, sir.

Enter DUKE, PETRO, *and* LEONARDO.

PET. Come, gentles, follow me, I'll bring you to them: look you where they are!

DUKE. Signior Lionel, I have traced much ground to inquire for you.

LIO. I rest engaged to you for your last night's love, sir.

DUKE. And I for your good company. Did you ever see such a blind ruinous tippling-house as we made shift to find out?

LEO. Ay, and the people were as wretched in it: what a mist of tobacco flew amongst them!

LIO. And what a deluge of rheum!

PET. If the house be so old as you speak of, 'twere good you brought my master into it, and then threw't atop of him; he would never desire to be better buried.

DUKE. Well said, Petro.

LIO. Sir, if it be no trouble to you, I would entreat you know my worthy friend here.

DUKE. You shall make me happy in any worthy acquaintance.

PET. Well, Signior Lionel, you are beholden to these gentlemen for their good words unto your uncle for you: they spoke in your behalf as earnestly as e'er did lawyer for his client.

LIO. And what was the issue?

PET. He is hide-bound: he will part with nothing. There is an old rivelled purse hangs at

his side, has not been loosed these twenty years, and, I think, will so continue.

LIO. Why, will his charity stretch to nothing, Petro?

PET. Yes, he has sent you something.

LIO. What is't?

PET. A piece of antiquity, sir; 'tis English coin; and if you will needs know, 'tis an old Harry groat.[1]

LIO. Thank him heartily.

PET. And 'tis the first, he says, that e'er was made of them; and, in his esteem, is worth three double ducats newly stamped.

LIO. His folly may put what price he please upon it, but to me 'tis no more than the value. Petro.

PET. He says, moreover, that it may stand you in some use and pleasure hereafter, when you grow ancient; for it is worn so thin with often handling, it may serve you for a spectacle.

LIO. Very well.

DUKE. 'Twere a good deed to conspire against him; he has a humour easy to be wrought on, and if you'll undertake him, we'll assist you in the performance.

LIO. With all my heart, gentlemen, and I thank you.

DUKE. Let us defer it no longer then, but instantly about it.

LIO. A match! Lead on; good wit and fortune guide us. [*Exeunt.*

[1] The groats coined in the reign of Henry VIII. are distinguished by different names; as, the *old Harry groat*, the gun-hole groat, the first and second gun-stone groat, &c. The *old Harry groat* is that which has the head of the king, with a long face and long hair. See Hewit's "Treatise on Moins, Coins, &c.," 1775, p. 69.

ACT III., SCENE 1.

Enter BRAVO *and* BOY.

BRAVO. Boy, how sits my rapier?

BOY. Close, sir, like a friend that means[1] to stick to you.

BRAVO. He that will purchase honour and the name of Bravo must, by consequence, be a brave fellow—his title requires it.

BOY. But pray, sir, were you never put to the worst in your days?

BRAVO. Who, I worsted? No, boy; I do manage my rapier with as much readiness and facility as an unicorn does his antler.

BOY. Sure, you must needs be very strong then.

BRAVO. Not so neither; 'tis courage in me. I do it by a sleight, an activity, and by that I can control any man's point whatsoever.

BOY. Is it possible?

BRAVO. I tell thee, boy, I do as much surpass Hercules at my rapier as he did me in club-fighting.[2] [I'll have you] draw[3] a register of those men that have been forced by this weak instrument to lay down their lives. I think it has cut more lives than Atropos.

BOY. But pray, sir, were they all your own exploits?

BRAVO. Indeed, boy, thou may'st question it; for, and they were to perform again, they would

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[1] [Old copy, *meant.*]

[2] Thus Armado, in "Love's Labour's Lost," edit. 1778, vol. ii. p. 394: "I do excel Samson in my rapier as much as he did me in carrying gates."— *Steevens.*

[3] [Edits., *Have you . . . drawn;* but the speaker evidently does not intend to ask the boy whether *he* has drawn the register.]

hardly be done. What will this age come to? Where be those stirring humours that were wont to trouble the world? Peace, I think, will o'erspread them all like a gangrene, and men will die with a lethargy; there's no malice extant, no jealousies, no employment to set wickedness awork! 'tis never a dead time with me but when there's nobody to kill.

BOY. That's a miserable extremity indeed, sir.

BRAVO. Leave me, boy, to my meditations.

[*Exit* BOY.

Enter MOCINIGO.

Well, go thy ways, old Nick Machiavel, there will never be the peer of thee for wholesome policy and good counsel. Thou took'st pains to chalk men out the dark paths and hidden plots of murther and deceit, and no man has the grace to follow thee; the age is unthankful, thy principles are quite forsaken and worn out of memory.

MOC. There's a fellow walks melancholy, and that's commonly a passion apt to entertain any mischief; discontent and honesty seldom harbour together. How scurvily he looks, like one of the devil's factors! I'll tempt him. By your leave, sir.

BRAVO. Ha!

MOC. No hurt, good sir; be not so furious, I beseech you.

BRAVO. What are you?

MOC. I am bold to disturb you, and would fain communicate a business, if you had the patience to hear me.

BRAVO. Speak, what is't?

MOC. You seem a man upon whom fortune, perhaps, has not cast so favourable an aspect as you deserve.

BRAVO. Can you win her to look better?

MOC. Though not her, yet, perhaps, a servant of hers, that shall be as gracious to you and as profitable.

BRAVO. What's she?

MOC. It may be you want money: there is a way to purchase it, if you have the heart.

BRAVO. The heart! Hast thou the heart to speak, nay to conceive, what I dare not undertake?

MOC. A fit instrument for my purpose! How luckily has fortune brought me to him! [*Aside.*] Do you hear, sir, 'tis but the slight killing of a man, or so—no more.

BRAVO. Is that all?

MOC. Is that nothing?

BRAVO. Some queasy stomach might turn, perhaps, at such a motion; but I am more resolved, better hardened. What is he? For I have my several rates, salaries for blood: for a lord, so much; for a knight, so much; a gentleman, so much; a peasant, so much; a stranger, so much, and a native, so much.

MOC. Nay, he is a gentleman, and a citizen of Venice.

BRAVO. Let him be what he will, and we can agree: it has been a foolish ambition heretofore to save them, and men were rewarded for it with garlands;[1] but I had rather destroy one or two of them: they multiply too fast.

MOC. Do you know one Signior Aurelio, then? He is the man; he wooed my mistress, and sought to win her from me.

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[1] The Romans bestowed an oaken wreath on him who had preserved the life of a citizen. The mother of Coriolanus, in Shakespeare, boasts that he "returned, his brows bound with oak."—*Steevens.*

BRAVO. A warrantable cause! show me the man, and 'tis enough.

MOC. And what must I give you?

BRAVO. At a word, thirty livres: I'll not bate you a betso.[1]

MOC. I'll give you twenty.

BRAVO. You bid like a chapman. Well, 'tis a hard time; in hope of your custom hereafter, I'll take your money.

MOC. There 'tis. Now for the means; how can you compass it? Were you not best poison him, think you?

BRAVO. With a bullet or stiletto. Poison him! I scorn to do things so poorly; no, I'll use valour in my villany, or I'll do nothing.

MOC. You speak honourably: and, now I think on't, what if you beat him well-favouredly, and spare his life?

BRAVO. Beat him! stay there; I'll kill him for this sum, but I'll not beat him for thrice the value; so he might do as much for me: no, I'll leave him impotent for all thought of revenge.

Enter LUCRETIA.

MOC. Well, sir, use your pleasure. Look you, here's the gentlewoman for whose sake it is done. Lady, you are come most opportunely to be a witness of my love and zeal to you; he is the man that will do the feat.

LUC. What feat?

MOC. That you and I consulted of; kill the rascal Aurelio, take him out of the way: what

[1] A coin of the least value of any current in Venice; it was worth no more than half a sol, that is, near a farthing. See Coriat's "Crudities," 1611, p. 286.

should he live any longer for? I'll have no man breathe that you disgust.

LUC. Then ought you to go and hang yourself.

MOC. Who, I hang myself! for what? my good service and respect to your quiet? If he have any mind to haunt your chamber hereafter, he shall do it as a ghost, without any substantial shape, I assure you.

LUC. I think the fool is in earnest: I must use policy, and not play away a man's life so. [*Aside.*] Nay, prythee, sweetheart, be not angry, 'twas but to try thee: this kiss and my love. [*Kisses him.*]

MOC. Why, here's some amends yet: now 'tis as it should be.

LUC. I am as deep and eager in this purpose
As you are, therefore grant me leave a little
To talk with him: I have some private counsel
To give him for the better execution.

MOC. May I not hear?

LUC. No, as you love me, go.

MOC. Her humour must be law: we that are suitors
Must deal with women as with towns besieg'd,
Offer them fair conditions till you get them,
And then we'll tyrannise. Yet there's a doubt
Is not resolv'd on.

LUC. Good sir, begone.

MOC. I vanish. Were I best trust this fellow with my mistress?
Temptations may arise: 'tis all one, I am
A right Italian, and the world shall see
That my revenge is above jealousy. [*Exit.*

BRAVO. Now, lady, your pleasure?

LUC. I would not allow myself any conference with you, did my reason persuade me that you were as bad as you seem to be. Pray, what are you?

BRAVO. I am, sweet creature, a kind of lawless

justicer,[1] or usurping martialist of authority, that will kill any man with my safety.

LUC. And you purpose the death of this gentleman?

BRAVO. I will do anything for hire.

LUC. Have you no conscience?

BRAVO. Conscience! I know not what it is. Why should any man live, and I want money?

LUC. Have you no regard then of innocence?

BRAVO. 'Tis crime enough he has a life.

LUC. How long have you been vers'd in this trade?

BRAVO. 'Tis my vocation.

LUC. Leave it; 'tis damnable;
And thou the worst and basest of all villains:
It had been better for the womb that bare thee,
If it had travail'd with a pestilence.
What seed of tigers could beget thee to
Such bold and rash attempts for a small lucre,
Which will be straight as ill-spent as 'twas got,
To destroy that whose essence is divine;
Souls, in themselves more pure than are the heavens,
Or thy ill-boding stars; more worth than all
The treasure lock'd up in the heart of earth;
And yet do this unmov'd or unprovok'd.

BRAVO. I have no other means nor way of living.

LUC. 'Twere better perish than be so supported;
There are a thousand courses to subsist by.

BRAVO. Ay, but a free and daring spirit scorns
To stoop to servile ways, but will choose rather
To purchase his revenue from his sword.

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[1] This expression puts one in mind of Bacon's description of Revenge, when he says that it is "wild justice." A *Bravo* is a revenger of injuries, and may therefore very fitly be called a *lawless justicer*.—*Collier*.

LUC. I see you are grown obdurate in your crimes,
Founded to vice, lost to all piety;
Without the apprehension of what wrong
You do your country in depriving her
Of those she now enjoys as useful members,
And killing their posterity who, perhaps,
Might with their art or industry advance her.
BRAVO. What courteous itch, I wonder, has possess'd
Your virtuous ladyship to give me advice?
Best keep your wits until you get a husband,
Who may perhaps require your learned counsel.
LUC. 'Tis true, such as do act thy villanies,
Hate to be told or think of them; but hear me.
Hast thou no sense nor no remorse of soul?
No thought of any Deity who, though
It spare thee for awhile, will send at last
A quick return of vengeance on thy head,
And dart thee down like Phaeton?
BRAVO. Sweet virgin,
Faces[1] about to some other discourse:
I cannot relish this.
LUC. So I believe; but yet
Compose your thoughts for speedy penitence,
Your life for an amendment, or I vow
To lay your actions open to the senate.
BRAVO. Did not your sweetheart tempt me to this deed,
And will you now betray me?
LUC. He my sweetheart!
I hate you both alike: that very word
Is enough to divorce thee from my pity
Past hope of reconcilement; for what mercy

[1] See note to "The Parson's Wedding," *post*.

Is to be had of two such prodigies?
Will you recant yet? speak, will you be honest?
BRAVO. I think you'll force me to become your patient.
LUC. It is the way to heal thee of a sore,
Whose cure is supernatural. What art,
What mirror is sufficient to demonstrate
The foulness of thy guilt, whose leprous mind
Is but one stain seas cannot cleanse? Why, murder,
'Tis of all vices the most contrary
To every virtue and humanity;
For they intend the pleasure and delight,
But this the dissolution, of nature.
BRAVO. She does begin to move me. [*Aside.*]
LUC. Think of thy sin,
It is the heir-apparent unto hell.
And has so many and so ugly shapes,
His father Pluto and the furies hate
To look on their own birth: yet thou dar'st act
What they fear to suggest, and sell thy soul
To quick perdition.
BRAVO. This has wak'd me more
Into a quicker insight of my evils,
That have impal'd me round with horrid shapes,
More various than the sev'ral forms of dreams,
That wait on Morpheus in his sleepy den.
LUC. Then, 'tis a fearful sin, and always labours
With the new birth of damn'd inventions
And horrid practices: for 'tis so fearful,
It dares not walk alone, and where it bides
There is no rest nor no security,
But a perpetual tempest of despair.
BRAVO. All this I feel by sad experience.
Where have I been, where have I liv'd a stranger,
Exil'd from all good thoughts? Never till now
Did any beam of grace or good shine on me.

LUC. Besides, 'tis so abhorr'd of all that's good
That, when this monster lifts his cursed head
Above the earth, and wraps it in the clouds,
The sun flies back, as loth to stain his rays
With such a foul pollution; and night,
In emulation of so black a deed,
Puts on her darkest robe to cover it.
BRAVO. O, do not grate too much upon my suff'rings!
You have won upon my conscience, and I feel
A sting within me tells my troubled soul,
That I have trod too long those bloody paths,
That lead unto destruction.
LUC. Then be sorry,
And with repentance purge away thy sin.
BRAVO. Will all my days and hours consum'd in prayers,
My eyes dissolv'd to tears, wash off such crimes?
LUC. If they be serious and continued.
BRAVO. You are a virgin, and your vows are chaste;
Do you assist me.
LUC. So you'll do the like
For me in what I shall propose.
BRAVO. I will,
And joy to be employ'd: there is no thought,
Which can proceed from you, but which is virtuous;
And 'tis a comfort and a kind of goodness
To mix with you in any action.
LUC. Nay more, in recompense of your fair proffer,
Because you say you are destitute of means,
I'll see that want supply'd.
BRAVO. Divinest lady,
Command my service.

LUC. Walk then in with me,
And then I will acquaint you with the project.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter DUKE, LIONEL, *and* LEONARDO, PETRUCIO *following.*

DUKE. I see him coming: let's fall into admiration of his good parts, that he may over-hear his own praise.

LIO. I have, methinks, a longing desire to meet with Signior Petrucio.

PET. I hear myself named amongst them. 'Tis no point of civility to listen what opinion the world holds of me, I shall conceive it by their discourse: a man behind his back shall be sure to have nothing but truth spoke of him. [*Aside.*]

LEO. Pray, sir, when saw you that thrice noble and accomplished gentleman Petrucio?

PET. Thrice noble and accomplish'd! there's a new style thrust upon me. [*Aside.*]

DUKE. It pleased the indulgency of my fate to bless me with his company this morning, where he himself was no less favourable to grace me with the perusal of a madrigal or an essay of beauty, which he had then newly compos'd.

LIO. Well, gallants, either my understanding misinforms me, or he is one of the most rare and noble-qualified pieces of gentility, that ever did enrich our climate.

LEO. Believe it, sir, 'twere a kind of profanation to make doubt of the contrary.

PET. How happy am I in such acquaintance! A man shall have his due, when your meaner society has neither judgment to discern worth, nor credit to commend it. [*Aside.*]

DUKE. 'Twas my happiness, th' other day, to be in the presence with certain ladies, where I heard

him the most extolled and approved: one of them was not ashamed to pronounce it openly, that she would never desire more of heaven, than to enjoy such a man for her servant.

PET. It shall be my next employment to inquire out for that lady. [*Aside.*]

LIO. 'Tis a miracle to me how, in so small a competency of time, he should arrive to such an absolute plenitude of perfection.

LEO. No wonder at all; a man that has travelled, and been careful of his time.

LIO. But, by your favour, sir, 'tis not every man's happiness to make so good use on't.

DUKE. I'll resolve you something: there is as great a mystery in the acquisition of knowledge, as of wealth. Have you not a citizen will grow rich in a moment, and why not he ingenious? Besides, who knows but he might have digged for it, and so found out some concealed treasure of understanding.

PET. Now, as I am truly noble, 'tis a wrongful imputation upon me. [*Aside.*]

LEO. Well, if he had but bounty annexed to his other sufficiencies, he were unparalleled.

DUKE. Nay, there's no man in the earth more liberal: take it upon my word, he has not that thing in the world so dear or precious in his esteem, which he will not most willingly part with upon the least summons of his friend.

PET. Now must I give away some two or three hundred pounds' worth of toys, to maintain this assertion. [*Aside.*]

LIO. You spoke of verses e'en now; if you have the copy, pray vouchsafe us a sight of them.

DUKE. I cannot suddenly resolve you: yes, here they are.

LIO. What's this?

A MADRIGAL OF BEAUTY.

If I should praise her virtue and her beauty,
as 'tis my duty;
And tell how every grace doth her become:
'tis ten to one,
But I should fail in the expression.

LEO. Ay marry, sir, this sounds something like excellent.

LIO. *Then, by your leave,*
Although I cannot write what I conceive;
'tis my desire,
That what I fail to speak, you would admire.

LEO. Why, this has some taste in't: how should he arrive to this admirable invention?

DUKE. Are you so preposterous in your opinion, to think that wit and elegancy in writing are only confined to stagers and book-worms? 'Twere a solecism to imagine that a young bravery, who lives in the perpetual sphere of humanity, where every waiting-woman speaks perfect Arcadia,[1] and the ladies lips distil with the very quintessence of conceit, should be so barren of apprehension, as not to participate of their virtues.

LEO. Now I consider, they are great helps to a man.

DUKE. But when he has travelled, and delibated the French[2] and the Spanish; can lie a-bed, and expound *Astræa*,[3] and digest him into compliments; and when he is up, accost his mistress with what

[1] The romance by Sir Philip Sydney.

[2] *i.e.*, Had a taste of, *Delibo*, Lat. So Claudian. *B. Get.* 351, "Contentus *delibasse* cibos."—*Steevens.*

[3] [A French romance by Honorè d'Urfè, which had been translated into English in 1620. It was formerly very popular. Another translation was made in 1657-8, 3 vols. folio.]

he had read in the morning; now, if such a one should rack up his imagination, and give wings to his muse, 'tis credible, he should more catch your delicate court-ear, than all you head-scratchers, thumb-biters, lamp-wasters of them all.

LEO. Well, I say the iniquity of fortune appears in nothing more, than not advancing that man to some extraordinary honours.

LIO. But I never thought he had any genius that way.

DUKE. What, because he has been backward to produce his good qualities? Believe it, poetry will out; it can no more be hid than fire or love.

PET. I'll break them off, they have e'en spoken enough in my behalf for nothing, o' conscience. [*Aside.*]

Save you, Cavalieros!

DUKE. My much honoured Petrucio, you are welcome; we were now entered into a discourse of your worth. Whither do your occasions enforce you so fast?

PET. Gentlemen, to tell you true, I am going upon some raptures.

LEO. Upon raptures, say you.

PET. Yes, my employment is tripartite: I have here an anagram to a lady I made of her name this morning, with a poesy to another, that must be inserted into a ring; and here's a paper carries a secret word too, that must be given, and worn by a knight and tilter; and all my own imaginations, as I hope to be blessed.

LIO. Is't possible? how, have you lately drunk of the horsepond,[1] or stepped on the forked Parnassus, that you start out so sudden a poet?

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[1] [Hippocrene.] So Persius: "Fonte labra prolui *Caballino.*"—*Steevens.*

PET. Tut! I leave your Helicons and your pale Pirenes,[1] to such as will look after them. For my own part, I follow the instigation of my brain, and scorn other helps.

LIO. Do you so?

PET. I'll justify it: the multiplicity of learning does but distract a man. I am all for your modern humours, and when I list to express a passion, it flows from me with that spring of amorous conceits, that a true lover may hang his head over, and read in it the very phys'nomy of his affection.

DUKE. Why, this is a rare mirror! [*Aside.*]

LEO. 'Tis so indeed, and beyond all the art of optics. [*Aside.*]

PET. And when my head labours with the pangs of delivery, by chance up comes a countess's waiting-woman, at whose sight, as at the remembrance of a mistress, my pen falls out of my hand; and then do I read to her half-a-dozen lines, whereat we both sit together, and melt into tears.

LEO. Pitiful-hearted creatures! [*Aside.*]

PET. I am now about a device that this gentleman has promis'd shall be presented before his highness.

DUKE. Yes, upon my word, sir, and yourself with it.

PET. Shall the duke take notice of me too? O heavens! how you transport me with the thought on't!

DUKE. I'll bring you to him, believe me, and you know not what grace he may do you.

PET. 'Tis a happiness beyond mortals! I cannot tell, it may be my good fortune to advance you all.

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[1] So Persius: "Pallidamque Pyrenen."—*Steevens.*

LIO. We shall be glad to have dependence on you.

PET. Gentles, I would intreat you a courtesy.

DUKE. What's that, signior?

PET. That you would be all pleas'd to grace my lodging to-morrow at a banquet: there will be ladies and gallants; and among the rest, I'll send to invite your uncle the Antiquary; and we'll be very merry, I assure you.

LEO. Well, sir, your bounty commands us not to fail you.

PET. Bounty! there's a memorandum for me. [*Writes in his note-book.*] In the meantime, pray accept these few favours at my hands,[1] as assurances that you will not fail me; till when, I take my leave. [*Exit.*

LIO. Farewell, sir. Go thy ways; thou hast as dull a piece of scalp as ere covered the brain of any traveller. [*Aside.*]

DUKE. For love's sake, Lionel, let's haste to thy uncle, before the coxcomb prevent us.

LIO. Why, sir, I stay for you.

LEO. Has Petro prepar'd him for your entrance, and is your disguise fit?

LIO. I have all in readiness.

DUKE. On then, and when you are warm in your discourse, we'll come with our device to affright him: 'twill be an excellent scene of affliction.

LEO. Be sure you mark your cue, sir, and do not fail to approach.

DUKE. Trust to my care, I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*

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[1] [He probably distributes among them some of his MSS. verses.]

Enter AURELIO *and* SERVANT.

AUR. A gentlewoman without speak with me, say you?

SER. Yes, sir, and will by no means be put back.

AUR. I am no lawyer, nor no secretary: what business can she have here, I wonder?

SER. She is very importunate to enter.

AUR. I was once in the humour never to admit any of them to come near me again, but since she is so eager, let her approach. I'll try my strength, what proof 'tis against her enchantments: if ever Ulysses were more provident, or better arm'd to sail by the Sirens, I'll perish; if she have the art to impose upon me, let her beg my wit for an anatomy, and dissect it!

Enter LUCRETIA.

Now, Lady Humour, what new emotion in the blood has turn'd the tide of your fancy to come hither?

LUC. These words are but unkind salutes to a gentlewoman.

AUR. They are too good for you. With what face dare you approach hither, knowing how infinitely you have abused me? You want matter to exercise your wits on; the world's too wise for you; and, ere you ensnare me again, you'll have good luck.

LUC. Pray, sir, do not reiterate those things which might better be forgotten. I confess I have done ill, because I am a woman and young, and 'will be nobleness in you not to remember it.

AUR. I'll sooner plough up [the] shore and sow it, and live in expectation of a crop, before I'll

think the least good from any of your sex, while I breathe again.

LUC. I hope, sir, that time and experience will rectify your judgment to a better opinion of us.

AUR. I'll trust my ship to a storm, my substance to a broken citizen, ere I'll credit any of you.

LUC. Good sir, be intreated: I come a penitent lover, with a vow'd recantation to all former practices and malicious endeavours, that I have wrought against you.

AUR. How can I think better of you, when I consider your nature, your pride, your treachery, your covetousness, your lust; and how you commit perjury easier than speak?

LUC. Sure, 'tis no desert in us, but your own misguided thoughts that move in you this passion.

AUR. Indeed, time was I thought you pretty foolish things to play withal, and was so blinded as to imagine that your hairs were golden threads,[1] that your eyes darted forth beams, that laughter sat smiling on your lips, and the coral itself looked pale to them: that you moved like a goddess, and diffused your pleasures wide as the air: then could I prevent the rising sun[2] to wait on you, ob-

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[1] "That your *hairs* were golden threads," is the true reading; but Mr Reed allowed it to stand, "that your *hearts* were golden threads," which is nonsense, or very near it. Shakespeare has the same expression in his "Rape of Lucrece"—

"Her *hair, like golden threads*, play'd with her breath."

—*Collier.*

[2] *i.e.*, Go before. So in the 119th Psalm: "Mine eyes *prevent* the night watches."—*Steevens.*

Again, in the office of consecrating Cramp Rings: "We beseech thee, O Lord, that the Spirit which proceeds from thee may *prevent* and follow in our desires," &c.—*Reed.*

One of the Collects of the Church Service begins, "*Prevent* us, O Lord, in all our doings."—*Collier.*

served every nod you cast forth, had the patience to hear your discourse, and admired you, when you talked of your visits, of the court, of councils, of nobility, and of your ancestors.

LUC. And were not these pleasing to you?

AUR. Nothing but a heap of tortures: but since I have learned the Delphic Oracle, to *know myself*, and ponder what a deal of mischief you work, I am content to live private and solitary, without any pensive thought what you do, or what shall become of you.

LUC. Sir, if you calculate all occasions, I have not merited this neglect from you.

AUR. Yes, and more. Do you not remember what tasks you were wont to put me to, and expenses? when I bestowed on you gowns and petticoats, and you in exchange gave me bracelets and shoe-ties? how you fooled me sometimes, and set me to pin plaits in your ruff, two hours together, and made a waiting frippery of me? how you racked my brain to compose verses for you—a thing I could never abide? Nay, in my conscience, and I had not took courage, you had brought me to spin, and beat me with your slippers.

LUC. Well, sir, I perceive you are resolved to hear no reason; but, before my sorrowful departure, know she that you slight is the preserver of your life; therefore I dare be bold to call you ingrate, and in that I have spoke all that can be ill in man.[1]

AUR. Pray, stay; come back a little.

LUC. Not till you are better-tempered. What I have revealed is true; and though you prove unthankful, good deeds reward themselves: the con-

[1] Alluding to the ancient aphorism, *Ingratus si dixeris, omnia dixeris.*

science of the fact shall pay my virtue. So I leave you. [*Exit.*

AUR. That I should owe my life to her! which way, I wonder? Something depends on this, I must win out: well, I will not forswear it, but the toy may take me in the head, and I may see her. [*Exit.*

Enter ANTIQUARY *and* PETRO.

ANT. Has he such rare things, say you?

PET. Yes, sir, I believe you have not seen the like of them: they are a couple of old manuscripts, found in a wall,[1] and stored up with the foundation; it may be they are the writings of some prophetess.

ANT. What moves you to think so, Petro?

PET. Because, sir, the characters are so imperfect; for time has eaten out the letters, and the dust makes a parenthesis[2] betwixt every syllable.

ANT. A shrewd, convincing argument! this fellow has a notable reach with him. Go, bid him enter. A hundred to one some fool has them in possession that knows not their value: it may be a man may purchase them for little or nothing——

Enter LIONEL, *like a scholar, with two books.*

Come near, friend, let me see what you have there. Umph, 'tis, as I said, they are of the old Roman binding. What's the price of these?

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[1] [Possibly the author had in his recollection Wimbeldon's "Godlie Sermon," preached at Paul's Cross in 1388, and "found out hyd in a wall;" printed in 1584.]

[2] This is borrowed from the character of an Antiquary, in [Earle's] "Micro-Cosmographie, or a Piece of the World Discovered," 12°, 1628: "Printed books he contemnes as a novelty of this latter age; but a manuscript he pores on everlastingly, especially if the cover be all moth-eaten, and *the dust make a parenthesis between every syllable.*"

LIO. I would be loth, sir, to sell them under rate, only to merit laughter for my rashness; therefore I thought good to bestow them on you, and refer myself to your wisdom and free nature for my satisfaction.

ANT. You say well; then am I bound again in conscience to deal justly with you: will five hundred crowns content you?

LIO. I'll demand no more, sir.

ANT. Petro, see them delivered. Now I need not fear to tell you what they are: this is a book *de Republica*, 'tis Marcus Tullius Cicero's own hand writing; I have some other books of his penning give me assurance of it.[1]

PET. And what's the other, sir?

ANT. This other is a book of mathematics, that was long lost in darkness, and afterwards restored by Ptolemy.

LIO. I wonder, sir, unless you were Time's secretary, how you should arrive to this intelligence.

ANT. I know it by more than inspiration. You had them out of a wall, you say.

LIO. Yes, sir.

ANT. Well, then, however you came by them, they were first brought to Venice by Cardinal Grimani,[2] a patriarch, and were digged out of the ruins of Aquileia, after it was sacked by Attila king of the Huns.

LIO. This to me is wonderful.

ANT. Petro, I mean to retire, and give myself wholly to contemplation of these studies; and because nothing shall hinder me, I mean to lease out

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[1] [The antiquary was fortunate in the possession of what is still unknown in a complete state. Fragments, recovered from a palimpsest, have been printed by Cardinal Mai.]

[2] [Old copy, *Girmanus.*]

my lands and live confined: inquire me out a chapman that will take them of me.

LIO. If you please to let them, sir, I will help you to a tenant.

ANT. Will you, sir? with all my heart, and I'll afford him the better bargain for your sake.

PET. He may pay the rent with counters, and make him believe they are antiquities.

ANT. What's the yearly rent of them, Petro?

PET. They have been racked, sir, to three thousand crowns; but the old rent was never above fifteen hundred.

ANT. Go to, you have said enough; I'll have no more than the old rent. Name your man, and the indentures shall be drawn.

LIO. Before I propose that, sir, I thought good to acquaint you with a specialty I found among other writings which, having a seal to it and a name subscribed, does most properly belong to you.

ANT. Let me see it. What's here? Signior Giovanni Veterano di Monte Nigro! He was my great grandfather, and this is an old debt of his that remains yet uncancelled. You could never have pleased me better to my cost: this ought, in conscience, to be discharged, and I'll see it satisfied the first thing I do. Come along.

PET. Will you afford your nephew no exhibition out of your estate, sir?

ANT. Not a sol; not a gazet.[1] I have articles to propose before the senate shall disinherit him.

LIO. Have you, sir? Not justly, I hope. Pray, what are they?

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[1] A *gazet*, says Coriat (p. 286), "is almost a penny; whereof ten doe make a liver, that is, nine pence." Newspapers being originally sold for that piece of money, acquired their present name of *Gazettes*.—See Junius "Etymol." voce Gazette.

ANT. One of them is, he sent me letters beyond sea, dated *Stilo Novo*.[1]

LIO. That was a great oversight.

ANT. Then you remember, Petro, he took up commodities, new-fashioned stuffs, when he was under age, too, that he might cosen his creditors.

PET. Yes, sir.

ANT. And afterwards found out a new way to pay them, too.

LIO. He served them but in their kind, sir: perhaps they meant to have cheated him.

ANT. 'Tis all one; I'll have no such practices. But the worst of all: one time, when I found him drunk, and chid him for his vice, he had no way to excuse himself, but to say, he would become a new man.

LIO. That was heinously spoken, indeed!

ANT. These are sufficient aggravations to any one that shall understand my humour.

Enter DUKE *and* LEONARDO.

DUKE. Save you, sir!

ANT. These gentlemen shall be witnesses to the bonds. You are very welcome!

DUKE. I hardly believe it, when you hear our message.

ANT. Why, I beseech you?

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[1] The manner of dating letters from abroad, before the alteration of the calendar, according to the reformation of it by Pope Gregory XIII. In "The Woman's Prize; or, the Tamer Tam'd," by Beaumont and Fletcher [Dyce's edit. vii. 194], Maria says to Petruchio, who had threatened to travel, in order to be rid of her—

> "I do commit your reformation;
> And so I leave you to your *stilo novo*."

—[Act. iv. sc. 5.]

DUKE. I am sorry to be made the unkind instrument to wrong you; but since 'tis a task imposed from so great a command, I hope you will the easier be induced to dispense with me.

ANT. Come nearer to your aim: I understand you not.

DUKE. Then thus, sir: the duke has been informed of your rarities; and holding them an unfit treasure for a private man to possess, he hath sent his mandamus to take them from you. See, here's his hand for the delivery.

ANT. O, O!

LEO. What ails you, sir?

ANT. I am struck with a sudden sickness: some good man help to keep my soul in, that is rushing from me, and will by no means be entreated to continue!

LIO. Pray, sir, be comforted.

ANT. Comfort! no, I despise it: he has given me daggers to my heart!

LEO. Show yourself a man, sir, and contemn the worst of fortune.

ANT. Good sir, could not you have invented a less studied way of torture to take away my life?

DUKE. I hope 'twill not work so deeply with you.

ANT. Nay, and 'twould stop there, 'twere well; but 'tis a punishment will follow me after death, and afflict me worse than a fury.

LEO. I much pity the gentleman's case.

ANT. Think what 'tis to lose a son when you have brought him up, or, after a seven years' voyage, to see your ship sink in the harbour!

DUKE. 'Twere a woeful spectacle, indeed!

ANT. They are but tickling to this: I have been all my life a-gathering what I must now lose in a

moment. The sacking of a city is nothing to be compared with it.

LEO. And that's lamentable.

ANT. 'Twill but only give you a light to conceive of my misery.

LIO. Pray, sir, be not importunate to take them this time; but try rather, if by any means you can revoke the decree.

DUKE. 'Twill be somewhat dangerous; but, for your sake, I'll try.

ANT. Shall I hope any comfort? Then, upon my credit, gentlemen, I'll appoint you all mine heirs, so soon as I am dead.

DUKE. You speak nobly.

ANT. Nay, and because you shall not long gape after it, I'll die within a month, and set you down all joint executors.

LIO. But when you are freed from the terror of his imposition, will you not recant?

ANT. Nay, and you doubt me, walk along, and I'll confirm't upon you instantly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

Enter ÆMILIA *and* ANGELIA, *disguised.*

ÆMI. Why, gentle boy, think what a happy bliss
Thou shalt enjoy, before thou know'st what 'tis!

ANG. 'Twill be a dear experiment, to waste
My prime and flower of youth, and suffer all
Those liquid sweats to be extracted from me
By the hot influence of consuming lust,
Only to find how well you can express
What skilful arts are hid in wickedness!

ÆMI. Thou dream'st, fond boy: those sweets of youth and beauty

Were lent, to be employ'd upon their like;
And when they both do meet, and are extinguish'd,
From their mix'd heat a rich perfume shall rise,
And burn, to love a grateful sacrifice.
ANG. But I'll not be so prodigal to lavish
Such gifts away, that be irrevocable
And yet the first that leave us.
ÆMI. 'Twill be ne'er exacted,
How soon you have bestow'd them, but how well.
What good or profit can a hidden treasure[1]
Do more than feed the miser's greedy eye,
When, if 'twere well bestow'd, it might enrich
The owner and the user of it? Such
Is youth and nature's bounty, that receive
A gain from the expense; but, were there none
But a mere damage, yet the pleasure of it
And the delight would recompense the loss.
ANG. Whate'er the pleasure be or the delight,
I am too young, not plum'd for such a flight.
ÆMI. Too young? a poor excuse! alas, your will
Is weaker than your power. No one can be
Too young to learn good acts; and, for my part,
I am not taken with a boisterous sinew,
A brawny limb or back of Hercules,
But with a soft delicious beauty; such
As people, looking on his doubtful sex,
Might think him male or female.
ANG. I cannot blame
These just Italians, to lock up their wives,
That are so free and dissolute: they labour
Not with their country's heat more than their own.
Will you be satisfied? I am too young.

[1] See Milton's "Comus," l. 739, &c.

ÆMI. Too young! I like you the better. There is a price
Due to the early cherry: the first apples
Deserve more grace: the budding rose is set by;
But, stale and fully-blown, is left for vulgars
To rub their sweaty fingers on. Too young!
As well you may affirm the tender tree
Too young to graft upon; or you may say,
The rising sun's too young to court the day.

ANG. But there are bonds Hymen has laid upon you,
Keep us asunder.

ÆMI. Those are only toys,
Shadows, mere apparitions of doubt
To affright children. Do but yield unto me,
My arms shall be thy sphere to wander in,
Circled about with spells to charm these fears;
And when thou sleep'st, Cupid shall crown thy slumbers[1]
With thousand shapes of lustful dalliance:
Then will I bathe thee in ambrosia,
And from my lips distil such nectar on thee,
Shall make thy flesh immortal.

Enter LORENZO.

LOR. How now, wife, is this your exercise?
Wife, did I say? Stain of my blood and issue,
The great antipathy unto my nature,
Courting your paramour! Death to my honour!
What have I seen and heard? Curse of my fate!
Would I had first been deaf, or thou struck dumb,

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[1] So in "King Henry IV., Part I."—

"And on thine eye-lids *crown* the god of sleep."

—*Steevens.* [The whole passage seems to be imitated from one in "Venus and Adonis."]

Before this Gorgon, this damn'd vision,
Had numb'd my faculties.
ÆMI. What have you seen
Or heard more than a dialogue I read
This morning in a book?
LOR. Would thou and that book
Were both burnt for heretics! You genial powers,
Why did you send this serpent to my bosom,
To pierce me through with greater cruelty
Than Cleopatra felt from stings of adders?
Hence from my sight, thou venom to my eyes!
Would I could look thee dead, or with a frown
Dissect thee into atoms, and then hurl them
About the world to cast infection,
And blister all they light on!
ÆMI. You are mad,
And rave without a cause.
LOR. O heavens! she means
To justify her sin! Can'st thou redeem
Thy lost fame and my wrongs?
ÆMI. No, sir, I'll leave you;
You are too passionate.
ANG. Pray, sir, be satisfied; we meant no hurt.
LOR. What charm held back my hand, I did not let
Her foul blood out, then throw't into the air,
Whence it might mount up to the higher region,
And there convert into some fearful meteor,
To threaten all her kindred? Stay, sweet child,
For thou art virtuous: yet go, however;
Thou putt'st me in remembrance of some ill.
Diana blush'd Actæon to a stag: [*Exit.* ANG.
What shall lust do? Chastity made horns!
I shall be grafted with a horrid pair;
And between every branch a written scroll
Shall speak my shame, that foot-boys shall discern it,

And sailors read it, as they pass along!
If I bear this, I have no soul nor spleen.
I must invent some mischief. Smallest cares
Are talkative, whilst great ones silent are.[1] [*Exit.*

Enter ÆMILIA.

ÆMI. What have I done, that with a clue of lust
Have wrought myself in such a labyrinth,
Whence I shall ne'er get free? There is no wrong
Like to the breach of wedlock: those injuries
Are writ in marble, time shall ne'er rase out.
The hearts of such, if they be once divided,
Will ne'er grow one again: sooner you may
Call the spent day, or bid the stream return,
That long since slid beside you. I am lost;
Quite forfeited to shame, which till I felt,
I ne'er foresaw; so was the less prepared.
But yet, they say, a woman's wit is sudden,
And quick at an excuse. I was too foolish.
Had he confounded heaven and earth with oaths,
I might have sworn him down, or wept so truly,
That he should sooner question his own eyes,
Than my false tears: this had been worth the acting:
Or else I might have stood to the defence on't,
Been angry, and took a courage from my crimes;
But I was tame and ignorant!

Enter LIONEL.

LIO. Save you, lady!

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[1] So Seneca—

"Curæ leves loquuntur: ingentes stupent."

—*Pegge.*

ÆMI. O signior Lionel, you have undone me.
LIO. Who, I! Which way?
ÆMI. The boy you brought my husband.
LIO. Ay, what of him?
ÆMI. He is a witch, a thief,
That has stol'n all my honours. His smooth visage
Seem'd like a sea becalm'd or a safe harbour,
Where love might ride securely, but was found
A dangerous quick-sand, wherein are perish'd
My hopes and fortunes, by no art or engine
To be weigh'd up again.
LIO. Instruct me how?
ÆMI. Teach me the way then, that I may relate
My own ill story with as great a boldness
As I did first conceive, and after act it.
What wicked error led my wand'ring thoughts
To gaze on his false beauty, that has prov'd
The fatal minute of my mind's first ruin?
Shall I be brief?
LIO. What else?
ÆMI. How can I speak,
Or plead with hope, that have so bad a cause!
LIO. You torture me too much: the fear of evil
Is worse than the event.
ÆMI. Then, though my heart
Abhor the memory, I'll tell it out.—
The boy I mentioned (whatever power
Did lay on me so sad a punishment)
I did behold him with a lustful eye,
And, which is the perfection of sin,
Did woo him to my will.
LIO. Well, what of that?
You are not the first offender in that kind.
ÆMI. My suit no sooner ended, but came in
My jealous husband.
LIO. That was something indeed!

ÆMI. Who overheard us all.
LIO. A shrewd mischance!
ÆMI. Judge with what countenance he did behold me,
Or I view him, that had so great a guilt
Hang on my brow. My looks and hot desire
Both fell together; whilst he, big with anger,
And swol'n high with revenge, hastes from my presence,
Only to study how to inflict some torture,
Which I stay to expect: and here you see
The suffering object of his cruelty.
LIO. Methinks it were an easy thing for one
That were ingenious, to retort all
On his own head, and make him ask forgiveness.
ÆMI. That would be a scene indeed!
LIO. I have been fortunate
In such turns in my days.
ÆMI. Could you do this,
I'd swear you had more wit than Mercury,
Or his son Autolycus [1] that was able
To change black into white.
LIO. Do not despair:
I have a genius was ne'er false to me;
If he should fail me now in these extremes,
I would not only wonder, but renounce him:
He tells me, something may be done. Be rul'd,
And if I plot not so, to make all hit,
Then you shall take the mortgage of my wit.
ÆMI. However, sir, you speak comfortably.
[*Exeunt.*

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[1] Famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery—

"Non fuit Autolyci tam piccata manus."

—*Martial.*

See Mr Steevens's note on "The Winter's Tale," act iv. sc. 2.

Enter AURELIO *above;* DUKE *and* LEONARDO [*pass*] *over the stage.*

AUR. Good morrow, gentlemen. What, you are for the feast, I perceive.

DUKE. Master Aurelio, good morrow to you. Whose chamber's that, I pray?

AUR. My own, sir, now; I thank ill fortune and a good wife.

DUKE. What! are you married, and your friends not pre-acquainted? This will be construed amongst them.

AUR. A stolen wedding, sir! I was glad to apprehend any occasion, when I found her inclining. We'll celebrate the solemnities hereafter, when there shall be nothing wanting to make our Hymen happy and flourishing.

LEO. In good time, sir. Who is your spouse, I pray?

AUR. Marry, sir, a creature for whose sake I have endured many a heat and cold, before I could vanquish her. She has proved one of Hercules' labours to me; but time, that prefers all things, made my long toil and affection both successful: and, in brief, 'tis mistress Lucretia, as very a haggard as ever was brought to fist.

DUKE. Indeed! I have often heard you much complain of her coyness and disdain; what auspicious charm has now reconciled you together?

AUR. There is, sir, a critical minute in every man's wooing, when his mistress may be won; which if he carelessly neglect to prosecute, he may wait long enough before he gain the like opportunity.

LEO. It seems, sir, you have lighted upon't. We wish you much joy in your fair choice.

AUR. Thank you, gentlemen; and I to either of you no worse fortune. But that my wife is not yet risen, I would intreat you take the pains come up and visit her.

DUKE. No, sir, that would be uncivil; we'll wait some fitter occasion to gratulate your rites. Good-morrow to you. [*Exeunt.*

AUR. Your servant! Nay, lie you still, and dare not so much as proffer to mutter; for if you do, I vanish. Now, if you will revolt, you may. I have laid a stain upon your honour, which you shall wash off as well as you can.

Enter LUCRETIA.

LUC. Was this done like a gentleman, or indeed like a true lover, to bring my name in question, and make me no less than your whore? Was I ever married to you? Speak.

AUR. No; but you may, when you please.

LUC. Why were you then so impudent to proclaim such a falsehood, and say I was your wife, and that you had lain with me, when 'twas no such matter?

AUR. Because I meant to make you so, and no man else should do it.

LUC. 'Slight, this is a device to over-reach a woman with! He has madded me, and I would give a hundred crowns I could scold out my anger. [*Aside.*]

AUR. Come, there's no injury done to you but what lies in my power to make whole again.

LUC. Your power to make whole! I'll have no man command me so far. What can any lawful

jury judge of my honesty, upon such proofs as these, when they shall see a gentleman making himself ready[1] so early, and saluting them out of the chamber, whither (like a false man) thou hast stolen in by the bribery of my servant? Is this no scandal?

AUR. 'Twas done on purpose, and I am glad my inventions thrive so; therefore do not stand talking, but resolve.

LUC. What should I resolve?

AUR. To marry me for the safeguard of your credit, and that suddenly; for I have made a vow that, unless you will do it without delay, I'll not have you at all.

LUC. Some politician counsel me! There's no such torment to a woman, though she affect a thing ever so earnestly, yet to be forced to it.

AUR. What, are you agreed?

LUC. Well, you are a tyrant, lead on: what must be, must be; but if there were any other way in the earth to save my reputation, I'd never have thee.

AUR. Then I must do you a courtesy against your will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PETRUCIO *and* COOK.

PET. Come, honest cook, let me see how thy imagination has wrought, as well as thy fingers, and what curiosity thou hast shown in the preparation of this banquet; for gluttoning delights to be ingenious.

COOK. I have provided you a feast, sir, of twelve dishes, whereof each of them is an emblem of one of the twelve signs in the Zodiac.

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[1] [Dressing himself.]

PET. Well said! Who will now deny that cookery is a mystery?

COOK. Look you, sir, there is the list of them.

PET. Aries, Taurus, Gemini; good: for Aries, a dish of lamb-stones and sweet-breads; for Taurus, a sirloin of beef; for Gemini, a brace of pheasants; for Cancer, a buttered crab; for Libra, a balance—in one scale a custard, in the other a tart—that's a dish for an alderman; for Virgo, a green salad; for Scorpio, a grand one; for Sagittarius, a pasty of venison; for Aquarius, a goose; for Pisces, two mullets. Is that all?

COOK. Read on, sir.

PET. And in the middle of the table, to have an artificial hen, made of puff-paste, with her wings displayed, sitting upon eggs composed of the same materials; where in each of them shall be enclosed a fat nightingale, well seasoned with pepper and amber-grease.[1] So then will I add one invention

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[1] Ambergrease was formerly an ingredient used in heightening sauces. So in Milton's "Paradise Regained," book ii. l. 344—

"In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris amber steam'd."—*Steevens.*

On this passage Dr Newton observes, that "ambergris, or grey amber, is esteemed the best, and used in perfumes and cordials." A curious lady communicated the following remarks upon this passage to Mr Peck, which we will here transcribe: "*Grey amber* is the amber our author here speaks of, and melts like butter. It was formerly a main ingredient in every concert for a banquet—viz., to fume the meat with, and that whether boiled, roasted, or baked; laid often on the top of a baked pudding; which last I have eat of at an old courtier's table. And I remember, in our old chronicle there is much complaint of the nobilities being made sick, at Cardinal Wolsey's banquets, with rich scented cates and dishes most costly dressed with *ambergris*. I also recollect I once saw a little book writ by a gentlewoman of Queen Elizabeth's Court, where ambergris is mentioned as

more of my own; for I will have all these descend from the top of my roof in a throne, as you see Cupid or Mercury in a play.

COOK. That will be rare indeed, sir! [*Exit.*

Enter DUKE *and* LEONARDO.

PET. See, the guests are come; go, and make all ready. Gentles, you are welcome.

DUKE. Is the Antiquary arrived, or no? can you tell, sir?

PET. Not yet, but I expect him each minute—

Enter ANTIQUARY.

See, your word has charmed him hither already!

DUKE. Signior, you are happily encountered, and the rather, because I have good news to tell you: the Duke has been so gracious as to release his demand for your antiquities.

ANT. Has he? You have filled me all over with spirit, with which I will mix sixteen glasses of wine to his health, the first thing I do. Would I knew his highness, or had a just occasion to present my loyalty at his feet!

DUKE. For that, take no thought; it shall be my care to bring you and Signior Petrucio here both

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the *haut-gout* of that age." So far this curious lady; and Beaumont and Fletcher, in the "Custom of the Country," act iii. sc. 2—

"Be sure
The wines be lusty, high, and full of spirit,
And *amber'd* all."

It appears also to have been esteemed a restorative, being mentioned, with other things used for that purpose, in Marston's "Fawne," act ii. sc. 1. See also Surflet's Translation of Laurentius's "Discourse of Old Age, &c.," 1599, p. 194.

before him. I have already acquainted him with both your worths, and for aught I can gather by his speech, he intends to do you some extraordinary honours: it may be, he will make one a senator, because of his age: and on the other, bestow his daughter or niece in marriage. There's some such thing hatching, I assure you.

PET. Very likely, I imagined as much: that last shall be my lot; I knew some such destiny would befall me. [*Aside.*] Shall we be jovial upon this news, and thrust all sadness out of doors?

LEO. For our parts, Vitellius was never so voluptuous: all our discourse shall run wit to the last.

DUKE. Our mirth shall be the quintessence of pleasure,
And our delight flow with that harmony,
Th' ambitious spheres shall to the centre shrink,
To hear our music; such ravishing accents,
As are from poets in their fury hurl'd,
When their outrageous raptures fill the world.

PET. There spoke my genius! [*Aside.*]

ANT. Now you talk of music, have you e'er a one that can play us an old lesson, or sing us an old song?

PET. An old lesson! yes, he shall play *The Beginning of the World;*[1] and for a song, he shall sing one that was made to the moving of the orbs, when they were first set in tune.

ANT. Such a one would I hear.

PET. Walk in then, and it shall not be long, before I satisfy your desires. [*Exeunt.*

[1] [Or Sellenger's *Round.* See Chappell's "Popular Music," pp. 69, 70.]

Enter PETRO *and* JULIA, *with two bottles.*

JULIA. Come, master Petro, welcome heartily; while they are drinking within, we'll be as merry as the maids: I stole these bottles from under the cupboard, on purpose against your coming.

PET. Courteous mistress Julia, how shall I deserve this favour from you?

JULIA. There is a way, master Petro, if you could find it; but the tenderness of your youth keeps you in ignorance: 'tis a great fault, I must tell you.

PET. I shall strive to amend it, if you please to instruct me, lady.

JULIA. Alas, do not you know what maids love all this while? You must come oftener amongst us; want of company keeps the spring of your blood backward.

PET. It does so; but you shall see, when we are private, I shall begin to practise with you better.

Enter BACCHA.

BAC. Master Petro, this was kindly done of you.

PET. What's my master a-doing, can you tell?

BAC. Why, they are as jovial as twenty beggars, drink their whole cups, six glasses at a health: your master's almost tipped already.

PET. So much the better, his business is the sooner dispatched.

JULIA. Well let us not stand idle, but verify the proverb, *Like master, like man;* and it shall go hard, Master Petro, but we will put you in the same cue.

PET. Let me have fair play, put nothing in my cup, and do your worst.

BAC. Unless the cup have that virtue to retain

the print of a kiss or the glance of an eye, to enamour you: nothing else, I assure you.

PET. For that I shall be more thirsty of than of the liquor.

JULIA. Then let's make no more words, but about it presently. Come, Master Petro, will you walk in?

PET. I attend you.

BAC. It shall go hard, but I'll drink him asleep, and then work some knavery upon him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DUKE, LEONARDO, *and the* ANTIQUARY *drunk.*

ANT. I'll drink with all Xerxes' army now; a whole river at a draught.

DUKE. By'r lady, sir, that requires a large swallow.

ANT. 'Tis all one to our noble duke's health: I can drink no less, not a drop less; and you his servants will pledge me, I am sure.

LEO. Yes, sir, if you could show us a way, when we had done, how to build water-mills in our bellies.

ANT. Do you what you will; for my part, I will begin it again and again, till Bacchus himself shall stand amazed at me.

LEO. But should this quantity of drink come up, 'twere enough to breed a deluge, and drown a whole country.

ANT. No matter, they can ne'er die better than to be drowned in the duke's health.

DUKE. Well, sir, I'll acquaint him how much he is beholden to you.

ANT. Will you believe me, gentlemen, upon my credit?

LEO. Yes, sir, anything.

ANT. Do you see these breeches then?

LEO. Ay, what of them?

ANT. These were Pompey's breeches, I assure you.

DUKE. Is't possible?

ANT. He had his denomination from them: he was called Pompey the Great, from wearing these great breeches.

LEO. I never heard so much before.

ANT. And this was Julius Cæsar's hat, when he was killed in the Capitol; and I am as great as either of them at this present.

LEO. Like enough so.

ANT. And in my conceit I am as honourable.

DUKE. If you are not, you deserve to be.

ANT. Where's Signor Petrucio?

Enter PETRUCIO *and* GASPARO.

PET. Nay, good father, do not trouble me now; 'tis enough now, that I have promised you to go to the duke with me; in the meantime, let me work out matters; do not clog me in the way of my preferment. When I am a nobleman, I will do by you, as Jupiter did by the other deities; that is, I will let down my chair of honour, and pull you up after me.[1]

GAS. Well, you shall rule me, son. [*Exit.*

DUKE. Signor, where have you been?

PET. I have been forcing my brain to the composition of a few verses, in the behalf of your entertainment, and I never knew them flow so dully from me before: an exorcist would have conjured you up half-a-dozen spirits in the space.

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[1] See Homer's "Iliad," viii:—

Σειρὴν χρυσείην ἐξ οὐρανόθεν κρεμάσαντες, &c.

—*Steevens.*

LEO. Indeed, I heard you make a fearful noise, as if you had been in travail with some strange monster.

PET. But I have brought them out at last, I thank Minerva, and without the help of a mid-wife.

ANT. Reach me a chair: I'll sit down, and read them for you.

LEO. You read them!

ANT. Yes, but I'll put on my optics first. Look you, these were Hannibal's spectacles.

DUKE. Why, did Hannibal wear spectacles?

ANT. Yes; after he grew dim with dust in following the camp, he wore spectacles. Reach me the paper.

LEO. No; an author must recite his own works.

ANT. Then I'll sit and sleep.

LEO. Read on, signior.

PET. They were made to show how welcome you are to me.

DUKE. Read them out.

PET. *As welcome as the gentry's to the town,*
After a long and hard vacation:
As welcome as a toss'd ship's to a harbour,
Health to the sick, or a cast suit to a barber:
Or as a good new play is to the times,
When they have long surfeited with base rhymes:
As welcome as the spring is to the year,
So are my friends to me, when I have good cheer.
[*While he reads the* ANTIQUARY *falls asleep.*

DUKE. Ay, marry, sir, we are doubly beholden to you. What, is Signior Veterano fallen asleep, and at the recitation of such verses? A most inhuman disgrace, and not to be digested!

PET. Has he wronged me so discourteously? I'll be revenged, by Phœbus.

LEO. But which way can you parallel so foul an injury?

PET. I'll go in, and make some verses against him.

DUKE. That you shall not; 'tis not requital sufficient: I have a better trick than so. Come, bear him in, and you shall see what I will invent for you. This was a wrong and a half. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ÆMILIA *and* LIONEL.

ÆMI. Now, Master Lionel, as you have been fortunate in the forecasting of this business, so pray be studious in the executing, that we may both come off with honour.

LIO. Observe but my directions, and say nothing.

ÆMI. The whole adventure of my credit depends upon your care and evidence.

LIO. Let no former passage discourage you; be but as peremptory, as [your][1] cause is good.

ÆMI. Nay, if I but once apprehend a just occasion to usurp over him, let me alone to talk and look scurvily. Step aside, I hear him coming.

Enter LORENZO.

LOR. My wife? some angel guard me! The looks of Medusa were not so ominous. I'll haste from the infection of her sight, as from the appearance of a basilisk.

ÆMI. Nay, sir, you may tarry; and if virtue has not quite forsook you, or that your ears be not altogether obdurate to good counsel, consider what I say, and be ashamed of the injuries you have wrought against me.

[1] [Mr Collier's addition.]

LOR. What unheard-of evasion has the subtlety of woman's nature suggested to her thoughts, to come off now?

ÆMI. Well, sir, however you carry it, 'tis I have reason to complain; but the mildness of my disposition and enjoined obedience will not permit me, though indeed your wantonness and ill-carriage have sufficiently provoked me.

LOR. Provoked you! I provoked you? As if any fault in a husband should warrant the like in his wife! No: 'twas thy lust and mightiness of desire, that is so strong within thee. Had'st thou no company, no masculine object to look upon, yet thy own fancy were able to create a creature, with whom thou might'st commit, though not an actual, yet a mental wickedness.

ÆMI. What recompense can you make me for those slanderous conceits, when they shall be proved false to you?

LOR. Hear me, thou base woman! thou that art the abstract of all ever yet was bad; with whom mischief is so incorporate, that you are both one piece together; and but that you go still hand in hand, the devil were not sufficient to encounter with; for thou art indeed able to instruct him! Do not imagine with this frontless impudence to stand daring of me: I can be angry, and as quick in the execution of it, I can.

ÆMI. Be as angry as you please; truth and honesty will be confident, in despite of you: those are virtues that will look justice itself in the face.

LOR. Ay, but where are they? Not a-near you; thou would'st blast them to behold thee: scarce, I think, in the world, especially such worlds as you women are.

ÆMI. Hum! to see, what an easy matter it is

to let a jealous, peevish husband go on, and rebuke him at pleasure!

LOR. So lewd and stubborn!—mads me. Speak briefly, what objection can you allege against me or for yourself.

ÆMI. None, alas, against you! You are virtuous; but you think you can act the Jupiter, to blind me with your escapes and concealed trulls: yet I am not so simple, but I can play the Juno, and find out your exploits.

LOR. What exploits? What concealed trulls?

ÆMI. Why, the supposed boy you seem to be jealous of, 'tis your own leman,[1] your own dear morsel: I have searched out the mystery. Husbands must do ill, and wives must bear the reproach! A fine inversion!

LOR. I am more in a maze, more involv'd in a labyrinth, than before.

ÆMI. You were best plead innocence too, 'tis your safest refuge: but I did not think a man of your age and beard had been so lascivious to keep a disguised callet[2] under my nose; a base cocka-

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[1] *Leman* is the old word for a *lover* of either sex; and in a note to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," act iv. sc. 2, Mr Steevens derives it from *lief*, which is Dutch for beloved. In this opinion he only follows Junius, while others consider it to have its origin in *l'aimant*.

> "Judge Apius, prickt forth with filthy desire,
> Thy person as *Lemmon* doth greatly require."

—*Apius and Virginia*, 1575, sign. D 3.

In "The Contention between Liberalitie and Prodigalitie," 1602, it is made the subject of a pun:

> "He shall have a *Lemmon* to moysten his mouth:
> A *Lymon*, I meane, no *Lemman*, I trow:
> Take hede, my faire maides, you take me not so."

—Sign. C 4.—*Collier*.

[2] [Drab.]

trice[1] in page's apparel to wait upon you, and rob me of my due benevolence! There's no law nor equity to warrant this.

LOR. Why, do I any such thing?

ÆMI. Pray, what else is the boy, but your own hermaphrodite? a female siren in a male outside! Alas! had I intended what you suspect and accuse me for, I had been more wary, more private in the carriage, I assure you.

LOR. Why, is that boy otherwise than he appears to be?

Enter LIONEL.

ÆMI. 'Tis a thing will be quickly search'd out. Your secret bawdry and the murder of my good name will not long lie hid, I warrant you.

LIO. Now is my cue to second her. [*Aside.*

LOR. Signior Lionel, most welcome. I would

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[1] This was one of the names by which women of ill-fame were usually distinguished.

So in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour": "His chief exercises are taking the whiff, squiring a *cockatrice*, and making privy searches for imparters."

In "Cynthia's Revels," act ii. sc. 4: "— Marry, to *his cockatrice, or punquetto*, half a dozen taffata gowns, or sattin kirtles, in a pair or two of months; why, they are nothing."

And in his "Poetaster, act iii. sc. 4: "— I would fain come with my *cockatrice*, one day, and see a play, if I knew when there were a good bawdy one."

Again in Massinger's "City Madam," act ii. sc. 1:

> "—— My fidlers playing all night
> The shaking of the sheets, which I have danced
> Again and again with *my cockatrice*."

And in Dekker's "Belman of London," sign. B.: "Shee feedes uppon gold as the estredge doth upon iron, and drinks silver faster downe her crane-like throat, than an *English cockatrice* doth Hiphocras."

See also an extract from the "Gull's Horn Book," 1609, in Shakespeare, p. 83, edit. 1778.

entreat your advice here to the clearing of a doubt.

LIO. What's that, sir?

LOR. 'Tis concerning the boy you placed with me.

LIO. Ay, what of him?

LOR. Whether it were an enchantment or no, or an illusion of the sight, or if I could persuade myself it was a dream, 'twere better; but my imagination so persuaded me, that I heard my wife and him interchanging amorous discourse together. To what an extremity of passion the frailty of man's nature might induce me to!

LIO. Very good.

LOR. Not very good, neither; but, after the expense of so much anger and distraction, my wife comes upon me again, and affirms that he is no boy, but a disguised mistress of my own, and upon this swells against me, as if she had lain all night in the leaven.

ÆMI. Have not I reason?

LOR. Pray, sir, will you inform us of the verity of his sex.

LIO. Then take it upon my word, 'tis a woman.

ÆMI. Now, sir, what have you to answer?

LOR. I am not yet thoroughly satisfied; but if it be a woman, I must confess my error.

ÆMI. What satisfaction's that, after so great a wrong, and the taking away of my good name? You forget my deserts, and how I brought you a dowry of ten talents: besides, I find no such superfluity of courage in you to do this, neither.

LOR. Well, were he a boy or no, 'tis more than I can affirm; yet this I'll swear, I entertained him for no mistress, and, I hope, you for no servant; therefore, good wife, be pacified.

ÆMI. No, sir, I'll call my kindred and my

friends together, then present a joint complaint of you to the senate, and if they right me not, I'll protest there's no justice in their court or government.

LOR. If she have this plea against me, I must make my peace; she'll undo me else. [*Aside.*] Sweet wife, I'll ask thee forgiveness upon my knees, if thou wilt have me: I rejoice more that thou art clear, than I was angry for the supposed offence. Be but patient, and the liberty thou enjoyedst before shall be thought thraldom hereafter. Sweet sir, will you mediate?

LIO. Come, sweet lady, upon my request you shall be made friends; 'twas but a mistake; conceive it so, and he shall study to redeem it.

ÆMI. Well, sir, upon this gentleman's intreaty, you have your pardon. You know the propensity of my disposition, and that makes you so bold with me.

LOR. Pray, Master Lionel, will you acquaint my wife with the purpose of this concealment; for I am utterly ignorant, and she has not the patience to hear me.

LIO. It requires more privacy than so, neither is it yet ripe for projection; but because the community of counsel is the only pledge of friendship, walk in, and I'll acquaint you.

LOR. Honest, sweet wife, I thank thee with all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DUKE, LEONARDO, *and* PETRUCIO, *bringing in the* ANTIQUARY, *in a fool's coat.*

DUKE. So, set him down softly; then let us slip aside, and overhear him.

ANT. Where am I? What metamorphosis am I crept into? A fool's coat! what's the emblem

of this, trow? Who has thus transformed me, I wonder? I was awake, am I not asleep still? Why, Petro, you rogue: sure, I have drank of Circe's cup, and that has turn'd me to this shape of a fool: and I had drank a little longer, I had been changed into an ass. Why, Petro, I say, I will not rest calling, till thou comest——

Enter PETRO *in woman's clothes.*

Heyday, what more transmigrations of forms! I think Pythagoras has been amongst us. How came you thus accoutred, sirrah?

PET. Why, sir, the wenches made me drunk, and dressed me, as you see.

ANT. A merry world the while! My boy and I make one hermaphrodite, and now, next Midsummer-ale,[1] I may serve for a fool, and he for a Maid-Marian.

[1] Rustic meetings of festivity, at particular seasons, were formerly called *ales;* as Church-ale, Whitsun-ale, Bride-ale, Midsummer-ale, &c. Carew, in his "Survey of Cornwall," edition 1769, p. 68, gives the following account of the Church-ale; with which, it is most likely, the others agreed:—"For the church-ale, two young men of the parish are yerely chosen by their last foregoers, to be wardens; who, dividing the task, make collection among the parishioners, of whatsoever provision it pleaseth them voluntarily to bestow. This they imploy in brewing, baking, and other acates, against Whitsontide; upon which holydayes the neighbours meet at the church-house, and there merily feede on their owne victuals, contributing some petty portion to the stock; which by many smalls, groweth to a meetly greatnes; for there is entertayned a kinde of emulation betweene these wardens, who by his graciousnes in gathering, and good husbandry in expending, can best advance the churches profit. Besides, the neighbour parishes at those times lovingly visit one another, and this way frankely spend their money together. The afternoones are

Enter DUKE *and* LEONARDO.

DUKE. Who is this? Signor Vetèrano?

ANT. The same, sir: I was not so when you left me. Do you know who has thus abused me?

DUKE. Not I, sir.

ANT. You promised to do me a courtesy.

DUKE. Anything lies in my power.

ANT. Then, pray, will you bring me immediately to the duke?

DUKE. Not as you are, I hope.

ANT. Yes, as I am: he shall see how I am wronged amongst them. I know he loves me, and will right me. Pray, sir, forbear persuasion to the contrary, and lead on. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V., SCENE 1.

Enter LORENZO, MOCINIGO, ÆMILIA, *and* LUCRETIA.

LOR. Now, Signor Mocinigo, what haste requires your presence?

MOC. Marry, sir, this. You brought me once into a paradise of pleasure and expectation of much comfort; my request therefore is, that you would no longer defer what then you so liberally promised.

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consumed in such exercises as olde and yong folke (having leysure) doe accustomably weare out the time withall."—— In the subsequent pages, Carew enters into a defence of these meetings, which in his time had become productive of riot and disorder, and were among the subjects of complaint by the more rigid puritans. For an account of *Maid Marian*, see Mr Tollet's Dissertation at the end of the "First Part of Henry IV." [But see both subjects copiously illustrated in "Popular Antiquities of Great Britain, i. 156, *et seq.*]

LOR. How do you mean?

MOC. Why, sir, in joining that beauteous lady, your daughter, and myself in the firm bonds of matrimony; for I am somewhat impatient of delay in this kind, and indeed the height of my blood requires it.

LUC. Are you so hot? I shall give you a card to cool you[1] presently. [*Aside.*]

LOR. 'Tis an honest and a virtuous demand, and on all sides an action of great consequence; and, for my part, there's not a thing in the world I could wish sooner accomplished.

MOC. Thank you, sir.

LOR. There's another branch of policy, besides the coupling of you together, which springs from the fruitfulness of my brain, that I as much labour to bring to perfection as the other.

MOC. What's that, sir?

LOR. A device upon the same occasion, but with a different respect; 'tis to be imposed upon Petrucio. I hate to differ so much from the nature of an Italian, as not to be revengeful; and the occasion at this time was, he scorned the love of her, that you now so studiously affect; but I'll fit him in his kind.

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[1] *A cooling card* is frequently mentioned in our ancient authors; but the precise sense in which it is used is difficult to be ascertained. In some places it seems to signify *admonition* or *advice;* in others, *censure* or *reproof.* In Lyly's "Euphues," p. 39, "Euphues, to the intent he might bridle the overlashing affections of Philautus, conveied into his studie a certeine pamphlet, which he tearmed *A cooling card* for Philautus; yet generally to bee applyed to all lovers."

So in the "First Part of Henry VI.," act v. sc. 4—

"There all is marr'd; there lies *a cooling card.*"

And in the "Wounds of Civil War," 1594—

"I'll have a present *cooling card* for you."

MOC. Did he so? He deserves to have both his eyes struck as blind as Cupid's, his master, that should have taught him better manners. But how will you do it?

LOR. There's one Lionel, an ingenious witty gentleman.

ÆMI. Ay, that he is, as ever breathed, husband, upon my knowledge.

LOR. Well, he is so, and we two have cast to requite it upon him. The plot, as he informs me, is already in agitation, and afterwards, sans delay, I'll bestow her upon you.

LUC. But you may be deceived. [*Aside.*]

MOC. Still you engage me more and more your debtor.

LOR. If I can bring both these to success, as they are happily intended, I may sit down, and, with the poet, cry, *Jamque opus exegi.*

MOC. Would I could say so too; I wish as much, but 'tis you must confirm it, fair mistress: one bare word of your consent, and 'tis done. The sweetness of your looks encourage me, that you will join pity with your beauty; there shall be nothing wanting in me to demerit it; and then, I hope, although I am base,

> Base in respect of you divine and pure,
> Dutiful service may your love procure.

LOR. How now, Signor! What, love and poetry, have they two found you out? Nay, then you must conquer. Consider this, daughter; show thy obedience to Phœbus and god Cupid: make an humble professor of thyself; 'twill be the more acceptable, and advance thy deserts.

ÆMI. Do, chicken, speak the word, and make him happy in a minute.

LOR. Well said, wife; solicit in his behalf; 'tis

well done; I am loth to importune her too much, for fear of a repulse.

ÆMI. Marry, come up, sir; you are still usurping in my company. Is this according to the articles proposed between us, that I should bear rule and you obey with silence? I had thought to have endeavoured for persuasion, but because you exhort me to it, I'll desist from what I intended: I'll do nothing but of my own accord, I.

LOR. Mum! wife, I have done. This we, that are married, must be subject to.

MOC. You give an ill example, Mistress Æmilia; you give an ill example——

ÆMI. What old fellow is this that talks so? Do you know him, daughter?

MOC. Have you so soon forgot me, lady?

ÆMI. Where has he had his breeding, I wonder? He is the offspring of some peasant, sure! Can he show any pedigree?

LOR. Let her alone, there's no dealing with her. Come, daughter, let me hear your answer to this gentleman.

LUC. Truly, sir, I have endeavoured all means possible, and in a manner enforced myself to love him——

LOR. Well said, girl.

LUC. But could never effect it.

LOR. How!

LUC. I have examined whatever might commend a gentleman, both for his exterior and inward abilities; yet, amongst all that may speak him worthy, I could never discern one good part or quality to invite affection.

LOR. This is it I feared. Now should I break out into rage; but my wife and a foolish nature withhold my passion.

MOC. I am undone, unspirited, my hopes vain, and my labours nullities!

LOR. Where be your large vaunts now, Signor? What strange tricks and devices you had to win a woman!

MOC. Such assurance I conceived of myself; but when they affect wilful stubbornness, lock up their ears, and will hearken to no manner of persuasion, what shall a man do?

LOR. You hear what taxes are laid upon you, daughter: these are stains to your other virtues.

LUC. Pray, sir, hear my defence. What sympathy can there be between our two ages or agreement in our conditions? But you'll object, he has means. 'Tis confess'd; but what assurance has he to keep it? Will it continue longer than the law permits him possession, which will come like a torrent, and sweep away all? He has made a forfeiture of his whole estate.

LOR. What, are you become a statist's daughter[1] or a prophetess? Whence have you this intelligence?

MOC. I hope she will not betray me. [*Aside.*]

LUC. If murder can exact it, 'tis absolutely lost.

LOR. How, murder!

LUC. Yes, he conspired the other day with a bravo, a cut-throat, to take away the life of a noble innocent gentleman, which is since discovered by miracle: the same that came with music to my window.

MOC. All's out; I'm ruined in her confession! That man that trusts woman with a privacy, and hopes for silence, he may as well expect it at the

[1] See Note to this play, p. 421.

fall of a bridge![1] A secret with them is like a viper; 'twill make way, though it eat through the bowels of them. [*Aside.*]

LOR. Take heed how you traduce a person of his rank and eminency: a scar in a mean man becomes a wound in a greater.

LUC. There he is, question him; and if he deny it, get him examined.

LOR. Why, signor, is this true?

ÆMI. His silence betrays him: 'tis so.

MOC. 'Tis so, that all women thirst man's overthrow; that's a principle as demonstrative as truth: 'tis the only end they were made for; and when they have once insinuated themselves into our counsels, and gained the power of our life, the fire is more merciful; it burns within them till it get forth.

LOR. I commend her for the discovery: 'twas not fit her weak thoughts should be clogged with so foul a matter. It had been to her like forced meat to a surfeited stomach, that would have bred nothing but crudities in her conscience.

MOC. O my cursed fate! shame and punishment attend me! they are the fruits of lust. Sir, all that I did was for her ease and liberty. [*Aside.*]

LUC. Nay, sir, he was so impudent to be an accessory. Who knows but he might as privately have plotted to have sent me after him; for how should I have been secure of my life when he made no scruple to kill another upon so small an inducement?

ÆMI. Thou sayest right, daughter; thou shalt

[1] *i.e.*, at the *fall* of water through a bridge. The idea seems to be taken from the noisy situation of the houses formerly standing on London Bridge.—*Steevens.*

utterly disclaim him. The cast of his eye shows he was ever a knave.

MOC. How the scabs descant upon me!

LOR. What was the motive to this foul attempt?

LUC. Why, sir, because he was an affectionate lover of mine, and for no other reason in the earth.

ÆMI. O mandrake, was that all? He thought, belike, he should not have enough. Thou covetous engrosser of venery. Why, one wife is able to content two husbands.

MOC. Sir, I am at your mercy: bid them not insult upon me. I beseech you, let me go as I came.

LOR. Stay there; I know not how I shall be censured for your escape. I may be thought a party in the business.

LUC. Besides, I hear since that the mercenary varlet that did it, though he be otherwise most desperate and hardened in such exploits, yet out of the apprehension of so unjust an act, and moved in conscience for so foul a guilt, is grown distracted, raves out of measure, confesses the deed, accuses himself and the procurer, curses both, and will by no means be quieted.

LOR. Where is that fellow?

LUC. Sir, if you please to accompany me, I will bring you to him, where your own eye and ear shall witness the certainty; and then, I hope, you will repent that ever you sought to tie me to such a monster as this, who preferred the heat of his desires before all laws of nature or humanity.

LOR. Yes, that I will, and gratulate the subtlety of thy wit, and goodness of fate, that protected thee from him.

ÆMI. Away with him, husband: and be sure to beg his lands betimes, before your court-vultures scent his carcase.

LOR. Well said, wife; I should never have thought on this now, and thou had'st not put me in mind of it: women, I see, have the only masculine policy, and are the best solicitors and politicians of a state. But I'll first go and see him my daughter tells me of, that, when I am truly informed of all, I may the better proceed in my accusation against them. Come along, sir.

MOC. Well, if you are so violent, I'm as resolute: 'tis but a hanging matter, and do your worst.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter BRAVO *and* BOY.

BRAVO. What news, boy?

BOY. Sir, Mistress Lucretia commends her to you, and desires, as ever her persuasions wrought upon you, or as you affect her good, and would add credit and belief to what she has reported, that you would now strain your utmost to the expression of what she and you consulted of.

BRAVO. I apprehend her: where is she?

BOY. Hard by, sir: her father, and the old fornicator Mocinigo, and I think her mother, are all coming to be spectators of your strange behaviour.

[*Exit.*

BRAVO. Go, wait them in, let me alone to personate an ecstasy;[1] I am near mad already, and I do not fool myself quite into't, I care not. I'll withdraw, till they come. [*Exit.*

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[1] So in "Hamlet," act iii. sc. 4—

"This is the very coinage of your brain;
This bodiless creation *ecstasy*
Is very cunning in."

Mr Steevens observes that in this place, and many others, *ecstasy* means a temporary alienation of mind, a fit.

Enter LORENZO, MOCINIGO, ÆMILIA, LUCRETIA, *and* BOY.

LOR. Is this the place?

LUC. Yes, sir. Where's your master, boy? how does he?

BOY. O sweet mistress, quite distempered; his brains turn round like the needle of a dial, six men's strength is not able to hold him; he was bound with I know not how many cords this morning, and broke them all. See, where he enters!

Enter BRAVO.

BRAVO. Why, if I kill'd him, what is that to thee?
Was I not hir'd unto it? 'twas not I,
But the base gold that slew Sir Polydore:[1]
Then damn the money.

LOR. He begins to preach.

ÆMI. Will he do us no mischief, think you?

BOY. O no, he's the best for that in his fits that e'er you knew: he hurts nobody.

MOC. But I am vilely afraid of him.

BOY. If you are a vile person, or have done any great wickedness, you were best look to yourself; for those he knows by instinct, and assaults them with as much violence as may be.

MOC. Then am I perished. Good sir, I had rather answer the law than be terrified with his looks.

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[1] Alluding to the fate of Polydorus, a son of King Priam. See Virgil's "Æneid," book iii. l. 49—

"Hunc *Polydorum auri* quondam cum pondere magno
Infelix Priamus furtim mandarat alendum
Threicio regi ——
. . . . *Polydorum* obtruncat, et *auro*
Vi potitur.

LOR. Nay, you shall tarry, and take part with us, by your favour.

ÆMI. How his eyes sparkle!

BRAVO. Look, where the ghost appears, his wounds fresh-bleeding!
He frowns, and threatens me; [O,] could the substance
Do nothing, and will shadows revenge?

LOR. 'Tis strange,
This was a fearful murder.

BRAVO. Do not stare so,
I can look big too; all I did unto thee
'Twas by another's instigation:
There be some that are as deep in as myself;
Go and fright them too.

MOC. Beshrew him for his counsel! [*Aside.*

LOR. What a just judgment's here! 'Tis an old saying,
Murder will out; and 'fore it shall lie hid,
The authors will accuse themselves.

BRAVO. Now he vanishes;
Dost thou steal from me, fearful spirit? See
The print of his footsteps!

MOC. That ever my lust should be the parent to so foul a sin! [*Aside.*]

BRAVO. He told me that his horrid tragedy
Was acted over every night in hell,
Where sad Erinnys, with her venom'd face,
Sits [1] a spectatrix, black with the curls of snakes,

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[1] In the first edit. this line is thus—

"Black with the curls of snakes, sits a spectatrix."

It may be doubted whether Mr Reed had sufficient warrant for altering the old reading: at all events *spectatrix*, the word of the time, might have stood; perhaps, in the two next lines *their* should be changed to *her*.—*Collier.*

That lift their speckled heads above their shoulders,
And, thrusting forth their stings, hiss at their entrance;
And that serves for an applause.
MOC. How can you have the heart to look upon him? pray let me go,
I feel a looseness in my belly.
LOR. Nay, you shall hear all out first.
MOC. I confess it,
What would you have more of me?
BRAVO. Then fierce Enyo holds a torch, Megæra
Another; I'll down and play my part amongst them,
For I can do't to th' life.
LOR. Rather to the death.
BRAVO. I'll trace th' infernal theatre, and view
Those squalid actors, and the tragic pomp
Of hell and night.
MOC. How ghastly his words sound! pray, keep him off from me.
LOR. The guilt of conscience makes you fearful, Signor!
BRAVO. When I come there, I'll chain up Cerberus,
Nay, I'll muzzle him; I'll pull down Æacus
And Minos by the beard; then with my foot
I'll tumble Rhadamanthus from his chair,
And for the Furies I'll not suffer them;
I'll be myself a Fury.
MOC. To vex me, I warrant you.
BRAVO. Next will I post unto the Destinies,
Shiver their wheel and distaff 'gainst the wall,
And spoil their housewif'ry; I'll take their spindle,
Where hang the threads of human life like beams
Drawn from the sun, and mix them altogether—
Kings with beggars.

MOC. Good sir, he comes towards me!

BRAVO. That I could see that old fox Mocinigo,
The villain that did tempt me to this deed!

MOC. He names me too; pray, sir, stand between us:
Ladies, do you speak to him; I have not the faith.

ÆMI. What would you do with him, if you had him?

BRAVO. I'd serve him worse than Hercules did Lychas,[1]
When he presented him the poison'd shirt,
Which when he had put on, and felt the smart,
He snatch'd him by the heels into the air,
Swung him some once or twice about his head,
Then shot him like a stone out of an engine,
Three furlongs length into the Euboic sea.

LOR. What a huge progress is that for an old lover to be carried!

BRAVO. What's he that seeks to hide himself? Come forth,

---

[1] So in Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra"—

"Let me lodge *Lichas* on the horn o' th' moon."

—*Steevens.*

Again, Ovid's "Metam.," lib. 9. l. 215—

"Tremit ille pavetque
Pallidus; et timide verba excusantia dicit
Dicentem, genibusque manus adhibere parantem
Corripit Alcides; et terque quaterque rotatum
Mittit in Euboicas tormento fortius undas,
Ille per aerias pendens indurnit auras."

Of which the following is Gay's translation—

"The youth all pale with shiv'ring fear was stung,
And vain excuses falter'd on his tongue:
Alcides snatch'd him, as with suppliant face
He strove to clasp his knees, and beg for grace;
He toss'd him o'er his head with airy course,
And hurl'd with more than with an engine's force:
Far o'er the Eubœan main aloof he flies,
And hardens by degrees amid the skies."

Thou mortal, thou art a traitor or a murderer!
O, is it you?

MOC. What will become of me? Pray, help me!

I shall be torn in pieces else.

BRAVO. You and I must walk together: come into the middle; yet further.

Enter AURELIO *as an Officer, and two Servants.*

AUR. Where be these fellows here that murder men? Serjeants, apprehend them, and convey them straight before the duke.

BRAVO. Who are you?

AUR. We are the duke's officers.

BRAVO. The duke's officers must be obey'd, take heed of displeasing them: how majestically they look!

LOR. You see, wife, the charm of authority: and a man be ne'er so wild, it tames him presently.

ÆMI. Ay, husband, I know what will tame a man besides authority.

AUR. Come, gentles, since you are all together, I must entreat your company along with us, to witness what you know in this behalf.

LOR. Sir, you have prevented us; for we intended to have brought him ourselves before his highness.

AUR. Then I hope your resolution will make it the easier to you. What, sir, will you go willingly?

BRAVO. Without all contradiction; lead on.

[*Exeunt, flourish.*

Enter LIONEL *as the* DUKE; DUKE, PETRUCIO, GASPARO, ANGELIA *as a woman.*

DUKE. Come, Signor,
This is the morning must shine bright upon you,

Wherein preferment, that has slept obscure,
And all this while linger'd behind your wishes,
Shall overtake you in her greatest glories:
Ambition shall be weak, to think the honours
Shall crown your worth.

PET. Father, you hear all this?

GAS. I do with joy, son, and am ravish'd at it;
Therefore I have resign'd m' estate unto thee,
(Only reserving some few crowns to live on)
Because I'd have thee to maintain thy port.

PET. You did as you ought.

GAS. 'Tis enough for me,
To be the parent of so bless'd an issue.

PET. Nay, if you are so apprehensive, I am satisfied.

LIO. Is this the gentleman you so commended?

DUKE. It is the same, my liege, whose royal virtues,
Fitting a prince's court, are the large field
For fame to triumph in.

LIO. So you inform'd me: his face and carriage do import no less.

DUKE. Report abroad speaks him as liberally;
And in my thoughts Fortune deserves but ill,
That she detain'd thus long her favours from him.

LIO. That will I make amends for.

GAS. Happy hour,
And happy me to see it! Now I perceive
He has more wit than myself.

PET. What must I do?

DUKE. What must you do? go straight and kneel before him,
And thank his highness for his love.

PET. I can't speak,
I am so overcome with sudden gladness;
Yet I'll endeavour it. [*He kneels.*] Most mighty sovereign,

Thus low I bow in humble reverence,
To kiss the basis of your regal throne.
LIO. Rise up.
PET. Your grace's servant.
LIO. We admit you
Our nearest favourite in place and council.
DUKE. Go to, you are made for ever. [*Aside.*]
PET. I'll find some office
To gratulate thy pains.
LIO. What was the cause,
That you presented him no sooner to us?
We might have bred him up in our affairs,
And he have learnt the fashions of our court,
Which might have render'd him more active.
DUKE. Doubt not,
His ingenuity will soon instruct him.
LIO. Then, to confirm him deeper in our friendship,
We here assign our sister for his wife.
What! is he bashful?
PET. Speaks your grace in earnest?
LIO. What else? I'll have it so.
DUKE. Why do you not step and take her?
PET. Is't not a kind of treason?
DUKE. Not if he bid you.
PET. Divinest lady, are you so content?
ANG. What my brother commands, I must obey.
LIO. Join hands together; be wise; and use
Your dignities with a due reverence.
Tiberius Cæsar joy'd not in the birth
Of great Sejanus' fortunes with that zeal,
As I shall to have rais'd you—though I hope
A different fate attends you.
DUKE. Go to the church,
Perform your rites there, and return again,
As fast as you can.

GAS. I could e'en expire with contemplation of his happiness.

LIO. What old man's that?

PET. This is my father, sir.

LIO. Your own father?

GAS. So please your grace.

LIO. Give him a pair
Of velvet breeches from our grandsire's wardrobe.

GAS. Thrice noble duke. Come, son, let's to the church.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO, GASPARO, *and* ANGELIA.

Enter ANTIQUARY *and* PETRO.

LIO. How now! what new-come pageant have we here?

DUKE. This is the famous antiquary I told your grace of, a man worthy your grace; the Janus of our age, and treasurer of times passed: a man worthy your bounteous favour and kind notice; that will as soon forget himself in the remembrance of your highness, as any subject you have.

LIO. How comes he so accoutred?

DUKE. No miracle at all, sir; for, as you have many fools in the habit of a wise man, so have you sometimes a wise man in the habit of a fool.

ANT. Sir, I have been so grossly abused, as no story, record, or chronicle can parallel the like, and I come here for redress: I hear your highness loves me, and indeed you are partly interested in the cause, for I, having took somewhat a large potion for your grace's health, fell asleep, when in the interim they apparelled me as you see, made a fool or an asinigo [1] of me; and for my boy here, they

[1] A cant term for a foolish fellow or idiot. See Mr Steevens's note on "Troilus and Cressida," act ii. sc. 1.

cogged him out of his proper shape into the habit of an Amazon, to wait upon me.

LIO. But who did this?

ANT. Nay, sir, that I cannot tell; but I desire it may be found out.

DUKE. Well, signor, if you knew all, you have no cause to be angry.

ANT. How so?

DUKE. Why, that same coat you wear did formerly belong unto Pantolabus the Roman jester, and buffoon to Augustus Cæsar.

ANT. And I thought so, I'd ne'er put it off, while I breath'd.

LIO. Stand by; we'll inquire further anon.

Enter AURELIO, LORENZO, MOCINIGO, BRAVO, ÆMILIA, LUCRETIA, *Officers.*

Now who are you?

AUR. Your highness's officers.

We have brought two murderers here to be censured,

Who by their own confession are found guilty,

And need no further trial.

LIO. Which be the parties?

AUR. These, and please you.

LIO. Well, what do you answer?

What can you plead to stop the course of justice?

MOC. For my part, though I had no conscience to act it,

I have not the heart to deny it; and therefore expect

Your sentence; for mercy, I hope none nor favour.

LIO. What says th' accuser?

LUC. Please your princely wisdom,

He slew a man was destin'd for my husband;

Yet, since another's death cannot recall him,

Were the law satisfied, and he adjudg'd
To have his goods confiscate, for my own part,
I could rest well content.
MOC. With all my heart;
I yield possession to whomsoe'er
She shall choose for a husband. Reach a paper
Or blank: I'll seal to it.
LUC. See, there's a writing!
MOC. And there's my hand to it:
I care not what the conditions be.
LIO. 'Tis well: whom will you choose in place of the other?
LUC. Then, sir, to keep his memory alive,
I'll seek no further than this officer.
LOR. How? choose a common serjeant for her husband!
ÆMI. A base commendadore! I'll ne'er endure it.
AUR. No, lady, a gentleman I assure you, and
Suppos'd the slain Aurelio. [*Discovers himself.*
MOC. A plot, a plot upon me! I'll revoke it all.
LIO. Nay, that you cannot, now you have confirm'd it.
MOC. Am I then cheated? I'll go home and die,
To avoid shame, not live in infamy.
LIO. What says the villain bravo for himself?
BRAVO. The bravo, sir, is honest, and his father.
AUR. My father! bless me, how comes this about?
BRAVO. That virtuous maid, whom I must always honour,
Acquainted me with that old lecher's drift:
I, to prevent the ruin of my son,
Conceal'd from all, proffer'd my service to him
In this disguise.
LIO. 'Twas a wise and pious deed.

Enter PETRUCIO, ANGELIA, *and* GASPARO.

PET. Room for the duke's kindred.
LIO. What, you are married, I perceive.
PET. I am, royal brother.
LIO. Then, for your better learning in our service,
Take these instructions. Never hereafter
Contemn a man that has more wit than yourself,
Or foolishly conceive no lady's merit
Or beauty worthy your affection.
PET. How's this?
LIO. Truth, my most honour'd brother, you are gull'd;
So is my reverend uncle the Antiquary;
So are you all. For he that you conceiv'd
The duke, is your friend and Lionel;
Look you else.
PET. 'Tis so.
GAS. 'Tis too apparent true.
LIO. What, all drunk! Speak, uncle.
ANT. Thou art my nephew,
And thou hast wit; 'tis fit thou should'st have land too.
Tell me no more, how thou hast cheated me,
I do perceive it, and forgive thee for 't;
Thou shalt have all I have, and I'll be wiser.
LIO. I thank you, sir. Brother Petrucio,
This to your comfort; that is my sister,
Whom formerly you did abuse in love,
And you may be glad your lot is no worse.
PET. I am contented; I'll give a good wit
Leave to abuse me at any time.
LOR. When he cannot help it.
GAS. This 'tis
To be so politic and ambitious, son.
PET. Nay, father, do not you aggravate it too.

LOR. Well, signor,
You must pardon me, if I bid joy to you;
My daughter was not good enough for you.
PET. You are tyrannous.

Enter LEONARDO.

LEO. Save you, gallants.
LIO. You are very welcome.
LEO. I come in quest of our noble duke,
Who from his court has stol'n out privately,
And 'tis reported he is here.
LIO. No indeed, sir,
He is not here. 'Slight, we shall be question'd
For counterfeiting his person.
DUKE. Be not dismay'd,
I am the duke.
LEO. My lord!
DUKE. The very same, sir.
That for my recreation have descended,
And no impeach, I hope, to royalty
To sit spectator of your mirth. And thus much
You shall gain by my presence: what is pass'd,
I'll see it ratified as firm, as if
Myself and senate had concluded it.
And when a prince allows his subjects sport,
He that pines at it, let him perish for 't.

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